

PANTAGRUEL's
VOYAGE
TO THE
Oracle of the BOTTLE.

Being the
Fourth and Fifth Books
OF THE
WORKS
OF
FRANCIS RABELAIS, M. D.

WITH
The *Pantagruelian* Prognostication, and
other Pieces in Verse and Prose by that Au-
thor: Also his Historical Letters. Compleat-
ing all his Works that are Extant. Never
before printed in *English*.

Done out of French by Mr. Motteux.

With Explanatory Remarks on every Chapter
by the same Hand.

L O N D O N:
Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Ox-
ford-Arms in Warwick-Lane. 1694.

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To the Honourable

HUGH HARE *Esq;*

S I R,

I Would not imitate those Authors who fly for Protection to Persons that are unable, or unwilling to grant it. Your Love for Learning prompting You to countenance the Well-meant Endeavours of Studious Men, You have condescended to extend Your Favours even to me. This, S I R, made me so presumptuous as to relish no other Method of owning the Debt I cannot pay, and at the same time prepossessing the *Reader* in my Favour, than by dedicating this *Translation* of the best Work of *France's* greatest Wit to You, who have made the Copy of the Master-piece of one

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of *Italy's* best Historians outshine the beautiful Original. For, whatever my Performance be, most *Readers* will as little doubt its being good, because offer'd to so great a Judge, as they would be apt to mistrust a *Child's Legitimacy*, to whom they saw a Man of Nice Honour stand *Godfather*. Indeed, as Those who have no Children may be thought more oblig'd to be thus Trustees for those of others, and make amends for not begetting any; so Those whose Pens produce nothing, seem more engag'd to take care of the Offspring of other mens Brains, than those whose fertile Minds, like Yours, are like to people the learned World with manly and charming Productions. Yet this do's not excuse the latter from appearing in Behalf of those who stand in need of their charitable good Word, when usher'd in to the World. Besides, as He who never had any Progeny is less likely to secure a good Fame to that of others, than a Person whose honourable Offspring evinces his Capacity

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capacity for such a Christian-like Office; so he who never writ can hardly so effectually save a Book from Damnation, as one who having enrich'd the Public with valuable Pieces, is acknowledg'd a competent Judge in the matter. Till Occasion calls, and You consent to leave the Study of the best Ancients and Moderns, to devote Your Self wholly to what You love more than Your Ease, I mean Your Country, it hopes, *SIR*, to be oblig'd to You for such Presents, the Product of the hours, that divide those during which You either bless Your Friends with Your Conversation, or Your Self with that of a *Consort*, whose outward Graces are attended with all the Beauties of the Mind. May Your Happiness, like Your Vertues, admit of no Allay; Be still the Joy of a Noble Father, who doubly lives, while he sees the Heir to his Honours, already like himself, adorn'd with the most essential Nobility, when he sees in You so ripe a Judgment, so calm and sedate a Mind, in

The Epistle Dedicatory.

so flourishing a Youth, so universal a Learning without any Tincture of Affectation or Pedantry, so great a Knowledge of the World without the least Acquaintance with its Vices; and, above all, so charming a Modesty, that Vertue which shuns a Lustre, yet heightens that of every other. But that Darling of Yours causes me to draw a Veil over those other Accomplishments, which, as they endear You to all Mankind, would have made me ambitious of owning my self Your Admirer, tho I were not otherwise bound to profess my self with all imaginable Zeal and Respect,

S I R,

Your most humble

and most oblig'd Servant,

PETER MOTTEUX.

The Translator's Preface.

Reader,

I Don't know what kind of a Preface I must write to find thee Courteous, an Epithete too often bestow'd without a Cause. The Author of this Work has been as sparing of what we call Good Nature, as most Readers are now adays. So I'm afraid his Translator and Commentator is not to expect much more than has been shew'd them. What's worse, there are but two sorts of taking Prefaces, as there are but two kinds of Prologues to Plays; for, Mr. Bays was doubtless in the right, when he said, That if Thunder and Lightning could not fright an Audience into Complaisance, the sight of the Poet with a Rope about his Neck, might work them into Pity. Some indeed have bullied many of you into an Applause, and rail'd at your Faults, that you might think them without any; and others, more safely, have spoken kindly of you, that you might think, or at least speak as favourably of them, and be flatter'd into Patience. Now I fancy there's nothing

ii - The Translator's Preface.

less difficult to attempt than the first method; for, in this blessed Age, 'tis as easy to find a Bully without Courage, as a Whore without Beauty, or a Writer without Wit; though those qualifications are so necessary in their respective Professions: The mischief is, that you seldom allow any to rail besides your selves, and cannot bear a Pride which shocks your own. As for wheadling you into a liking of a Work, I must confess it seems the safest way; but tho Flattery pleases you well when 'tis particular, you hate it, as little concerning you, when 'tis general. Then we Knights of the Quill are a stiff-neck'd Generation, who as seldom care to seem to doubt the worth of our Writings, and their being lik'd, as we love to flatter more than one at a time; and had rather draw our Pens, and stand up for the Beauty of our Works (as some Errant Fools us'd to do for that of their Mistresses) to the last drop of our Ink. And truly ~~this~~ Submission which sometimes wheadles you into Pity, as seldom decoys you into Love, as the awkward Cringing of an Antiquated Fop, as Moneyless as he's Ugly, affects an experi-
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The Translator's Preface. iii

enc'd Fair One. Now we as little value your Pity, as a Lover his Mistress's, well satisf'd. that 'tis only a less uncivil way of dismissing us. But what if neither of these two ways will work upon you, of which doleful Truth some of our Playwrights stand so many living Monuments? Why, then truly I can think on no other way at present, but blending the two into one; and, from this Marriage of huffing & cringing, there will result a new kind of careless Medley, which, perhaps, will work upon both sorts of Readers, those who are to be hector'd, and those whom we must creep to. At least 'tis like to please by its Novelty, and 'twill not be the first Monster that has pleas'd you, when regular Nature could not do it.

If uncommon Mirth, lively Wit and deep Learning, wove into wholesom Satire, a bold, good and vast Design admirably pursu'd, Truth set out in its true Light, and a Method how to arrive to its Oracle, can recommend a Work, I am sure This has enough to please any reasonable Man. The three Books publish'd some time since, which are in a manner an intire Work, were kindly receiv'd:

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Yet, in the French they come far short of these two, which are also intire Pieces; for the Satire is all general here, much more obvious, and consequently more entertaining. Even my long explanatory Preface was not thought improper, though I was so far from being allow'd Time to make it methodical, that at first only a few Pages were intended; yet as fast as they were printed I wrote on, till it prov'd at last like one of those Towns built little at first, then enlarg'd, where you see promiscuously an odd variety of all sorts of irregular Buildings. I hope the Remarks I give now will not please less; for, as I have translated the Work which they explain, I had more Time to make them, though as little to write them. It would be needless to give here a large Account of my Performance; for, after all, you Readers care no more for this or that Apology, or Pretence of Mr. Translator, if the Version do's not please you, than we do for a blundering Cook's Excuse after he has spoilt a good Dish in the dressing. Nor can the First pretend to much Praise, besides that of giving his Author's

thor's Sense in its full Extent, and copying his Stile, if 'tis to be copied; since he has no share in the Invention or Disposition of what he translates. Yet there was no small difficulty in doing Rabelais Justice in that double Respect; the obsolete Words and turns of Phrase, and dark Subjects, often as darkly treated, make the Sense hard to be understood even by a Frenchman, and it cannot be easy to give it the free easy Air of an Original; for even what seems most common Talk in one Language, is what's often the most difficult to be made so in another; and Horace's Thoughts of Comedy may well be appli'd to this:

Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere Sudoris minimum; sed habet Comœdia tan- Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. (tum.

Far be it from me for all this to value my self upon hitting the Words of Cant in which my drolling Author is so luxuriant; for tho such words have stood me in good stead, I scarce can forbear thinking my self unhappy in having insensibly hoarded up so much Gibberish and Bilingualism.

vi The Translator's Preface.

lingate *Trasb* in my Memory; nor could I forbear asking of my self, as an Italian Cardinal said on another account, D'onde hai tu pigliato tante Coglionerie? Where the Devil didst thou rake up all these Fripperies?

It was not less difficult to come up to the Author's sublime Expressions. Nor would I have attempted such a Task, but that I was ambitious of giving a view of the most valuable Work of the greatest Genius of his Age, to the Meccenas and best Genius of This. For I'm not oversond of so ungrateful a Task as Translating, and would rejoice to see less Versions, and more Originals, so the latter were not as bad as many of the first are through want of Encouragement. Some indeed have deservedly gain'd esteem by Translating; yet not many condescend to translate, but such as cannot invent; though, to do the first well, requires often as much Genius as to do the latter.

I wish, Reader, thou mayst be as willing to do my Author Justice, as I have strove to do him Right. Yet if thou art a Brother of the Quill, 'tis ten to one thou

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art too much in love with thy own dear Productions to admire those of one of thy Trade : However, I know three or four who have not such a mighty opinion of themselves, but I'll not name them, lest I be oblig'd to place my self among them. If thou art one of those, who, tho they never write, criticise every one that does ; avaunt — Thou'rt a profess'd Enemy of Mankind and of thy self, who wilt never be pleas'd nor let any body be so, and know'st no better way to Fame, than by striving to lessen that of others ; tho, wouldst thou write, thou mightest be soon known, even by the Butter-women, and fly through the World in Band-boxes. If thou art of the Dissembling Tribe, 'tis thy Office to rail at those Books which thou hugg'st in a Corner. If thou art one of those Evesdroppers who would have their Moroseness be counted Gravity, thou'lt condemn a Mirth which thou'rt past relishing ; and I know no other way to quit the Score, than by writing (as like enough I may) something as dull, or duller than thy self, if possible. If thou art one of those Critics in Dressing, those

Extrem-

viii The Translator's Preface.

Extempore's of Fortune, who having lost a Relation, and got an Estate, in an instant set up for Wit and every Extravagance, thou'lt either praise or discommend this Book, according to the Dictates of Some less foolish than thy self, perhaps of one of those who, being lodg'd at the Sign of the Box and Dice, will know better things, than to recommend to thee a Work which bids thee beware of his Tricks. This Book might teach thee to leave thy Follies; but some will say, it do's signify much to some Fools whether they are so or not; for when was there ever a Fool that thought himself one? If thou art one of those who would put themselves upon us for Learned Men in Greek and Hebrew, yet are meer Blockheads in English, and patch together old pieces of the Ancients, to get themselves Cloaths out of them, thou art too severely man'd in this Work to like it. Who then will, some will cry? Nay, besides these, many Societies that make a great Figure in the World are reflected on in this Book; which caus'd Rabelais to study to be dark, and even bedaub it with many loose

The Translator's Preface. ix

loose Expressions, that he might not be thought to have any other Design than to droll ; in a manner bewraying his Book, that his Enemies might not bite it. Truly, though now the Riddle is expounded, I would advise those who read it, not to reflect on the Author, lest he be thought to have been before-hand with them, and they be rank'd among those who have nothing to shew for their Honesty, but their Money ; nothing for their Religion, but their Dissembling, or a fat Benefice ; nothing for their Wit, but their Dressing ; for their Nobility, but their Title ; for their Gentility, but their Sword ; for their Courage, but their Huffing ; for their Preferment, but their Assurance ; for their Learning, but their Degrees ; or for their Gravity, but their Wrinkles or Dulness. They had better laugh at one another here, as 'tis the Custom of the World. Laughing is of all Professions ; the Miser may board, the Spendthrift squander, the Politician plot, the Lawyer wrangle, and the Gamester cheat ; still their main Design is, to be able to laugh at one another ; and here they may do it at a cheap and easy rate. After all,

should

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Should this Work fail to please the greater number of Readers, I am sure it cannot miss being lik'd by those who are for Witty Mirth, and a chirping Bottle; tho not by those solid Sots who seem to have drudg'd all their Youth long, only that they might enjoy the sweet blessing of getting Drunk every night in their old Age. But those men of Sense and Honour, who love Truth, and the good of Mankind in general above all other things, will undoubtedly countenance this Work. I'll not gravely insist upon its usefulness, having said enough of it in the Preface to the First Part. I'll only add, That as Homer in his Odysses makes his Hero wander ten years through most Parts of the then known World, so Rabelais in a Three-months-Voyage makes Pantagruel take a view of almost all sorts of People and Professions: With this difference however between the Ancient Mythologist and the Modern, That while the Odysses has been compar'd to a setting Sun, in respect to the Iliads, Rabelais's last Work, which is this Voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle, (by which he means Truth)

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Truth) is justly thought his Master-piece ; being writ with more Spirit, Salt and Flame, than the First Part of his Works. At near 70 Years of Age, his Genius, far from being drain'd, seem'd to have acquir'd fresh Vigor, and new Graces ; the more it exerted itself, like those Rivers which grow more deep, large, majestic and useful by their course. Those, who accuse the French of being as sparing of their Wit, as lavish of their Words, will find an **Englishman** in our Author. I must confess indeed that my Countrymen, and other Southern Nations, temper the one with the other, in a manner, as they do their Wine with Water, often just dashing the latter with a little of the first. Now here Men love to drink their Wine pure ; nay, sometimes it will not satisfy, unless in its very quintessence, as in Brandies ; though an Excess of this betrays want of Sobriety, as much as an Excess of Wit betrays a want of Judgement. But I must conclude, lest I be justly tax'd with wanting both. I will only add, That as every Language has its peculiar Graces, seldom or never to be acquir'd by a
Foreigner,

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Foreigner, I cannot think I have given my Author those of the English in every place : But as none compell'd me to write, I fear to ask a Pardon, which yet the generous Temper of this Nation makes me hope to obtain. Albinus, a Roman, who had written in Greek, desir'd in his Preface to be forgiven his Faults of Language ; but Cato ask'd in derision, Whether any had forc'd him to write in a Tongue of which he was not an absolute Master ? Lucullus wrote an History in the same Tongue, and said, He had scatter'd some false Greek in it, to let the World know it was the work of a Roman. I'll not say as much of my Writings, in which I study to be as little incorrect as the hurry of Business, and shortness of Time will permit ; but I may better say, as Tully did of the History of his Consulship, which he also had written in Greek, That what Errors may be found in the Diction, are crept in against my Intent. Indeed Livius Andronicus, and Terence, the one a Greek, the other a Carthaginian, wrote successfully in Latin, and the latter is perhaps the most

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most perfect Model of the Purity and Urbanity of that Tongue: But I ought not to hope for the success of those great Men. Yet am I ambitious of being as subservient to the useful Diversion of the Ingenious of this Nation as I can, which I have endeavour'd in this Work, and still do in my **Gentleman's Journal**, with Hopes to attempt some greater Tasks, if ever I am happy enough to have more Leisure. In the mean Time it will not displease me if 'tis known that this is given by one, who though born and educated in France, has the Love and Veneration of a Loyal Subject for this Nation; One who, by a Fatality, which with many more made him say,

Nos patriam fugimus & dulcia lin-
quimus arva,

Is oblig'd to make the Language of these happy Regions as natural to him as he can, and thankfully say with the rest, under this Protestant Government,

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

Expla-

Explanatory Remarks

ON THE

Prologue to the Fourth Book of *Rabelais*, being the first of the Voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle.

THE main design of this Prologue is to teach us to be moderate in our Wishes. The Author brings several Examples to prove what Advantages arise from it; particularly he makes use of a Fable, in which (after some long but most diverting Excursions) the Moderation of a poor Country Fellow, who had lost his Hatchet, and wish'd only to have it again, was largely rewarded; and others, who lost theirs on purpose, to be thus made rich, were undone. This is thought by some, to mean a Gentleman of *Poitou*, who came to *Paris* with his Wife about some Business, where *Francis* the First fell in Love with her, and having bestow'd large Sums of Money on the Husband, who some time after return'd into the Country; some of the

the Neighbouring Gentlemen, who had handsome Wives or Daughters, made their appearance with them at Court, in hopes of the like Fortune, but instead of it were forc'd to sneak into the Country, after they had spent their Estates, which was all they got for their pains.

Jupiter is brought in complaining of *Ramus* and *Galland*, who, surrounded with a swarm of their Scullions, Ragamuffins, Siziers, Vouchers, &c. set together by the Ears the whole University of *Paris*. *Petrus Ramus*, or *de la Ramée*, was Royal Philosophy and Oratory Professor at that time; and *Petrus Gallandus*, or *Galland*, Royal Greek Professor; both were Learned Men, and *Ramus* particularly famous for Rhetoric and Oratory; he also wrote three Books of Dialectic Institutions. But what divided the University, was his Elegant, but too Passionate Animadversions on *Aristotle's* Physics and Metaphysics; *Carpentarius*, *Scheckius*, and *Riolanus*, answer'd him, and particularly the first. I cannot find that *Gallandus* wrote against *Ramus*; yet, either he has done it, or oppos'd him *vivâ voce*. *Priapus* is of Opinion, they ought to be turned into Stone, and associated to their Name-sake, Master *Peter du Coignet*, formerly petrified for such a Subject. This *Du Coignet* can be no other than *Peter de Coigneres*, the King's Advocate

cate in his Parliament, mentioned by * *Pasquier*. In 1329 he caus'd all the Prelates of *France* to be summon'd before King *Philip*, who sat in his Court of Parliament attended by several Princes and Lords. There the Advocate represented many Abuses committed by the Ecclesiastical Court, which had encroach'd upon the Parliament's Rights, and us'd to take Cognizance of all Civil Matters, under divers pretences of Conscience, and unjustly favour'd those that appeal'd or remov'd their Causes to the Spiritual Court. The Archbishop of *Sens*, and the Bishop of *Autun*, spoke in behalf of the Church's Right, grounded on Custome time out of mind, and of equal validity to the Law; then proffer'd to recti'y every thing; and in short, so cunningly work'd upon the King, that he told them he would make no Innovations, nor would shew his Successors a way to molest the Church. This made the Clergy triumph, as if they had gain'd their Point, and to be reveng'd on *Pierre de Cogneres*, they got a Monkey hew'd out of Stone, and had it set up in a Corner of *Notredame* at *Paris*, which Figure says *Pasquier*, by a kind of Pun, was call'd † *Maitre Pierre du Coignet*. So *Priapus* advises *Jupiter* to petrify *Ramus* and *Galland*, saying, That

* *Recherches de Pasquier*, Lib. 3. Chap. 27.

† That is, *The chief Corner-stone*.

Peter du Coignet had been turn'd into Stone for the same Cause, that is, for setting the Learned at variance. Tho after all, *France* is much oblig'd to that Advocate, who seems to have laid the Foundation of the Liberties of the *Gallican Church*.

In the same Council of the Gods, *Jupiter* says, *Here are the Gascons cursing and damning, demanding the Restitution of their Bells.* I find in *du Tillet*, that they had been taken from them in 1548. This is the sence of his words, which I give at length, because they seem to give light into several Passages in the first three Books. There was a Tumult in *Guienne*, which began at *Angoulesme* by thirty men, but soon great Numbers joyn'd them; and as many at least rose towards *Bordeaux*, in a Rebellious manner, upon account of the Tax on Salt, from which the said Country us'd to be exempted. To suppress this Rebellion, &c.——After the Ringleaders had been punish'd with Death, the Citizens of *Bordeaux*, and other places of the same Faction, were depriv'd of their Rights and Privileges, Bells, Arms, and Artillery; the Town-house was demolish'd, all the Bells, little or great, were throw'd down from the Steeples, and laid by to be melted down and moulded into Canons. He says afterwards, In *January 1550*, the Rights and Privileges of those of *Bordeaux* were restor'd,

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restor'd, and they had leave to hang their Bells up again, paying a certain Sum of Money.

It appears by this, that this Prologue was written in 1548 or 1549. and I am apt to believe that these are the Bells for whose Recovery Master *Janotus de Bragmardo*, made the Comical Speech in the 19th Chapter of the first Book; the rather, because *Henry d'Albert*, King of *Navarre* (*Rabelais's Gargantua*) was then Governor of *Guienne*, and acted against the Rebels.

The 21st of *August*, says *Du Tillis*, in *Xaintonge* and *Angoumois*, the People took Arms on account of the said Tax on Salt, and were so numerous, that they kill'd some Collectors, and other Officers, plunder'd Houses, Towns, and Castles, and routed the Forces that were sent against them by the King of *Navarre*, Governor of *Guienne*.

Explanatory Remarks

ON THE

First Chapter of the Fourth Book.

BY *Pantagruel* and his Attendants, who embark'd for the Oracle of the Holy Bottle, we may understand *Anthony Duke of Vendosme*, afterwards King of *Navarre*, setting out of the World of Error, to search after Truth; which *Rabelais* places in the Bottle; because, drinking its Wine, we are inspir'd with Spirit and Invention, and freely imparting our Sentiments, discover those others. 10

*Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro: tu sapientium
Curas & arcanum jocosum
Consilium retegis Lyco.*

Horat.

As much is imply'd by the Greek Proverb, *ἐν οἴνῳ ἀληθεῖα*, the Latins *In Vino veritas*, and as some have it among us, *True Philosophy lies in the Bottle*. Our Author, like skilful Dramatic Writers gives

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us a hint of his Design in the first Chapter, when just before *Pantagruel* set Sail, he makes him and his men go to Prayers, and sing the 113th Psalm, *When Israel went out of Egypt*; which Countrey all know is generally taken in a mystical Sense for Error, or being a Slave to it.

The Chief Pilot and *Xenomanes*, an Experienc'd Traveller, (by whom we may understand that 'tis necessary to have good Guides and Councillors to direct us in such a Search) steer a shorter Course than the *Portuguese*, by whom may be meant Superstitious Papists.

Bacbac is a Bottle in Hebrew, and the ships have all Bottles, Cups, or Wine Vessels on their Stern, to show that the whole Fleet are for Wine; only one has a Lantern to confirm what is said, that the guidance of good Lights, *i. e.* Learned Men, is requisite in such an Attempt. If we had a mind to say that our Author had a double meaning all along, as he has in many places, we might suppose one easily: For this was written at the time of the Council of *Trent*, in which the restitution of the Cup to the Laity, and of Marriage to the Clergy, were debated. *Panurge* goes to the Oracle of the Bottle near Lanternland, where the Lanterns, which may be the Clergy, who think themselves the Lights of the World, held then their Provincial Chapter.

Chapter. His Business is with the Bottle, to know whether he should marry or no: All his Company there are made to drink Water, which had the taste of Wine; the word of the Bottle is *Trinch*, which is Drink in *High-Dutch*; and *Panurge*, having drunk, foretells that he shall be married, as indeed *Montluc* Bishop of *Valence*, whom I take to be *Rabelais's Panurge*, is own'd by all the Historians of his Age to have been; The application is easy.

On Chapter 2.

AS our Author Satirizes all Conditions of men in this Voyage, he thought he could not begin better than by reflecting on the Follies and Lies of Travellers; which he does in this Chapter. The first place at which our Travelling *Pantagruelists* touch, is the Island of *Medamothby*. All the Countries in this Voyage are Islands, and he stil'd himself *Caloier des Isles bieres*, in the Edition of 1553. *Caloier* from *καλός* and *ιερεύς*, *probus Sacerdos*, a Name given by those of the Greek Church to Ecclesiastics; and *des Isles bieres*, of the sacred, or great Islands; for *ισπός* stands often for *μύσας*. These great Islands may be the Terraqueous part of the Globe which is wholly sur-

rounded with the Sea ; thus every Island here means the whole World, or at least a considerable part of it ; few places being wholly free from the Persons and Defects which are ridicul'd in this Work.

The Island *Medamothi*, *Μεδάμουθι*, *nusquam*, *nullo in loco*, means an Island that is nowhere, and so cannot be found ; and indeed most Travellers and Seafaring men are for going where no other went before, still bent on Discoveries ; and accordingly our *Pantagrue*lian Journalist tells us, *That till they came to that Island they saw nothing new.* *Philophanes*, who is King of the Countrey, signifies *one who desires to be seen* : He is made absent from home (as Travellers are) on account of his Brother *Philoteamon*'s marriage with the *Infanta* of *Engys* ; that is, *The Neighbourhood* : *Philoteamon* signifies *One who desires to see things* : Thus many travel either to see, or be seen, or for both. Now as this Kingdom of *Medamothi* is no where, so those *Exotic Rarities* which our Travellers purchase there, are nothing but Fictions and Chimeras. As for Example ; The Face of a man who brings in an Appeal ; the Picture of a Servant who wants a Master ; that of *Eccho* drawn to the life ; that of the Ideas of *Plato*, and the Atoms of *Epicurus* ; that copied from *Philomela*'s Needle-work ; *Achilles*'s Deeds in Seventy eight Pieces of Tapistry,

Tapistry, all of *Phrygian* Silk imbosc'd with Gold and Silver some 24 Foot long, and 20 broad: things which either are not, never were, or cannot be express'd with the Pencil; as for example, the Voice of the man who appeals, or who calls (for the *French* means both)

The Three Unicorns were thought a Fiction by the most of the Learned, as well as the *Chameleon-like Tarand* (which put me in mind of some Courtiers) till the Great *Bochartus*, of whom *Roan* my Native Town is so justly proud, had prov'd that the Unicorn is not a Fabulous Animal. Thus this Island, and what is done there, are nothing but Fictions and Whimfies, with which Travellers, often much guilty of them, and the Learned puzzle their Brains, and burthen their Memories; unsatisfied like some of the Fair with any thing that is not strange, far-fetch'd and dear-bought.

On Chapter 5.

FROM *Panurge's* Quarrel with *Dindenaut* the Drover, whom I have call'd *Ding-dong*, and that *Sheepmonger's* Misfortune, we may raise this Moral; That the private Broils of Pastors prove often the ruin of their Flocks; foolish, headstrong, and ready,

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dy, right or wrong, *one and all*, to rise and fall with the Bell-weather. *Dingdong's* Quack-like *Canting* Stuff does not hinder him from *selling the Sheep* by which he lives.

After all, this may be the Relation of some of the *Montluc's* Adventures, burlesqu'd after our Author's way. For as we have observ'd in the Preface to the first Three Books, that Bishop of *Valence* was a Protestant, at least in his Opinions; every body knew it, and the *Marechal de Montluc* his Brother made no Mystery of it in his *Memoirs*; he was molested more than once about it, and particularly by the Dean of *Valence*, of whom we have spoke in the said Preface, and for whom the Bishop prov'd too hard, by his Subtilty and Credit, which inclin'd him to make use of all possible means to be reveng'd on one who had plagu'd him so long. Thus we find *Psaurge* saying to Friar *Ibon*, 'after *Dingdong* and his Sheep were all drowned, 'Harkee me, my Friend *Ibon*, never did 'Man do me a good turn., but I return'd, 'or at least acknowledg'd it; no, I scorn 'to be ungrateful, I never was, nor ever 'will be: Never did Man do me an ill 'one without ruing the day that he 'did it either in this World, or the next. I am not yet such an *Als* as that comes to.

Our

Our Author to ridicule a foolish Relique that was in great repute in *Poitou* in his time, makes Dingdong swear by it in the Seventh Chapter; 'twas call'd, *The Worthy Vow of Charroux*. The People gave that Name to a large wooden Statue, in the shape of a Man, cover'd with Plates of Silver, which the Monks kept in a Corner of their Monastery. They us'd to show it but every Seventh year, and then Shoals of People throng'd to see it; but none of the Female Sex were suffer'd to come near to kiss it; this mighty Blessing was wholly reserv'd for Men or Boys: But the Women us'd to watch to catch the Men who had kiss'd it at unawares, and clipt them about the Neck and kiss them; by which means they were perswaded they drew to themselves, and suck'd in, the virtuous Efficacy which they had got by touching the Shrine. A tall Lady was so very presumptuous as to dare kiss that blessed *Worthy Vow*, and, behold! the angry Wooden Saint in an instant grew five Foot taller than he was before; at least the People said so, and the Monks reported it for Gospel-truth. Yet all its Worth and Virtue could not protect it against the *Sieur Bouganet*, and other Protestant Gentlemen, who in the Year 1562. stripp'd it of its Silver Robes, and since that were call'd,

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The Valets de Chambre of the Worthy Vow of Charroux.

In the same Chapter we have another instance of the strange Superstition of the Popish Vulgar, when Dingdong says, That Corn grows where ever his Sheep piss, as if the Lord had piss'd there. That Expression is us'd throughout *France* by the Common People, who think all those places thus particularly blest where our Saviour dropt his Urin, &c. As for instance, his Spittle, it being said in the Ninth Chapter of *St. John*, that *he spat on the ground, and made Clay of his Spittle.*

I find that Matter crowds upon me, and I might be more Voluminous than a *Dutch* Commentator, should I undertake to explain every thing in this incomparable Work; but I have neither Room, Time, nor Inclination to enlarge much, and will leave the Reader to find out the meaning of many things that will easily be understood after the general Idea I have given of this Voyage, and the Sample in the foregoing Chapters. This made me say nothing of the Third and Fourth; nor will I speak of several others in the Two Books, which want little or no Comment.

On Chapter 9.

BY the Island of *Enas*, where such strange Alliances are made, *Rabelais* at once exposes unequal Matches, and the dull Jest and Stupidity of gross Clowns; which, as ~~the~~ *Latin* hath it, *have no Nose*, that is, no Wit. Thus he tells us, That all the Men, Women, and Children of the *Enas'd* or *Noseless* Island, are like your Carrot-pated *Poitevins*, who are a borish sort of People. I must own that the Comments which *Pantagruel's* Companions make on their ridiculous manner of being akin, are little better than the Text. Yet those wretched Quibbles and Conundrums, are what your Country-Fellows admire mightily, and all this Chapter would be read (or to speak more properly) be heard read by such People, with as much Pleasure, as I Translated most of it with Pain. But in the main, the meaning is admirable; for what more deserves a reproof than the foolish unequal Marriages made every day, which are as odd Jest, and as improper as some of those in that Chapter? The Match struck up between the Pear (which seem'd tight and firm, but was known by some to be flabby) and the soft Cheese is more natural,

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ral, and made very often in our World; and bating its Emblem, which is of the Nature of the Island, there is Salt and Nose in that Conjunction; nor is there less in that of the old greasy Boot, and the young pliable Buskin; and the Brogue and the Slipper, which are in a manner a Key to the rest.

On Chapter 10 and 11.

THe Island of *Cbeli*, which comes after that of the *Eng's'd Alliancers*, is as it were its Antipodes, and the one is as courtly, as the other is clownish. The word *Cbeli* is *Greek*, and signifies *the Lips*, *χείλια χείλη*; yet those who at the end of the last *French* Editions of *Rabelais*, have explain'd some of his hard Words, interpret it *peaceful*, deriving it from the *Hebrew*. The *Etymological Dictionary* indeed tells me that *Shalom*, is peace and peaceful in *Hebrew*, and the *French* pronounce *ch* as we do *sh*; yet, as the *Greek* hits better the word *Cbeli*, and the Sense of the Chapter, I stick to it. Thus it may be call'd the Island of *the Lips*, or of Compliments: King *St. Panigon*, first of the Name, reign'd in that large well-peopled, fruitful Kingdom, and being attended by the Princes his Sons, and the Nobles of his Court, comes as far as the Port to
receive

receive *Pantagruel*, conducts him to his Palace; the Queen, the Princesses, the Court-Ladies receive him at the Gate; *Panigon* makes them all salute *Pantagruel* and his Men with a Kiss, according to the Civil Custom of the Country; all the Compliments and Entreaties imaginable are us'd to persuade *Pantagruel* to stay there a day or two; he excuses himself, but is not suffer'd to go till he and his Men have drank with the King, all this is Compliment. Friar *Ihon* alone inveighs against this formal Stuff, antick Postures and nonsensical Fiddle-faddle, Cringes, Grimaces, Scrapes, Embraces, Leers, &c. and slinks into the Kitchins, where there was something more substantial for a Monk, who does not use to feed on empty Talk. So, tho the Island was Populous, Fertile, and of large Extent, he admires nothing but the Culinary Laboratories, the turning of the Spits, the harmonious rattling of the Jacks and Fenders; and is for criticising on the Position of the Lard, the Temperature of the Potages, the Preparation for the Desert, and the Order of the Wine-Service. All the Eleventh Chapter illustrates that Monastical Inclination to frequent Kitchins.

On Chapter 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16.

ALL these Chapters are occasion'd by *Pantagruel's* passing by *Pettifoggings*, and give us an Account of the way of Living of the Apparitors, Serjeants, and Bailiffs, and such inferior Ministers of the Law. Nothing can seem dark in what our Author has said of them, if we observe what he makes one of *Pantagruel's* Interpreters, or *Droggermen* relate, 'That at Rome a world of Folk get an honest Livelihood by Poysoning, Ribroasting, and Stabbing, but the Catchpoles earn theirs by being drub'd; so that if they were long without a tight Lambasting, the poor Dogs with their Wives and Children would even be starv'd. Our Author says this, because in *Francis* the first's, and *Henry* the Second's Reigns, That rascally Tribe had no Income so beneficial, as that which came to them from a Beating, the Nobility thought it so great an Affront to be cited, or arrested by that Vermin, that they stood too much on their Punctilio, and for that reason they severely us'd those Bailiffs or Apparitors, who came to them to discharge their Office; and who sometimes were sent out of malice. So when the Man-catchers, who desir'd nothing more than

than to be bang'd, had been misus'd, they had swindging Damages to make them amends. *Rabelais* exposes the Folly, Villany, and Abuse of this Practise on both sides; which has been since so well redrest, that if the Bailiffs had nothing to depend on but Bastonadoes; those necessary Evils would long since have all been starv'd.

Panurge relates a Story of the Lord of *Basché*, who found out a way to have those Man-hounds beaten at small cost so furiously, that some of them dy'd of their Bruises; by which means he rid his House of their Visits; and that Lord is here said to have encourag'd his men with a Story of *Francis Villon*, who reveng'd himself securely on *Friar Tappecone* or *Ticketoby*, who would not lend a Cope to some of his Players, who were to Act *the Passion*, which is acted still every Year in some Parts of *Italy*.

As the *Betrothing* or *Nuptials* of *Basché*, grew into a Proverb; so from that *Villon*, who was a Famous Poet in the Reign of *Lewis* the XIth, but more famous yet for his Cheats and Villanies; than for his Poetry, came the word *Villoner*, which has been long us'd to signify to Cheat or play some Rogues Trick. I shall have occasion to take notice of him in my Remarks on the last Chapter of the Fourth Book.

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Pantagruel's Companions are told of two of the honestest Men in all *Catchpole-Land*, who were made to cut a *Caper on nothing*, for stealing the Tools of the Mass, and hiding them under the Handle of the Parish. This must be some Sacrilegious Theft of Church-Plate in those times; and by the by, we may see what esteem *Rabelais* had for the Catchpoles, since he makes those Rogues the honestest in all that Country. *Friar Iohn* says, That this was as mysterious a way of speaking as *St. John's de la Palisse*; *de la Palisse* is the Name of a Family in France; but he means, *de l'Apocalypse*. *The Handle of the Parish*, may mean the Steeple of the Church; to cut a *Caper on nothing*, is to be hang'd.

On Chapter 17.

FROM *Catchpole-Land* *Pantagruel* comes to two Islands, which the Author calls *Tobu* and *Bobu*, from two Hebrew words, which, I am told, are taken out of the first Chapter of *Genesis*, where 'tis said, The Earth was *Tobu* *vs* *Bobu*, that is, void and in Confusion; without Form or Beauty, and in short, a Chaos. This may well be applied to a Country that's ruin'd by the War; the Fury of Soldiers on one side, and the Exactions

Exactions of Chiefs many times leaving little or nothing behind them. This makes *Rabelais* say, That *the Devil a bit they could find any thing there to fry with*; which is an Expression often us'd by the *French*, when they would say, There is no subsisting in a place.

The Giant *Bringuenarilles* or *Wide-nostrils* had taken away the means of frying there, by devouring every individual Pan, Skillet, Kettle, Frying-pan, Dripping-pan, and Brass and Iron Pot in the Land for want of Wind-mills, which us'd to be his daily Food: By this Giant we may understand those Gigantick Bodies of Men, vast Armies, that bring Terror and Destruction with them where-ever they come; and in particular, those roaring Hectors, Freebooters, Desperadoes, and Bullying-huff-snuffs, for the most part like those whom *Tacitus* styles *Hospitibus tantum metuendi*, who at the beginning of the War or Campaign, live profusely at the Husbandman's cost; but when the poor Boor has been ruin'd by those unwelcome Guests, they even destroy, and in a manner devour the Straw of the Beds, and the Pans, Kettles; and in short, whatever comes in their way.

Rabelais tells us, That at last, Gaffer *Widenostails* was choak'd with eating a huge lump of fresh Butter at the Mouth
of

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of a hot Oven, by the Advice of Physicians, which very well represents the destiny of those swaggering Bravoes, who, when the War is over, too often either take to the Highway, and other bad Courses, for which they are choak'd, sometimes for as inconsiderable matters as a lump of Butter taken from a Higler, or else being reduc'd to live obscurely on a narrow Fortune, walt and pine away by the Chimny-corner, half-starv'd with their small Pittance, and lead a lingring sorrowful Life, worn out with their former Excesses, the Fatigues of Wars and Old Age; as little regarded as they were fear'd much, when by open Violence they liv'd in Riot and Luxury at the expence of the Unfortunate.

I am the more inclinable to believe this Chapter is design'd to reflect upon Warriors, by what our Author says, That the *Pantagruelists* were told there, that the King of *Cullen* in *Bobu* had routed the Satrapes or Grandees of King *Mecloth*, and made sad work with the Fortresses of *Belims*.

Thence the Fleet sail'd by the Islands of *Nargues* and *Zargues*, which are words us'd by the Vulgar in *France*, when they would give one a fillip on the Nose; *Nazarder*, which signifies as much, means also to give one a publick Affront.

Enig and *Enig*, of which our Satyrift makes two Islands, on whose account formerly the Landgrave of *Hesse* was swindg'd off with a vengeance, in *Higb-Dutch* mean *with* and *without*. There is but little difference between those two words, some *Germans* forming their *n* like an *u*; so 'tis easy to mistake one for the other; and this happen'd at the Treaty about the Landgrave of *Hesse*, and the Emperor *Charles* the 5th; for instead of *Enig*, *without Detention of the Landgrave's Person*, as was expected; there was found *Enig*, *with Detention of his Person*; as much is own'd by the Emperor's Agents in the Nineteenth Book of *Sleidan's* Commentaries; and, if you will believe them, for want of Understanding the Tongue rightly, those who mediated the Agreement were led into that mistake; however, that Landgrave was forc'd to beg *Charles* the Fifth's pardon on his Knees, when, with the Duke of *Saxony*, he was routed by that Emperor's Forces; and the *Germans* were humbled and made contemptible; as our Author has hinted in the Prologue to this Book, when he makes *Jupiter* say, In yonder Corner are the *Saxons*, *Easterlings*, *Ostrogots*, and *Germans*, Nations formerly invincible; but now *Aber Keids*, bridl'd, curb'd, and brought under by a paultry, diminutive, crippled Fellow. He calls him a Cripple, because he was

much

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much troubled with the Gout, and had some *Nodosities* in the Joints of his Hands and Feet.

Geleniabin, in *Arabic*, is Honey of Roses, and *Teleniabin*, *liquid manna*, as the Author of the *French Alphabet* of *Rabelais's* hard Words tells us; both these Ingredients were us'd formerly in Clysters, which makes our *Rabelais* say, That the Fleet sail'd by two Islands of that Name, very fine and fruitful in such *Pharmacopean* Implements.

On Chapter 18. and the six following.

THESE Chapters contain a Description of a Dreadful Storm which *Pantagruel's* Fleet met with; it began immediately after they came up with Nine Sail laden with all sorts of Monks, *who were going to the Council of Chelil to sift and garble some Articles of Faith against the new Hereticks.*

This Council can be no other but that of *Trent*, then sitting, in which such sorts of Articles were framed; the word *Chelil*, by the transposition of a single Letter, makes the *Hebrew* word *Chelis*, *Three*; whence comes *Chelism*, *Thirty*, which is *Trente* in *French*; and, if you will keep to the number *Chelis* or *Three*, the name of that Town which

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which is *Tridentum* in *Latin*, is partly made up of it; so there is no doubt but in one of those Senses the Author had a mind to let us know his meaning.

Besides this way of explaining the word *Cbefil*, which, with several other material Observations, I owe to a Learned and Ingenious Countryman of mine, who will not give me leave to name him, the Alphabet in the *French Rabelais* gives us another which keeps to the name *Cbefil*, but seems to me somewhat far-fetch'd: That word, he says, is us'd by the *Hebrews* to denote the Star which the *Greek* and all our Astronomers call *Orion*. *Cbefil* comes from *Chasal*, to be *unconstant*. *Propert. lib. 2. Eleg. 13.*

—— *Aquosus Orion.*

—— *Nimbosus Orion.*

Virgil 1. *Æneid.*

'Αὐτὸ τοῦ βεῖναι, *commovere, concitare*, to stir up and trouble; This the Ancient Poets, Astrologers and Historians, say is done by *Orion*; and *Pliny*, lib. 18. cap. 28. places it among the dreadful Stars, which stir up Hail, Storms, and excessive Rains; so, that Commentator on words thinks that *Rabelais* has call'd the Council of *Trent* the Council of *Cbefil*, to denote that it was a stormy,

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stormy, unconstant, and troublesome Meeting. Perhaps so.

The Storm in these Chapters is undoubtedly the Cruel Persecution that was rais'd in *France* in the Reign of *Henry* the Second. It began in 1548. by a kind of an Inquisition to prosecute the *Lutherans*; These are *Du Tillet's* words about it; *Il fut ordonné qu'une seance extraordinaire se feroit des Juges à Paris, pour connoître particulièrement du fait des Heretiques: En icelle quelques misérables furent punis de cruels supplices à toute rigueur.* * It was order'd that the Judges should meet in an extraordinary manner at *Paris* to take particular cognisance of the Case of Hereticks. Some Wretches suffer'd cruel Punishments inflicted by that Assembly with the utmost rigour.

During that Storm, *Pantagruel* shows an Heroic steadfastness and constancy of mind; *Friar Ibon* an undaunted Courage, and a great Activity; all *Pantagruel's* Household do their best to save the Ship, and help one another; *Panurge* alone sits on his Tail upon Deck, weeping and howling, and says a thousand ridiculous things suggested to him by his Fear; sometimes he wishes himself with the Blessed Fathers, whom they met steering their Course for the

* *Du Tillet, Cron. A breg. des Rois de France*
1548.

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Council of *Chefil*, presently he proves as great a Milk-sop as most of his Brother Deists do in such Occasions, and is most mightily godly; then he is for making his Will. In short, Nothing can be more unaccountable than the Vows, Wishes and Moans of that Maudling Coward, till the Storm abates, and the Fleet comes in sight of the Island of the *Macreons*. Then he plays the good Fellow, and is as busy as any fix, seeming as resolute and active as he was fearful and unmanly before.

The Storm begins just as soon as they have been met by Monks; mention is made in it of the Thunder's falling on a part of the Ship, which may mean the Ecclesiastical Censures, and the Pope's Thunderbolts; then, when the Storm abates, Friar *Ibon* says, our Devils begin to scamper. I will show that by Devils *Rabelais* has meant the Monks, and persecuting Tempters of the Church of *Rome*. As for *Panurge's* seeming a Papist in the midst of the Storm, it gives us exactly his Character, for he was doubtless ready enough to make all the grimaces of a rank Papist in the midst of the Persecution; though, as soon as was past, he laugh'd at Saint *Nicholas* the *Water Saint*, to whom he had promis'd a Chappel, if he scap'd, between *Gande* and *Monforeau*, where neither Cow nor Calf should feed; the word Chappel
is

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is equivocal in *French*, signifying a Lymbeck; so he says he will throw one in the River, doubtless, that which drowns up all the Ground between those two Towns, and thus he means to fulfil his Vow. Perhaps this is also design'd to ridicule the Vows and behaviour of Seamen in a Storm.

Pantagruell's holding the Mast of the Ship tight with both his hands all the while by the Skipper's advice, implies, that as the Family of *Navarre*, and particularly *Anthony of Bourbon*, was best able to protect the Great Ones, who were *imbark'd* together for a Reformation, it was fit he should do it with all his Power; and accordingly *Du Tillet* tells us, that none but *Miserables* (poor Wretches) suffer'd. If any one will say, that perhaps *Rabelais* did not in this Voyage mean any particular Persons, I hope at least they'll grant he has admirably describ'd the different Behaviour of most men in danger, and chiefly in persecuting Times.

On Chapter 25, 26, 27 and 28.

THE Island of the *Mascareons*, where the Fleet went into Harbour after the Storm, signifies the Island *where men are*
long-

long-liv'd. Its Eldest Elderman is nam'd *Macrobius*, or *long-liv'd.* We are told in the 26th Chapter that it was in the Dominions of the Ruler of *Britain*; consequently it was a safe Port against the Tempest of Persecution, the Reformation being openly profess'd at that time in *England* under King *Edward* the Sixth. This causes *Rabelais* to make his persecuted Fleet take shelter there, and to say that men liv'd long in that Island; because none were put to death on account of their Religion.

The Ruins of Temples, Obelisks, Pyramids, Ancient Tombs and Monuments which they see there, denote the Decay, Downfal and Ruin of Popery, unfrequented, and left in a dismal solitude. The Souls of the Heroes who are lodg'd in those Ruin'd Mansions, are the true Christians who had cast off the Yoke of Popery, and of the blind Worship of Saints, many of them Fabulous, to which the Superstition of the Papists had made them raise Temples, Obelisks and Monuments as formerly the Heathens did to their false gods.

The Old *Macrobius* says, That the Death of one of those Heroes had occasion'd the Storm; by which our Author gives us to understand, that Troubles and Commotions are often rais'd in Kingdoms at the death of those Eminent Persons who have govern'd

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govern'd them under their Kings ; and probably, he may have had a mind to mark the death of *Margaret de Valois* Queen of *Navarre*, Sister to King *Francis* the first, which happen'd towards the latter end of the Year 1549. about a year after the Lady *Jane d'Albret*, Princess of *Navarre*, had been married to *Anthony de Bourbon*, Duke of *Vendosme*, *Rabelais's* *Pantagruel*. That Princess, who had always protected the Reformers and the Reform'd, as has been observ'd in the Preface to the first Three Books, was not less eminent by her Piety, Wit, Learning, and Virtue, than by her Royal Extraction ; *Valentine d'Alsinois*, a French Lady, made the following Epitaph for her.

[*Regum*
Musarum decima & Charitum quarta, inclyta
Et soror & conjux, *Margaris illa* jacet.

On Chapter 29, 30, 31 and 32.

THE Sneaking Island which *Pantagruel* sail'd by, when he Jest that of the *Macreons*, is the Dwelling of *Sbrevetide* ; by which we must understand *Lent* : For the Ecclesiastics of the Church of *Rome* begin their *Lent* before the Layity ; *Sbrevetuesday* is to them a Day of Humiliation ; and

and is properly the time when men are shriven. Our Author calls it *Quaresmeprenant*, that is, the Beginning of *Quadragesima*; in opposition to *Mardigras*, *Sbrovetuesday*. The Cardinal de Lorraine, says a Book call'd *l'Heraclite Francois*, made three Clergymen in a manner Titular Bishops of *Metz*, *Toul* and *Verdun*, reserving the whole Income of those Bishopricks to himself, and leaving them little of them besides the Title of Bishops: For this reason they were call'd *les Evêques de Carismeprenant*; because they look'd as meager and starv'd as if it had been *Lent* with them all the year: But I cannot think that our Author reflects here on that Cardinal. His Design seems rather to expose the Superstition of the Papists about *Lent*, and how much the practise of it, their way, shock'd good Sense: This made him run on for two or three Chapters with an odd description of that Ridiculous Monster; and probably also to secure himself from the Informations of his Prying Enemies by that mixture of Comical seeming *Nonsense*. For, as in the time of *Lent* the Superstition, Grimaces and Hypocrisy of the Papists are most observable, and they look on it in a manner as the Basis of the Christian Religion, 'twould have been dangerous to have attack'd them openly in Point.

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We find that the wise *Xenomanes*, one of *Pantagruel's* most experienced Companions, advises him not to go where *Shrovetide* reign'd, and says it would be much out of their way [*to the Oracle of Truth*] that there is very lean Cheer at his Court, that he is a double Shaveling, Banner-bearer to the Fish-eating Tribe, a Flogger of little Children, because Papists do penance, and whip themselves then; a Calciner of Ashes, because of *Ash-wednesday*; that he swarms with Pardons, Indulgences and Stations; which makes the Author say in the 31st Chapter, that *Shrovetide* being married to *Mid-lent*, only begot a good number of *Local Adverbs*; that is, the Stations, the Churches and Chappels, *whither* the gull'd Mob must go, *whence* they come, and *through* which they must pass to gain the Indulgences. We are told besides, that *he* never assists at Weddings, but, give the Devil his due, the most industrious Larding-stick and Scure-maker in forty Kingdoms; because the Butchers have then little else to do but to make some. Lent is an Enemy to Sawlidges and Chitterlings, because as well as all other Flesh (I mean dead Flesh) the People are forbid to taste of any then.

Friar *Ibon* always daring and hasty, is for destroying *Lent*; but *Panurge* still fearful and wary, is not of his mind. *Rabelais* calls that *Island Tapinois*; that word in French is

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is generally us'd adverbially with the Preposition *en* to signify an underhand way of acting. Some derive it from the Greek Verb *ταπεινω*, *humilem reddo*, and so it suits with the true design of *Lent*, to humble man, and make him look *sneakingly*. Besides, *Lent*, *sneaking in* some years sooner and others later, may also for that reason well be said to dwell in *Tapinois*. The Ingenious Fable of Nature and her Counterpart is brought in to shew that those who enjoin things that shock Nature, as is the Church of *Rome's* way of keeping *Lent*, have the confidence to make Laws contrary to those of God, and the Impudence to pretend to justify them by Reason: So *Rabelais* tells us, That *Antiphysis* [the Mother of *Lent*] begot also the Eveldropping Dissemblers, Superstitious Popemongers and Priest-ridden Bigots, Scrapers of Benefices, mad Herb-stinking Hermits, Gulligutted Dunces of the Coul, Church-vermin, Devourers of the Substance of men, and other deform'd and ill-favour'd Monsters made in spite of Nature.

On Chapter 33 and 34.

THE Monstrous *Physeter* or Whirlpool, a huge Fish which dies of the Wounds given him by *Fantagrue* near the Wild Island

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Island, where liv'd the *Chitterlings*, Shrove-tide's mortal Foes, seems to have a relation to the Expiration of Lent, about which time in *France* they have conquer'd all their Stores of salt Fish, and after which Flesh rules on the Tables; and many are so wild for *Chitterlings*, and other Meat, that they get Flesh drest on *Easter-Eve* late at night, and fall too like mad as soon as the Clock strikes Twelve: For that reason he makes the Fish die near a Flesh Country.

On Chapter 35, and the six following.

9 **P***antagruel* lands in the Wild Island to refresh his men whom the Fish had disorder'd; he would not come where *Sbrovative* liv'd, but goes ashore at the Dwelling of the *Chitterlings*, because he did not love Lent. There they pitch their Tents, fix their Kitchen-Batteries, the Cloth is immediately laid, Supper brought in, and all eat chearfully, as is usual after Lent. What happens in that Island, and the Fight in which the *Chitterlings*, *Sawcidges* and *Pasty-pans* are mawld by *Pantagruel* and his men, and particularly by the Friar at the head of the Cooks, partly seems a Comical Allegory, which denotes the Good Cheer at *Easter*, after the
the

the Lent-keepers have master'd that time of Mortification. Sawcidges, Chitterlings, &c. which are preserv'd with Salt, help then to appease hunger at the same time that they create and heighten thirst.

'Tis obvious that the 37th Chapter ridicules the method us'd by some of the Ancients, and to this day, of foretelling things by the name of Persons. We find that the *Chitterlingonians*, knowing at last that *Pantagruel* is *Shroveide's* Foe, and a Friend to Carnival their old Confederate, pay him their homage, and send under the Conduct of Young *Niphleseth* Seventy eight Thousand Royal Chitterlings to *Gargantua*, who made a Present of them to the Great King of *Paris*; but most of them died, and were buried in heaps in a part of *Paris*, call'd to this day the Street pav'd with Chitterlings; yet at the Request of the Court-Ladies Young *Niphleseth* was preserv'd, honourably us'd, and since that married to Heart's Content. We need not understand *Hebrew* to find out what our Joking Author means by that young Chitterling [*Mentula*] *Niphleseth*, of whom the Charitable, or rather Selfish, Ladies took such mighty care.

After all, the description of a misunderstanding between the *French*, and the *Switzers* and *Germans* that had reform'd, may be couch'd under those notions of Chitterlings. In the 35th Chapter we find a

Treaty on foot to reconcile them to *Shrovetide*; and as the Council was then sitting, some Concessions were made by the Pope's Party in case of a likelihood of an Accommodation. Besides, *Rabelais* mentions, that *Shrovetide* (by which may be meant here the *Switzers*, or *Germans* of the *Roman* Communion) was threatned with being declar'd bewray'd (i. e. Excommunicated) in case he made any League or Agreement with the Chitterlings: Since which they were grown wonderfully inveterate and obstinate against one another. He also tells us, that they desir'd the expulsion of I don't know what stinking Villains, Murtherers and Robbers, that held the Castle of *Salloir* (which means a Powdering Tub). These might be Monks and Friars. What's more, in the 37th Chapter *Rabelais* enumerating the Power and Antiquity of Chitterling-like People, says, *Who can tell but that the Switzers, now so bold and resolute, were formerly Chitterlings?* For my part I would not take my Oath to the contrary. Some of the *Switzers* are now, and were then a wild sort of People, as our Author calls his Chitterlings, whom he brings in marching up boldly in Battalia. By the Queen may be meant their Republic, which word is Feminine in *Latin*, and in *French*. The Chitterlings sent by the Queen, are the Soldiers which *Switzerland* sent then, as it does still, to the
French

French, many of which dy'd by change of Air, for want of Mustard (*i. e.* Pay) and other Accidents. And what *Xenomanes* said, that Chitterlings were double-hearted and treacherous, suits also very well with their taking side now with the Emperor, then with the *French*, and *vice versa*, in that Age. In the 41st Chapter *Gymnast* having lugg'd out his Sword with both his Fists, cut a huge wild Squob Sawcidge in two. Bless me, says our Historian, how fat the foul Thief was! it puts me in mind of the huge Bull of *Berne* that was slain at *Marignan*, when the drunken *Switzers* were so maw'd there: Believe me, it had little less than four inches Lard on its Pawnch! By this great Bull of *Berne* is meant *Pontiner*, a famous Gigantic fat Captain of the *Switzers*, who being kill'd at the Battle of *Marignan*, some of the *Germans* who sided with the *French*, to shew they were fully reveng'd on the *Switzers*, who had been too hard for them in several other Engagements, run the Points of their Pikes and Lances in that monstrous Officer's fat Paunch, as *Paulus Juvius* observes in the Account he gives of that Battel. I have not leisure to get and peruse some Books which probably wou'd enable me to give here the Particulars to which this Allegory relates; but I believe that any one that will examin this narrowly,

ly, may find it much as I have said ; and perhaps something more than the expiration of *Lent* may also be meant by the killing of the great Fish by *Pantagruel*.

On Chapter 43, and 44.

THE Island of *Ruach*, where People live on nothing but Wind, according to the sense of the *Hebrew* word, is the Island of *Wind*, or the *vain* Island.

'Tis an Emblem of the Court, where men feed themselves and are fed by others with Wind, Compliments, Flattery, Promises, and vain empty Hopes, more than any where else. The Weathercocks, which are the only Houses in that Island, imply the uncertain and variable state of Courtiers ; First, because the Court is still where the Prince is, and as the Weathercock is always in motion, now to the East, and then presently to the West, yet is still fix'd in one place, and only moves round its Centre ; so the Courtier is still at home when at Court, yet the Court is sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another. Besides, as the warm South sometimes gently blows on a Weathercock, and soon the cold North rudely whirls it about ; so the Courtier's House is either cherish'd , or roughly blown upon, according to the Prince's Breath.

The

The Wind-flowers, Rhue, and such *Carmine*-native Herbs, which are the only things sow'd there, which scowr them off in that Island, denote the Attendance, Craft and Pains, which are the Seeds by which we hope to rise and reap Favor at Court; but when the time of Harvest comes, we find our selves only rid (by a thorough knowledge of the place, and chiefly by Baulks and Disappointments) of a great deal of Wind, vain, empty Hopes, that swell'd and puff'd us up.

The common sort of People who, to feed themselves, make use of Feather, Paper, or Linen Fans, according to their Abilities, put me in mind of a poor Fellow, who fed himself a long time with hopes of obtaining a Place worth at least 50 *l.* a year, only because he knew Sir *J. F—*'s Coachman, with whom he spent some 20 or 30 *l.* that were his All, in hopes of a Recommendation to his Master, which his Patron even wanted for himself while he fool'd him out of his money. Thus the Poor as well as the Rich aim at something generally above their reach. The Windmills, by the means of which the Rich live, may be design'd to denote the Kings and Princes of those days: Mills with mighty Sails, which gave that nourishing Wind plentifully, according to the dispositions in which they were with respect to the Court-

tiers that continually surrounded them : It also signifies that the latter sometimes get nothing but Words or Favours, meerly honorary, and void of substance and solidity. Some of those Royal Windmills have been us'd to wheel round, with every wind, as readily as Weathercocks, turning their Backs in an unaccountable manner to those on whom they look'd most favourably but a moment before.

The Age during which our Doctor flourish'd has given many Instances of this sad Truth ; as *Jacques de Baune*, Lord of *Semblancay*, Admiral *Chabot*, and the Conestable de *Bourbon*, who, having all three possess'd King *Francis* the First's Favour, became the Objects and the Victims of his hatred : The first hang'd at *Montfaucon*, (the Tyburn of *Paris*) for a Crime of which *Louise de Savoye*, the King's Mother alone was guilty. The second, condemn'd without Reason to lose his Head on a Scaffold, and then declar'd Not Guilty ; the sense of which usage work'd so strongly on his mind, that it effected what the Executioner was to have done. And the third, a Prince of the Blood, and by his great Merit High Conestable of *France*, (a Trust thought too great there now adays) first depriv'd of his Government of the *Milanese*, his Master being grown jealous of his Glory, then of the Profits and Exercise of his

his great Office ; and finally of the vast Estate of the House of *Bourbon*, which was his Right of Inheritance, as eldest of that Branch of the Royal Family.

I need not explain what our Author means by the routing Fart, which the King of the Island of *Russ* pretended had been stolen from him, with which, as with another *Sangreal*, he us'd to perform a world of wonderful Cures in many dangerous Diseases, distributing to the Patient only as much of it as would frame a Virgin's Fart: A less Application than that of those who cure a certain *Evil* with a wet Finger, as many People in *France*, and a Kingdom near it fancy. Our Author did not forget to place these among the Courtiers, and in a manner tells them, That the pretended Cure do's not signify the Thousandth part of a F — r. What he says of the *Sangreal*, is to blame the Credulity of some superstitious Bigots, who have a groundless Notion of a Relique thus nam'd, which they say is part of our Saviour's Blood wand'ring about the world invilible, to all but chaste eyes, and working many miraculous Cures. The best Authority for such a Belief, says *Cotgrave*, is the foolish fabulous History of *King Arthur*.

On Ch p'er 45.

BY the Island of the *Pope figs*, is meant those who follow'd *Luther* or *Calvin's* Reformation, and chiefly the *Germans* and the *French*; they were call'd the *Gaillardies* at first; principally the first, because they were at first brisk and merry, or *gaillard*, as when the *Lanskenets*, generally *Protestants*, plunder'd *Rome* in 1527; they led several Bishops and Cardinals in their proper Accoutrements through the Streets on Mules and Asses, with their Faces turn'd towards the Tail; throw'd the Host, Reliques and Images of Saints about the Streets, and forc'd the Pope to buy a Peace with 400 000 Ducats, and remain a Prisoner till it was paid, after he had been almost starv'd in *Castel St. Angelo*; where he invited the Cardinals to a Treat of Asses's Flesh, as if it had been the greatest Dainties imaginable. This our Author calls *faire la Figue*, to revile and *figue*, or say, *A Fig for the Pope*; and he has ingeniously brought in the Story of the Citizens of *Milan*, who us'd an Empress just as the *Landsknechts* serv'd the Cardinals, which also is somewhat like the Practice of the Inquisition, who serve Protestants.

restants so. Now when the Emperor *Charles V.* had been too hard for the Protestants in *Germany*, and the Kings *Francis I.* and *Henry II.* had persecuted them in *France*, they were in a dismal condition, and under the yoke of the *Papimanes*, and got the name of *Pope-figs*; not only because they had revil'd the Pope, but because they were forc'd to creep to him, and lay under his lash. The Hail, Storms and Famine that plague them continually, mean the Persecution; the Hobgoblins and Devils that haunt them, are the Monks, as the Author insinuates it at the latter end of *Chap. 46.*

By the Country Fellow who runs into the Holy Water-Stock, and is immers'd in that blessed Pickle all but the tip of the Snout, for fear of being claw'd off by the Devil, we must understand the Constraint in which the Protestants liv'd, while, to deliver themselves from the Persecutions of the Popish Hobgoblins, they were forc'd to be plung'd over head and ears in the superstitious Worship of the Church of *Rome*; took Holy-water by handfuls, and hid themselves under Stoles, which are the Badge of Priesthood: That is to say, they profess'd Popery, as they are now forc'd to do in *France*; and some ev'n enter'd into Orders, and were Priests, Monks, Bishops, and

and even Cardinals, tho they were far from being Papists in their hearts.

Brissonnet, Bishop of *Meaux*, was one of these ; for, having silenc'd the preaching *Franciscans* throughout his Diocess, and appointed *James Faber*, alias *le Fevre* of *Estaple*, *Girard Ruffi*, *Michael Arande*, and *Martial*, to preach against the Errors of the Church of *Rome*, he recanted, thro fear, as soon as he was call'd to an account about it. *Ruffi* himself did the same, and from a *Lutheran* Preacher, became a *Roman* Bishop ; and so did *Martial*, who being at first *Brissonnet's* Disciple, was afterwards *Penitentiary* , or *Head-Confessor* at *Paris*. The Bishop of *Valence*, our *Panurge*, was one of those Dissemblers, and ev'n the great Admiral *Chatillon's* Brother, *Odet*, the Cardinal to whom this Book is dedicated by *Rabelais*, who himself did like the rest.

On Chapter 46.

THe Stubble and the Leaves of the Radishes, which are all that falls to the young Devil's share, while the Countryman reaps the profit of the Corn and Fruit he had sow'd in his Field, shew that the pretended Papists only gave the outside and

and insignificant Forms to the Church of Rome, and that their hearts and minds were not inclinable to follow its Doctrine. Our Author's honest boldness is very remarkable, both in this Chapter, and many of the next; he makes the young Devil say, That at Lucifers first Course, Hobgoblins (*alias* Imps in Cowls) are a standing Dish. He willingly, says the Imp, us'd to Breakfast on Students; but alas, I don't know by what ill luck they have of late joyn'd the Holy Bible to their Studies; so the Devil a one we can get down among us: And I verily believe, that unless the *Casars* (*i. e.* the Hypocrites of the Tribe of *Levi*) help us in it, taking from the enlightned Bookmongers, their *St. Paul*, either by Threats, Revilings, Force, Violence, or Fire and Faggot, we shall not be able to hook in any more of them to nibble at below.

The Fosterers, Suttlers, Charcoalmen, and Boiling-cooks of Hell that were mawl'd and pepper'd off in the *Northern* Countries, are the Monks and Priests, who were routed there, particularly in *England*.

By the Students of *Trebiſonde*, he means those of the Popish Universities, where, as he says, they are tempted by the Devils (by which he means Monks and Priests, Professors, and their Tutors) to leave Father and Mother, forgo for ever the establish'd

bliss'd and common Rule of Living, free themselves from obeying their Lawful Sovereign's Edicts, live in Absolute Liberty, and taking the fine jovial little Cap of Poetic License, become so many pretty Hobgoblins. The *Cap of License*, means their Degrees or the Cowl; and *Poetic*, is only added to blind the thing: So the Monks leave Father and Mother, and disclaim all Authority but the Pope's.

On Chapter 47.

BY the old Woman of *Pope-figland*, who frights the Devil, and puts him to flight, the Author means that the Monks and Priests of the Church of *Rome* were so ignorant, and their Tenents so groundless, that the very Women could make fools of them even at *demonstrative* Arguments.

On Chapter 48, and five following.

THE Island of *Papimany*, is those whose Love and Zeal for the Pope is so excessive, that it may be counted Madness: The word is made of *Papa* Pope, and *Mania*, Madness, from *μαίνομαι*, *insanio*. Thus

in

in *Plutarch*, the *Andromanes* were Women, whose Love for Men was most blind and furious; that Name being given to those *Lacedæmonian* Women, who us'd to fight before the People with bare Thighs, whence they were call'd *Phenomerides*. This blind Zeal for Popery is drawn in most lively Colours by our Satyrical Painter in all those Chapters; and particularly appears by the Discourse of the Four Estates of the Country, the Gentleman, the Lawyer, the Monk, and the Clown, who all give the Pope those Epithetes which only belong to God, calling that Bishop of Rome, *He that is, and God on Earth*. All know that the Pope's Flatterers have been very prodigal of such Epithetes; principally in *Rabelais's* time; as to *Paul* the Third, who, as *Alstedius* and others write, was stil'd, *Optimus maximus in terris Deus*; and the following Distich was also made to compliment a Pope, and prove that he was justly call'd, *God on Earth*.

*Ense potens gemino, mundi moderaris habenas,
Et merito in terris diceris esse Deus.*

The Four Estates are brought in to show that the Pope's Missionaries are of all sorts of Conditions. Their frantic Zeal does not only make them adore the Pope, but prostrate themselves at the Feet of those
who

who have seen him. Says *Panurge* to them, When they ask'd him whether he had been blest with the sight of that *God on Earth*; yea, verily, Gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much better'd me. O thrice and four times happy People, cry'd the *Papimanes*, you are welcome, and more than double welcome, and they would have kiss'd *Panurge's* Feet; saying, they would even the kiss Pope's A — if ever he came among them. As soon as our Travellers are landed, the People throng to see those blessed Men, who had seen his Holiness's Face. *Homenas*, Bishop of the Place, hastens to them in *Pontificalibus*, with his Train of Church-Players, bearing Crosses, Banners, Standards, Holy Water-pots, and Canopies, such as the Pope, and the *Hoft* use to be under, when they are carried in Procession. The Mob conducts and attends the Strangers to the Church, where there is not one word mention'd of God, nor Jesus Christ, or the Gospel; but much of the most Holy Decretales or Popes Decrees written with the hand of an Angel. Our Author admirably ridicules the Credulity of those bigotted Papists; then *Homenas* mumbles over a Mass, after which, from the Church he leads them to the Tavern, where he feasts the Strangers with the Money that was gather'd during the Mass,

yet

yet not till he had shew'd them the Pope's Picture, which *Epistemon* said was not like the late Popes; for, saith he, I have seen them, not thus with their *Pallium*, *Aumusse* and *Rochet* on, but with Helmets on their Heads, more like the Top of a *Persian* Turbant; and while the Christian Commonwealth was in Peace, they alone were furiously and cruelly making War. *Homenas* zealously takes their part, and replies, that then it was against those who transgress'd against their Decretals, and that whether they were Emperors, Kings, or Commonwealths, he was immediately to pursue them with Fire and Sword, strip them of their Kingdoms, anathematize them, and not only destroy their Bodies, those of their Children and Adherents, but also damn their Souls to the Pit of Hell. Nothing can be finer than the Feast, and the Discourse of *Homenas* and his Guests. Young buxom Lasses wait on them, principally *Homenas's* Favourite, whom our Author calls *Clerica*. Friar *Ihon*, who leer'd on them side-ways like a Cur that steals a Capon; lik'd them better than some of the *Bon Christian* Pears; so does *Homenas*, who is very lavish of that Fruit, like *Horace's* Calaber,

— *Hec porcis hodiè comedenda relinques.*

But

But he will by no means be perswaded to part with one of the Doxies. The most Holy and Heavenly Decretales are celebrated with swindling Bumpers of good Wine, just as *Belshazzar* extoll'd his gods of Gold and Silver. In short, this Feast is a Triumph in which our Author has describ'd the voluptuous Life of those effeminate

P their Superstitions which are
ation of their Idleness and Luxu-
ry, and men Implous Doctrine, that en-
courage Subjects to kill their Lawful So-
vereign, and Massacre all those who will
not blindly submit to the Pope, and the
blind Idolatrous Worship which he has
invented; by whose means, saith our Au-
thor, Gold is subtilly drawn out of *France*
to *Rome*, above Four hundred thousand
Ducates every Year. *England* was much
more fleec'd, till it had shaken off the Pa-
pal Yoke; and we must own, that as Do-
ctor *Rabelais* was very well inform'd of all
these Abuses, no Man ever describ'd them
more to the Life; and the best Protestant
Writers have not equall'd him in this, tho
they did it out of Interest, and made it
their particular Business. Neither can I
tell, whether *Rabelais's* Boldness be more
to be wonder'd at in publishing such a
Work, while Fires were kindled in every
part of *France* to burn the *Lutherans*, than
his good Fortune in having escap'd those
Flames.

Flames, to which many were condemn'd
for less every day where he wrote.

On Chap. 55, and 56.

BY the unfrozen or thaw'd words which *Pantagruel* and his Company heard at Sea in open Air, just after they had left the *Papimanes*, our Author ingeniously describes the freedom which our Navigators took to speak their true sentiments of the gross Ignorance, blind Zeal, loose Lives, and worse Principles of those superstitious Papists, as soon as they were out of their reach. For among them the *Pantagruelists* did not dare discover their minds, so that their words were in a manner frozen within their mouths, which Fear and Interest kept shut. But when they were out of danger, they could no longer thus contain their words, and then every one distinctly heard them, murmuring words against those Bigots, very sharp words, bloody words, terrible words, angry words, occasion'd by Reflections made on those Idolatrous Persecutors; and to those words our jolly Company add some words of *Guenles*, that is, merry words, Jestis, pleasant Talk, probably about the young Wenches so ready to wait on the strangers at Table, and on the good Bishop a-bed. Those

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Those frozen words that thaw'd, and then were heard, may also mean the Books publish'd at that time at *Geneva* and elsewhere against Popery and the Persecution. Those who fled from it to Places of Safety, with a great deal of freedom, fill'd their Writings with such Truths as were not to be spoken among the bigotted *Romanists*; and many of those unfortunate men having been us'd very cruelly in their Slavery, and having nothing to defend their Cause but their Pens, while their Adversaries were arm'd with Fire and Sword, their words could not but be very sharp. The words which *Rabelais* says were mere gibberish, which they could not understand, may be the Books that were dark, ill written, and without judgment, and the words of *güenles*, or *Jests*, may be pleasant Books such as were some of *Marot's* Epigrams and other Pieces of that nature.

On Chap. 57. and the five following.

THE dwelling of Master *Gaster*, whose entrance is rugged, craggy, barren, and unpleasant to the eye, is found at last to be very fertile, healthful, and delightful, when with much toyl the difficult ways on its Borders have been pass'd. This *Gaster*,
the

the first Master of Arts in the world, is the Belly in Greek.

Magister artis, ingenique largitor
Venter ————— Perſius.

Yet our Author tells us that the Muses are the Offspring of *Penia*, that is to say, Poverty; I will not pretend to contradict him; neither will any contradict me, if I say, that at least Poverty is the most common Reward which their unhappy Favourites reap for all their toilsome Study. The Description of the Empire of *Gaster* is very curious; and the Author displays there at once much Learning, Fancy and Wit. The *Gastrolaters* are those whose God is their Belly; the *Engastrimythes* are Parasites, and all those whom their hungry Bellies cause to say many things against their Consciences; so that they may be said to speak from the Belly: The word *Engastrimythe* also means one who by use and practice can speak as it were out of his Belly, not moving his Lips; and finally one who has an Evil Spirit speaking out of his Belly.

Rabelais tells us a very remarkable Story of an Italian Woman called *Jacoba Rodogyna*, one of those *Engastrimythes*, whom he had seen at *Ferrara* in 1513. She was said to be possess'd by an Evil Spirit who lov'd to be call'd *Cincinnatiulo*, and reveal'd things

things past to the amazement of those who ask'd her questions, but us'd to lye like a Devil when she pretended to foretell any thing ; yet the People of Quality of the *Cisalpine Gaul* us'd to consult her very much.

Father *Mabillon* in his *Museum Italicum*, speaks of a Magician Woman who had been thus famous at *Milan*, where he saw her Tomb : He calls her *Guillemimina* ; saying that after her death three Holidays were instituted to her Memory ; and that those of her Sect had declar'd she was the Holy Ghost that had appear'd to the world in the shape of a Woman ; but that at last it was known she was a Witch, and she was *unsainted*. Many Saints would have the same Fate, if their Titles were *canonically* examin'd.

The Idol *Manduce* is the figure of Gluttony, whose Eyes are bigger than its Belly, and its wide Jaws arm'd with dreadful Teeth : 'Tis an Imitation of the *Manducus* of the Ancients.

The great number of Dishes of all sorts that are sacrificed to *Gaster*, show that Gluttony reigns among all sorts of people, the poor offering their gross Food, as well as the rich their Dainties ; and that coarse Fare will go down with Belly-gods, and with all men in general, for want of better. What is offer'd him on interlarded
Fish-

Fish days, shows that this Noble *Messer Gaster*, as he is call'd in the *French*, is a true *Papimane*, and agrees pretty well with the *Mass*, *Messe* in *French*, which wants but an r of the word *Messer*, us'd in those times for *Monsieur*.

On Chap. 63, and 64.

C*Haneph* is Hypocrisy in *Hebrew*; so the Island of *Cbaneph* is the Island of the Hypocrites; accordingly our Author says it was wholly inhabited by Sham-saints, Spiritual Comedians, Forms of Holiness, Tumblers of Beads, dissembling Mumblerers of *Avenaries*, and so forth; poor sorry Rogues, who wholly liv'd on the Alms that were given them by Passengers, like the Hermit of *Lormont*, between *Blaye* and *Bordeaux*: Thus he chiefly places the Orders of Mendicant Friars among the Hypocrites, because their Convents have no Revenue but Mumping, and so they are oblig'd to affect a greater Devotion than those Religious Orders who do not make a Vow of Poverty as these do.

Our Author tells us that the *Pantagruelian* Fleet was becalm'd when it came in sight of that Island, and was forc'd to tack from Larboard to Starboard, and from Starboard

board to Larboard, yet could not get ahead, tho they had added Drablers to their Sails. By this he insinuates that this inferior Crew of Hypocrites did put a stop to the progress of the Reformation, and the discovery of Truth in general; as when he himself was misus'd by some of them in the Convent of Cordeliers at *Fontenay le Comte*, merely because he studied Greek. These Beggarly Tribes had not the power to raise a Storm, like the nine Sail of Fathers who were going to the Council of *Cbesil*; they could do little more than hinder the advancement of those who search'd after Truth. Thus we find, not only that the Fleet could not proceed, but that every Ship's Company in a manner fell asleep, doz'd, and were out of sorts, and off the Hinges. At last this is remedied by sending to those poor Hypocrites Seventy eight thousand little Half-Crowns, and by eating and drinking; which perhaps may mean, That provided those poor hungry Curs have Meat and Drink, or Money to get Food, which is all they beg, they cease to bark, and will suffer you to go on without any further Impediment. This has been and is still observable in *France* and other parts, among some of those begging Friars; whereas your *Jesuits*, *Dominicans*, *Austins*, *Bernardins*, *Celestins*, *Theatins*, and others, such as were in the *Nine Sail*, are not to be

be brib'd or pacified so easily. One of These whose Poetry and Criticisms are deservedly esteemed among us, has reflected on our Author's admirable Satire too severely for a man of his Sense, tho not for one of his Order; I mean Father *Rapin*; but who could expect less from a Jesuit, and a Jesuit too whose Sodality is satiriz'd in this Work? Yet after all, that able Critic durst not but own that * *it is a most Ingenious Satire.*

Panurge asks whether there be not something of the Feminine Gender among them, and whether they would not take a small Hypocritical Touch by the by? To which answer is made by *Xenomanes*, That were there not some pretty, kind-hearted Hypocritesses, Hermitesses, and Spiritual Actresses, who beget a race of young Hypocritillons and Sham-sanctitoes, the Island of *Chaneph* had long since been without Inhabitants.

This is true in more than one sense; for did not Hypocrites beget others, some parts of the world would be very thin of people; then those Sham-sanctitoes and Hermitillons whom our Author means, are chiefly the young bastardly Monastic Fry, the only Fruit many Nuns bear, by

* *Rapin's Reflect. on Poetry.*

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the means of the Father Confessor's kind applications ; for such of those By-blows as escape Abortion, or an untimely Death, are rear'd up for a while as the pious *Father's* or *Sister's* poor Relations, and then cag'd with Father or Mother to sing Matins and Vespers, and increase the larger Tribe of Hypocrites *world without end.*

On Chapter 66.

THE Island of *Ganabin* is the Island of Thieves, from *Gannab* a Thief in *Hebrew*. *Xenomanes* says, that the people of that Island are all such, and commends *Pantagruel* for not going ashore there. Friar *John* advises *Pantagruel* to cause a Gun to be fir'd, as it were, to salute the Muses of that *Amiparnassus*. By this perhaps our Author may have a mind to reflect on most of the Authors of that Age, who as well as some of this, were very great Plagiaries. The fair Fountain on that Hill may mean the great number of Subjects which might employ their Pens more to the purpose than in Translating many foolish Romances, as the best hands of *France* did at that time. That *Spring* may also signify the *French* Tongue which our Author commends so much in the Prologue to the Fifth Book, and inveighs against such sorts of Plagiaries,

ries, whom he calls Brokers and Retailers of Ancient Rhapsodies and such mouldy Trash, Botchers of old Thredbare stuff; a hundred and a hundred times clouted up and piec'd together: wretched Bunglers, that can do nothing but new vamp old rusty Saws; beggarly Scavengers, that rake the muddiest Canals of Antiquity, &c. By which he would encourage his Countrey-men to follow his Example, study it, and write something that might chiefly spring from their Fancies, without being wholly indebted to Foreign Nations for what they publish'd; yet not disdaining to make improvements from the Thoughts of the Greek and the Latin Authors, as he himself has done, and enrich the Moderns with Translations of the best Works of the Ancients.

The large Forest that is round the Fountain, may mean the wild, dark, intangled voluminous Writings of some of that Age: The Mountain is called *Antiparnassus*, in opposition to that where the true Muses were said to dwell; and is plac'd in the Island of Thieves properly enough, because Poets, as well as they, are the Children of *Penia* or Poverty, according to our Author.

Panurge, who was afraid *Pantagruel* would land in the Island of *Ganabin*, uses all the Arguments which Fear could suggest

gest to a Coward, to persuade him not to do it, and among other things says, Do not go among 'em, I beseech you, 'twere safer to take a Journey to Hell. Hark ! by Cob's Body, I hear 'em ringing the Alarum Bell most dreadfully, as the *Gasccons* about *Bordeaux* us'd formerly to do against the Commissaries and Officers for the Tax on Salt, or my Ears tingle. This refers to what has been said in the Remarks on the Prologue, concerning the Rebellion at *Angoulesme* and *Bordeaux*.

Rabelais seems to have describ'd part of this War in his second Book, when he makes *Pantagruel* leave *Paris*, to repulse the *Dipsodes*, who had besieg'd the great City of the *Amaurotes*. For, tho I have prov'd out of History that what is said of the *Dipsodes*, may reasonably be adapted to the War of *Picardy*; yet I hope I have shew'd that our Ingenious Author sometimes describes two things by one, and so this may relate to two different Actions of the same person.

This Rebellion of *Angoumois* and *Bordeaux* happen'd about the Time when *Anthony* of *Bourbon* (our *Pantagruel*) was married to the Queen of *Navarre's* Daughter. Now *Francis I.* that Queen's Brother, and their Father, had been Earls of *Angoulesme*, which makes our Author say, in his second Book, that *Gargantua's* Queen was the Daughter

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Daughter of the King of the *Amaurots*. And indeed, as there were no more Earls of *Angoulesme*, that Name which signifies *being vanish'd*, was not altogether improper then. Thus *Pantagruel* comes from *Paris* to relieve that Country, and has a Bark full of Salt tied to his Girdle, with which he fills the mouths of the *Dipsodes*; which may imply the heat and combustion in which the People were there about the Tax on Salt; and, because several of those Mutineers were hang'd at *Bordeaux*, where they were most outrageous and stubborn, *Rabelais* makes *Pantagruel* the Inventor of the use of *Pantagruelion*, which is Hemp, probably because he advis'd to have many of them put to death. Indeed I have not yet found that *Anthony de Bourbon* came thither to assist the King of Navarre his Father-in-law, Governor of that Country for *Henry the Second of France*; but, as the Constable of *Montmorency*, who, with that Duke of *Vendosme*, had commanded in *Picardy* that year, came into *Xaintonge* to punish the Rebels, 'tis very likely the Duke came thither also; and perhaps Historians are silent in the matter, because he only came as a Volunteer, and the Case did not seem worth employing at once a King of *Navarre*, a High Constable of *France*, and a Prince of the Royal Family. And this may be the Reason why our Satirical

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Historian has chus'd to burlesque that Expedition, for doubtless there could be no honour to the Duke in being concern'd in it, principally under others ; though it were but in complaisance to the Princess of Navarre his new Wife, and her Royal Parents, the Honey-Moon being then hardly past.

On Chapter 67.

P*anurge's* Fear, increas'd by the noise of the Guns, makes him run mad for a while, and lay hold on the huge Cat *Rodilardus*, by which he was scratch'd. He saith, he took it to be a young soft-chin'd Devil, and thought he had snatch'd it up in the great Hutch of Hell, as thievishly as any Sizar of *Montagne Colledge* cou'd have done. *Rodilardus* stands for *Croquelardon*, Lick-sawce, a Parasitical Smell-feast. This Passage, doubtless, refers to some of *Mont-luc's* Adventures, hardly to be discover'd in our Age ; yet known in that during which he liv'd. *Panurge's* Cowardice and Impudence suits pretty well with that Bishop of *Valence's* Character ; as appears by what I said of his daring to preach before Queen *Catherine of Medicis*, with a Hat and Cloak on, like a *Geneva* Divine, and then

then not having the courage to go on, but leaving off in the midst of his Sermon, (though the Queen abetted him, and her presence secur'd him) as soon as the Constable of *Montmorency* spoke two words against his way of preaching.

Here *Rabelais* takes an opportunity to bring in a Story, which, as well as some other things of as odious a nature, I would have omitted, did not many Learned Men despise a maim'd or imperfect Book, as much as some Selfish Women hate a Male in those Circumstances. That Story is what is said of *Edward V.* King of England, and *Francis Villon* the witty Rogue, of whom I have already spoken. But, with our Author's good leave, this Story is as false as 'tis filthy, and improbable, though we should suppose there is a mistake in the Printing (as there are thousands even in the best Editions of this Work I have seen yet.) For none can imagin that *Rabelais* was so little vers'd in History, as not to know that *Edward V.* died a Child, and can neither have been costive in his Old Age, nor familiar with *Villon*: who, according to *Pasquier*, must have been hang'd before the Reign of that unfortunate Prince, and perhaps before his Birth. And should any say that *Rabelais* means *Edward* the Fourth; I answer, That he neither died Old, nor could be Droll'd

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upon at that Rate, by a Buffooning Inmate; since, though he was not one of the wisest Heads, yet he was one of the bravest Warriors of his Time, having fought Nine pitch'd Battels, generally on Foot, and at last gloriously overcome all his Enemies: So that the Witty Jester would hardly have offer'd to have told him, that the sight of *Lewis* the Eleventh's *Oriflamb*, or *Royal Standard*, would have scar'd him into a Looseness. The Verses which *Rabelais* makes *Villon* speak, are mention'd as his by *Pasquier*, somewhat other-wise than in this Chapter:

*Je suis Francois, dont ce me poise,
Né de Paris, prez de Pontoise;
Où, d'une corde d'une toise,
Saura mon col, que mon cul poise.*

Explanatory

Explanatory Remarks

ON THE

Prologue to the Fifth Book.

THE Author begins this Prologue with a Question, *Why People say, that Men are not such Fools now adays, as they were in the days of yore?* He answers it himself, by a Prophecy out of an imaginary Book, which he calls, *The Prelatical Bagpipe.* I give it in *French* and in *English*; lest, as 'tis very dark, I shou'd be suspected of having mistaken my Author's meanings; for he seems to have had more than one, and to have banter'd the Reader with a Sham Explanation. Let us see if we can unriddle it.

The *Jubile's* Year, when All, like Fools:
were shorn,

Is about [or above] thirty [or *Trente*]:
Supernumerary.

O Want of Veneration! Fools they
seem'd;

But, persevering, with long Breyes,
at last

No,

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No more they shall be gaping greedy
Fools :

For they shall shell the Shrub's delicious
Fruit,

Whose Flow'r they in the Spring so
much had fear'd.

*L'An Jubilé que tout le monde raire
Fadas se fait, est supernumeraire
Au dessus trente : O peu de reverence !
Fat il sembloit ; Mais, en perseverance
De longs Brevets, fat plus ne gloux sera :
Car le doux fruit de l'herbe esgouffera,
Dont tant craignoit la fleur en prime vere.*

The Year of Jubilee was in 1525, under
Pope Clement VII. then all Europe suffer'd
themselves to be shorn or fleec'd by the Par-
don-Pedlars, the Sellers of the Court of
Rome's Indulgences, and other Trumpery
Ware. *Is Supernumerary about* [or above]
Thirty [or *Trente*] this means, that Time
is past, and such Years of Jubilee are need-
less, out of fashion, and cry'd down after
the Year 1530. (or, perhaps, after the
Council of *Trent*) by reason of the
Change made by the Restoration of Learn-
ing, and the Reformers: So that People
were no longer to be fleec'd by the Sellers
of Pardons. And indeed, about the Year
1530. King *Francis I.* invited the Learn-
ed to come to *Paris*, and having procur'd
several

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several Men well vers'd in various Studies, fix'd them in the University of *Paris*. *Belleforest* and *Lambinus* say, that in 1531, he establish'd Twelve Professors for *Latin*, *Greek*, *Hebrew*, *Mathematics*, *Philosophy*, *Divinity*, *Oratory*, *Physick*, &c. But *du Tillet*, who at large relates what that Prince did and design'd for the Advancement of Learning, says this was in 1530. Besides, we find in *Rat. Tem.* Part. I. lib. 6. *Multum huic Principi debent Gallicanae litterae: nam illius liberalitate accitis undique viris omnium artium genere excultis, publicae Scholae honestis stipendiis Lutetiae constitutae sunt Anno 1530. quam in rem hortatoribus usus est Joanne Bellaio. &c.* And *Genebrard*, who was afterwards one of those Professors writes, *Anno 1530. Guillelmo Budæo & Joanne Bellaio hortantibus Regius linguarum Professores instituit. In Clemente VIII.* Now, those Learned Men, to whom *Petavius* gives the Epithetes of *Litterati & Pii*, purg'd the Age of its Foolishness, and very much forwarded the Affairs of the Reformation: So that in 1530, or at least at the time of the sitting of the Council of *Trent*, the Reign of Ignorance may be said to have come to an end.

O want of Veneration! fools they seem'd.
That is, those who had been foolish enough to suffer themselves to be sheer'd and fleec'd thus, appear'd such as they were, when
Igno-

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Ignorance had been expell'd, I mean, bigotted Fools ; neither did the Veneration which uses to be paid to the Church, hinder the wiser sort from laughing at them, or at least from pitying their Silliness.

But, persevering, with long Breves, at last no more they shall be empty greedy fools. Those long Breves should be the Sacred Books, which may be call'd so in opposition to the *Roman* Breviary, in which their Contents are as maim'd, imperfect and abbreviated, as the vain Imaginations of Superstition are spun out there to a tedious length ; at least they mean the Books written by the Learned, many of which are long. So the People who appear'd foolish, being no more blinded by a Ridiculous Superstition, will no more gape after it, nor be greedy of it ; being fill'd with sound Knowledge.

For they shall shell the Shrub's delicious Fruit, whose Flower they in the Spring so much had fear'd. That is, They will shell the Beans in Cod ; which is as if he had said, Truth that lay long conceal'd, and, before, was known but by a few, will be reveal'd to the World ; and as much as at first it was hated, despis'd and fear'd, at its first appearance, so much the sweeter and more delicious will its Fruit prove, when the World shall have had a taste of it.

By these Beans in Cod we may also partly understand our Author's Work. *The Beans*

Beans are the *Mystery*, the *Cod* is the Emblem and outward Dress; which is good for nothing but to wrap up what is within it; neither ought we to feed upon it, but solely on what it contains. So we might fix the period of Ignorance, and the beginning of the New *Æra*, or Restoration of Learning, at the Year 1550. at which time it began to bear good Fruit, and this Fifth Book was written, though it was not publish'd till after our Author's death, perhaps because it spoke too plain. This makes him foretell the speedy oblivion of whole Cartloads of Books that were dull, dark and mischievous, though they seem'd florid, flourishing and flowry, gay and gawdy as so many Papillons [Butterflies] by which he seems to play upon the Word *Papa*, as in *Papimany*, and in the Sixth Chapter of the *Pantagruelian* Prognostication, where the King of the *Papillons* or Butterflies, undoubtedly means the Pope.

After all, as that pretended Prophecy is written in the stile of those of *Nostradamus*, it appears at first as dark and unintelligible as that Astrologer's Rhim'd Whimsies; and though there is a meaning in our Author's, and none in the dreaming Stargazer's, I would as little have troubled my self to find out things past in the first, as I would look for things to come in the latter, were not this needful to confirm what I have said of
our

our Author's Design, and to shew the uniformity of this Mystical Work; which tho much admir'd, had doubtless been much more beneficial, if most of it had been explain'd soon after it was written. I mean after the Author's death; for, as to have done that before, would undoubtedly have hasten'd it, and have expos'd him and his Writings to the Flames; he did not desire to be understood by every one, and only wrote for the Learned, as the Cardinals *Du Bellay*, and *de Chastillon*, the Bishop of *Mullezais*, *Andrew Tiraquel*, his Patrons, and such men as hated Ignorance, that they might effectually, though underhand, forward the downfal of Superstition, its Offspring. Therefore, to blind the Vulgar, he turns off the sense of the Prophecy, and falls a praising *Colinet*, *Marot*, *Saingelais*, &c. the greatness of whose Wit, and the Elegancy of whose Stile, he extolls to the Skies, not without some little touch of Panegyricall Satire all the while, as appears by what he says of their Crimlin Alamode Rhetorical Stile. This he chiefly runs upon to insinuate to those whom he fear'd; that what he said of the Jubile's Year is only meant of the Improvements made in Learning, and more particularly in the *French Tongue*. So we find him begging of the *French Writers*, his Contemporaries, that they would be pleas'd to admit him as Pu-
ny

ny Rhyparographer, or Riffraffscribler of the
 Sect of *Pyrrichus*; that Painter having that
 Epithete bestow'd on him from *pumpes, sordidus*,
 because, like some of our Modern
 Boor-Painters, he only drew mean Figures,
 as Coblers-stalls, Barbers-shops, and Asses;
 yet he hints as if he understood by it the
 Office of *Apologuemonger* in France, which
Æsop had obtain'd among the best Orators
 and Philosophers in Greece; and at the
 same time he invites his Reader to shell this
 Basketful of Beans in Cod, gather'd in the
 very individual Garden whence the former
 came; and says, *That observing the great
 Mysteries, of which these Books treat, they shall
 gain a singular Profit and Fame, as in the like
 Case was done by Alexander, with the Books
 of prime Philosophy, compos'd by Aristotle;*
 doubtless he means those Acroamatic Books
 which that Philosopher made publick in
 such a stile as was hardly to be understood;
 saying, that he had done it on purpose.
 Our Author might have said as much, as
 will appear by the Remarks on this his last
 and finest Book.

Explanatory Remarks

ON THE

First Chapter of the Fifth Book

THE Ringing Island can mean nothing but the Clergy of the Church of *Rome*, whose Mysteries are all perform'd at the sound of large, middlefiz'd, little, and very little Bells. They are rung at *Matins*, *Mass*, *Noon*, *Vespers*, *Sermons*, and the Salutation to the Virgin every day, on the *Eves* or *Vigiles* of Holy-days, at *Processions* and at *Stations*; and, whenever the Priest lifts up the *Waver-god*, a little Bell is rung, that the People may fall down and adore that piece of Dough, which, they must believe, made Heaven and Earth, though 'twere made that very morning by the Baker, and some of the same stamp be shown in every Parish. Besides, when the Priest carries the *Visticum*, a diminutive Bell always tingles before him. Thus Bells are often rung where-ever there is a Monastery, Church, Chappel or-Hermitage, to awaken

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ken the People's Devotion, summon them together, dismiss them, and make them come again. Add to this, That whatever is said of the Ringing Island in the following Chapters, cannot well be adapted to any thing but the Popish Ecclesiastics; so those who pretended to explain these Books only by printing at the end of some *French* Editions twenty or thirty Names, which (without the least reason) they call a Key, either never read them, or had a design to impose on the Reader more than our Author; else they would never have said, that the *Ringing Island* is *England*. I own there is much Ringing there, and the *English* are famous for making that a Recreation; but this Book was writ during King *Edward* the Sixth's Reign, at which time the Reformation had prevail'd here; and though our Author mentions the Knights of the Garter in the Fifth Chapter, while he speaks of the Knight-hawks of the Ringing Island, it does not follow that he meant *England*, since he only places the Knights of *Malta* among the *Roman* Ecclesiastics, which was judiciously done, because they make a vow never to marry; read the Breviary, and have Livings like Abbots. Even that Passage proves that the Ringing Island is not *England*; since *Ædituus* makes one of his Island's Knight-hawks look wistfully on the

the *Pantagruelian* Strangers, to see whether he might not find among their Company a stately gawdy kind of huge dreadful Birds of Prey, so untoward, that they could never be brought to the lure, nor to perch on the Glove, (which may mean, that other Knights claim'd a preheminance over those of Malta.) *Ædituus* adds, *He is told there are such in your World who wear goodly Garters below the Knee, with an Inscription about them which condemns him who shall think ill of it, (qui mal y pense) to be bewray'd and conskited.* So 'tis plain there were none such in the Ringing Island. Then in the Sixth Chapter *Ædituus* says, that all the good things which they have in his Island come from every part of the other World, except some of the Northern Regions, particularly from *Touraine*, our Author's Native Country; and that the Income of the Duke of that Country could not afford him to eat his Belly full of Beans and Beacon, because his Predecessors had been more than liberal to the Birds of the Ringing Island, that they might there munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, crawl it, riot it, junket it, and tickle it off; stuffing their Puddings with dainty Food, &c.

The Hermit, whom the *Pantagruelists* met, assur'd them they should not be admitted into the Ringing Island, unless they fasted four days, because it was then one of the

the

the four Fasting, or Emberweeks. As that Island is the Popish Clergy, none enter into it, that is, into Orders, without fasting, and a great deal of formality; and 'twas judiciously that *Rabelais* made his Travelers be admitted there at one of the times prescrib'd for the admittance of Laics into the Body of the Clergy. Yet he shews, that those Fasts (though commendable in their Institution) were much abus'd; and many, like *Panurge*, are pretty apt to say, Since you are so stedfast, and have us fast, let's fast, as fast as we can, and then break fast. Thus only putting a constraint on themselves awhile (or seeming to put it) to indulge themselves in Gluttony after it.

On Chapter 2.

WHEN *Pantagruel* and his Attendants have fasted after a strange sort of a fashion, they are kindly receiv'd by *Albiam Camar*, Master *Ædituus*, or *Sacristan*, of the Ringing Island. ~ *Camar* in Hebrew signifies an Idolatrous Priest; and St. *Jerome* has made it *Aruspex* and *Ædituus* in Latin. We may observe, by that beginning, what esteem our Author had for the Ringing Island, with its Sacrifices and Mysteries.

Ædituus

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Ædituus acquaints our Stangers with the Metamorphosis of the *Siticines* and *Sicinnists* into Birds. The *Siticines* and *Sicinnists* were those that us'd to sing mournfully on the Dead, and at Funerals, among the Ancients. *Siticines appellantur qui apud sitos canere soliti essent, hoc est, vita functos & sepultos.* A. Gellius, lib. 2. cap. 20. Consequently, the Clergy of the Church of Rome, who chiefly subsist by Obits, Trentals and Masses for the rest of the Souls of the Dead, may well be call'd by those Names.

We are told that the *Siticines* were become Birds; those Birds are those Ecclesiasticks, who raise themselves by Contemplation and holiness of Life (if you will believe them) soaring above the things of this Earth, on which we poor groveling Layics crawl. *Ædituus* would make *Pantagruel* sensible of this, when he tells him that those Birds, which look'd like men, eat and drank, slept and bill'd like men, were nothing less than men, being neither Secular nor Layics.

Their spacious, costly, magnificent Cages, admirable in their Architecture, are their Churches; which appears the plainer by reason of the Bells, which our Author says were above them.

The variety of the Feathers and Plumes of those Birds, denotes the different Orders

ders and Cloathings of the Popish Clergy, which distinguish them from each other: The *Benedictins* are white the *Austins* black, the *Franciscans* grey, the *Bernardins* black and white, the Bishops purple, the Cardinals red; some Knights and *Commandeurs* are white and blue; and there are Nuns drest like most of those, professing the same Orders.

'Tis observable that they are all made Birds of Prey, Clerghawks, Monkhawks, Priesthawks, Abbothawks, Bishhawks, Cardinhawks, and Popehawks; and Clerg-kites, Nunkites, Abbeskites, &c.

The wry-neck'd *Bigottellos*, who had flock'd thither during the last three hundred years, are the Orders of *Franciscan* and *Dominican* Fryars. Our Author, who had been a Cordelier, i. e. a *Franciscan*, and misus'd by the Fraternity in the Convent, was well acquainted with their Merit, and speaks experimentally, which makes him wish for another *Heracles* to root them out.

On Chapter 3.

THE Popehawk, who, like the *Phoenix*, is a *Species* alone, is undoubtedly the Pope. We have there a true Account of what

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what happen'd some 1760 Moons, that is about 140 years before our Author wrote; only to blind this, or perhaps by some mistake in the Printing, 'tis made 2760 Moons. I mean the Schism of *Avignon*, which lasted Forty years. Three Popes were seen then at the same time, *Bennet* the Ninth, *Gregory* the Twelfth, and *Alexander* the Fifth. This Schism ended at the Council of *Constance*, which began in 1414, and ended in 1419.

On Chapter 4.

Æ *Ditmas* owns that all the Birds of the Ringing Island are Passengers; there is a sort of Hawks distinguish'd by that Name. He adds, that none of them were bred in that place, but all came from the other world; that is, out of the Laity, who are stil'd Worldly Men with respect to the Clergy, who assume that of *Divine*. One of the Countries out of which they come, is call'd *Want-o-bread*, and the other, *Too-many-of-'em*. The first shews, that many will take to any thing rather than starve; the other, that the Avarice of Unnatural Parents makes them compel their Children, often the most defective in Body or Mind, to be Monks, Friars, Priests, &c.

Those

Those Birds who return'd to the World are the Monks and Clergymen, who, like *Luther*, *Calvin*, and others, left their Monastical or Ecclesiastical Habits; or like *Rabelais*, left their Monasteries. The Feathers found among the Nettles, mean his Frock and Cowle, which he cast off, and in general those of other Monks who apostatize (so their Desertion is call'd by the Church of *Rome*). What the Company chanc'd to light upon there as they look'd up and down, for the discovery of which some People will hardly thank them, may imply this Work, which exposes all the Mysteries of Monachism.

On Chapter 5.

THE Dumb Knighthawks of the Ringing Island are the Knights of *Malta*; the mark which they bear under their Left Wing, is the Cross of their Order, which these Knights wear on the Heart, of different Colours, according to the Provinces to which they belong. They are said to be Dumb, because they do not say Mass, nor officiate as Priests and Monks; and are only oblig'd to read every day, or repeat some parts of their Breviary. They have no Females, says *Ædium*; because

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there are none of their Order, yet they make themselves amends with others out of every Order: so what is said of the Pock-royals that embroider their Heads, and undermine the handle of their Faces, is true of many of them who are not always concern'd in Holy Wars. They are all Gentlemen, not shut up within Monasteries; and, though they sing not, feed, that is, spend and devour as much as the best two that do; some of their Livings or *Commanderies* bringing them in great Sums yearly; and as they make a Vow never to marry, 'tis not strange they should meet with such Wounds, when they engage some other Infidels than the Turks.

I have already spoken *en Passant* of the Knights of the Garter, of whom our Author made mention in the same manner. The Knights who wear before their Plumes *le Trophée d'un Calomniateur*, that is, the Devil in a String before their Paunches, are the Knights of the Order of St. Michael, pictur'd with the Devil at his Feet. 'Twas the most honourable Order in France in our Author's time; for that of the Holy Ghost was instituted since, by Henry III. Those who wear a Ram's Skin, are the Knights of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

On Chapter 6.

THE Author describes how the Birds of the Ringing Island are cram'd, and how, though not one of 'em sets his hand to the Plow, or Tills the Land, whose Fat he devours, they wallow in plenty, and do nothing but chirp it, whistle it, and warble it merrily night and day. All this Chapter is a cutting Satire, in which *Rabelais* ingeniously exposes the foolish Bigotry of the *great Vulgar and the small*, who have undone, and still ruin themselves daily, to maintain those lazy hypocritical Birds of Prey, in idle Ease, and luxurious Pleasure, though the ravenous Tribe have nothing to give in return, but insignificant *Siticin Prayers*, and a doubtful *Hereafter* for a certain *Now*.

On Chapter 7.

THIS Chapter is not in its due place, neither can I find any in the whole Book where it could be well brought in; this makes me believe that either it was design'd for some of those which pro-

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bably *Rabelais* intended to publish after this; wherein, as he tells us in the Third Book. we were to have an Account of *Panurge's* Marriage, and of his being made a Cuckold on his Wedding Night, after his coming from the Oracle of the Bottle. I can perceive some difference in the style, and the Sense is lame in some places; so that as this Book was not printed till after our Author's death, (nor would it have been safe for him to have publish'd it) I am of Opinion it was found among his Papers, and, imperfect as it was, soiled in any how.

However, the Island of the *Apidesers* is a Satire on some Courts of Judicature, whose Members squeeze out the Blood and Substance not only of the wrangling part of the World, but of those peaceable persons whom some litigious Adversaries compel to fall into their Clutches. The little Winepress, call'd *Pibier* in the Language of the Country, that lay Backwards in a blind Corner, signifies the *Benettes*, Drinking places, which are generally in the very Buildings where are the Courts of Judicature in *France*, whither the Lawyers go to refresh themselves at the Expence of the Clients. That Word comes from the *Greek* *πιβειν*, Drink. The Ancients had also a Festival Sacred to *Bacchus*, which was call'd *εμπια*, which comes from *επιβειν*, a Wine

Hogthead. It us'd to be celebrated at the time of the year when Tuns and Hogheads us'd to be new hoop'd and fitted up, and, while it lasted, all Comers and Goers drunk Wine *gratis*, just as they do in France on St. Martin's Eve. The *Athenians* kept that Festival in the month which they call *Antheſteron*, which is our month of November, as *Gaza* proves it, *Lib. de menſibus Athenienſium*. By which it appears, that the Custom us'd on St. Martin's day in France, on which the Parliaments as well as others make merry, ſucceeded to the *Pithagia* of the Ancients. All this Chapter may be eaſily underſtood by thoſe who are acquainted with the Customs of France; and, as it may be applicable alſo to other Countries, it cannot ſeem very dark to others.

On Chapter 8.

THIS Chapter ought immediately to follow the Sixth; and is alſo eaſily to be conſtrued. 'Tis obſervable, that about midnight, which is the time that many Monks are to riſe to go to Prayers, *Ædituus* wakes his Gueſts, that they might drink; telling them, they ſhould have eaten 3 Breakfaſts already, and that if they would conſume the Mouth-Ammunition

of that Countrey, they must rise betimes ; Eat them, says he, they multiply ; spare them, they diminish. The lean Birds, who are singing to them while they are to drink, are the Novices and sorry Monk-links, who chant at Church Matins or Vespers, while the Great ones snore or tope.

Panurge, who likes all this well enough, is yet for someting else, and would mix the Sports of Love with those of *Bacchus* ; and considering, that though those Ecclesiastics enjoy the latter at their ease, yet they dare not taste of the first without danger, he brings in the Fable of the Ass, who slighted the delicious Food of the High-metall'd Prancers, because they were not allow'd to be famillar with the Mares. Our Author ingeniously makes *Panurge*, who was for copulating in a lawful way, relate this to the Priest, by which he would insinuate, that 'twere much better for them to have a liberty to marry.

On Chapter 9.

WITH much ado our Travellers get a sight of the Popehawk ('tis Pope *Julius* the Third) who sate drooping with his Feathers staring about him, attended by a Brace of little Cardinhawks
and

and six lusty fusty Bishhawks. Panurge seeing him, crys, A Curse light on the Hatcher of the Ill Bird, o' my word this is a filthy *Whoophooper*. A Whoop, or a Hooper, *υπουρα*, *ὑποφ*, is a Bird whose Cop or Tufft of Feathers on its Head is not altogether unlike the Papal *Tiara*, adorn'd with a Triple Crown; the whole delight of that filthy Fowl is to nestle in man's Ordure; which admirably denotes the Inclinations of many of the Holy Fathers, and particularly of *Julius III.* as I will immediately shew it.

The Madgehowlet, which was perceiv'd under the Popehawk's Cage, implies either a Pope of the Female Kind, as Pope *Joan* (if there ever was any such) or rather a *Donzella*, or Concubine; unless some Critic will offer to say, that this Madgehowlet, which *Aedituus* swears is no She-thing, but a Male and a noble Bird, certainly was the Cardinal *Innocent*, with whom his Holiness Pope *Julius* the Third had been passionately in love while he was Legate at *Bolonia*, and to whom, as a Reward for his kind Services, he had bestowed a Cardinal's Cap, when he was advanc'd to the Papal Chair. Since that, this Noble Cardinal was so very intimate with that Pope, that *Pasquil* could not forbear to say, he believ'd nothing of all this, and, *That Innocent was not handsome enough to be Jupiter's Ganymede.*

The Brace of little Cardinhawks seem to mean either some such young Sparks, or rather some of that Pope's Bastards, or at least his Predecessor's. *Paul* the III. made two of his Bastard Daughter's Sons Cardinals; and *Rabelais* in his 15th Letter to the Bishop of *Maillezais*, calls them the little Cardinals *de Santa Fiore*. That Pope himself, who had kept a *Roman Lady della Casa Rufina*, and had a Bastard Son by another, had a Sister once kept by Pope *Alexander VI.* who had her drawn like the *Virgin Mary*. She was married afterwards to a Gentleman, who having notice that the Pope lay with her in his Absence, afterwards stabb'd her; so to make her Brother amends, *Alexander* made him a Cardinal while he was yet very young, and afterwards he was chosen Pope. *Rabelais* seems maliciously to pun upon one of those diminutive Cardinals in his Letters, calling him a *Cadinalicule*.

The old Greenheaded Bish hawk snoring with his Mate and three Jolly Bitter Attendants under an Arbour, so that he could not be wak'd by the Buxorne Abbesskite that sung by them like any Linnet, is *John de la Casa*, Archbishop of *Benevente*, and Legate of the Holy See at *Venice*. He was famous for Poetry, and wrote a Poem in praise of Sodomy, which he call'd *Opera Divina*; and said in it that he knew no other

other Love. His indifference for the Fair is happily express'd by his snoring near the pretty Abbesskite, that so kindly invites him with her Syren's Voice, which yet proves too weak an Allurement, and cannot wake him into a natural Love.

On Chapter 10.

THE Island of Tools treats of Things which are not much less odious than the Cages of the Popehawk and Bishhawk. There's a Catch in the Prologue to the Fourth Book which is in a manner a Key to this Chapter: 'Tis that which follows,

*Since Tools without their Hasts are useless
Lumber,
And Hatchets without Helves are of that
number,
That one may go in t'other, and may
match it,
I'll be the Helve, and thou shalt be the
Hatchet.*

The Author says, that those Staves or Plants, which grew up to fit themselves to Tools, seem'd Terrestrial Animals, in no wise so different from brute Beasts as not to have Flesh and Bone, but their

c 5

Heads

Heads were down, and their Feet upwards. At the end of the Chapter, he says, I spy'd behind I don't know what Bush, I don't know what Folks, doing I don't know what Business, in I don't know what Posture, scowring I don't know what Tools, in I don't know what manner, and I don't know what place. This Chapter requires a larger Comment; but, its Subject being none of the most modest, 'tis better to leave that to be done by those who love to dive to the bottom of those Matters.

On Chapter II.

AFTER the Venereal Games, in the Island of Tools, we have those of Chance, in the Sharping Island. 'Tis said to be lean, sandy, barren and unpleasant, because, in the main, seldom any thing is to be got by Games of Hazard, honestly. What is got at one time is generally lost at another, and goes as easily as it comes; for most Gamesters, often prodigal of what they have got, seldom consider, that should their Profits at the Year's end ballance their Losses, they still will be found to have lost their time, and squander'd away part of what should have made the Scales even between Profit and Loss; and so though they

they have won much, they are poorer many times than they would have been had they not plaid at all. 'Tis obvious that the two little white square Rocks, with eight equal Points in the shape of a Cube, are the Dice; the six different Stories are their six different sides and numbers, that ascend from 1. 2. 3. 4. 5 to 6. Of which twenty one Points *Rabelais* makes so many Devils, because they tempt and bewitch men so much; though, as he observes, the Land is barren and unpleasant; for, after all, Gaming is a tedious Repetition of the same thing, and a continual gazing upon the Dice or Cards without any pleasing Discourse. Not to speak of the Fear and Agony of the Gamesters, their Toil, when they pass whole Nights at play, and break their Rest, and not their Fast; their Despair and Curses when they have lost, the mean Actions by which they debase themselves, to borrow, or pawn; and the Quarrels, and their sad Consequences among the greatest Friends on the account of Play. So that *Pantagruel's* Pilot was in the right, when he told him that more Wrecks had happen'd about those Square Rocks, than about all the others in the Universe.

After the Games of Hazard, comes another that is as deceitful at least; I mean the Trick of Reliques. The Author places them

them in the Island of Sharping, because the Church of Rome sharps the Superstitious Layity out of great Sums of Money by the doubtful Remains of as doubtful Saints, much more than by the real Reliques of the True. Accordingly our Travellers, with a world of pother and ado, Formalities and Antick Tricks, were blest at last with a sight of a Phial of *Sangreal*, that is, as I have observ'd on the 43d Chapter of the Fourth Book, what they impudently pretend to be our Saviour's Blood; but after all, 'twas only *the scurvy Face of a roasted Conny*. Mr. *Emiliane*, in his Book of the Frauds of the *Romish* Priests, tells us, that such a kind of a Relique is in *Italy* to this day: That pretended Blood is shewn with great Ceremonies, and store of Flambeaux, Torches, and Sanctifi'd Tapers, &c. Our Author says, that they saw nothing worth speaking of in that Island but a good Face set upon an ill Game, which suits well with the Carriage of those who shew such Sham Reliques; accordingly he says they also saw the Shells of the two Eggs formerly laid and hatch'd by *Leda*; which indeed are most worthy being plac'd among such Reliques.

The Hats and Caps of the Manufactory of the Place (*Chapeaux de Cassade*) may be mention'd to banter some Prelates who had a mind to be Cardinals, and perhaps
were

were fool'd out of the Money which they gave to the Pope's Favourites to that intent. *Avoir des Cassades* is a Burlesque Expression; such, as when we say, *to be gull'd*, or *swallow a Gudgeon*. Yet, as *Rabelais* says, that some of the Company bought a piece of *Leda's* Eggshells for a moriel of Bread, and then immediately adds, that they bought those Hats and Caps, which, he fear'd, would turn to no very good account, he may either mean that they were cheated there, or bought some sham *Agnus Dei's*, and such Holy Trumpery. Whatever it be, we find, that in the next Chapter they went through the Wicket; and, for offering to sell them again, were clapt into Lob's Pound, by order of Gripe-men-all, Arch-duke of the Furr'd-Law-Cats.

On Chapter 12.

P*Antagrue*l prudently past by *Condemnation* with his Fleet, but some of his Companions more unfortunate or less wise, were stop't at the Wicket, and oblig'd to take their Trial. That Wicket is the Inquisition in general; and in particular, the Court establish'd in 1548. at *Paris* against the *Lutherans*; for we find that the Furr'd-Law-

xcviii *Explanatory Remarks.*

Law-Cats (which mean the Judges, *Présidents à Mortier*, i. e. *en Parlement*) have Mortar-like Caps and Furr'd Gowns. A Common Mumper gives an admirable Account of the Place. He speaks of it as of a Hellish Court, where, without the least regard to Right or Wrong, they imprison, behead, hang and burn those who fall into their Clutches; where Vice passes for Vertue, Wickedness for Piety, Treason for Loyalty, and Robbery for Justice; yet whatever is acted by them, is approv'd by all men, except the Heretics; and he charges on its Members all the Woes that infect the World. One would almost think that *Rabelais* meant some of the Nobility in the *Netherlands* by this Noble *Gueux* (Noble Beggar) for so he styles him, after he had call'd him *Gueux de l'hastiere*, *Ostiarus Mendicus*, a Common Mumper; which he probably did to hide his Thought, or turn that of the Reader from the Subject, at the same time that he speaks to him about it; a method which he has follow'd almost throughout this Work. 'Tis known that the Protestant Nobility, and others in the *Netherlands*, got the name of *Gueux*, i. e. Beggars, 'tis said, for opposing themselves to the setting up of the Inquisition: And though some trace the original of that Nickname no higher than the time of *Margaret of Parma's* Government, some

some pretend it was given them long before by the *Spaniards* on that account. If this be not meant of those Noble Assertors of their Liberties in the *Netherlands*, as being written some years before that name of *Gueux* was universally spread, it must yet be own'd that it refers to the persecuting Courts of Judicature In those times, chiefly to the Inquisition, or at least to the *Tournelle*, that is, that part of the Courts of Parliament in *France* that tries Criminals: For in *France* men have not the Priviledge of being try'd by their Juries, or their Peers, which *Englishmen* enjoy. *Gripe-men*-all is the Head of the Inquisition, or perhaps the President of that Court, which us'd the Protestants so severely in *France* in 1548. The Picture over the Chief Seat is that of *Injustice*.

On Chapter 13.

P*Anurge* being brought to the Bar, *Gripe men-all* propounds to him a Riddle, and tells him, That the Earth shall immediately open its Jaws, and swallow him to quick Damnation, if he don't solve it. This is exactly the practice of the Inquisition; the Party that's accus'd, is oblig'd to guess his Crime, and the Name of his

his Accusers ; and if he guesses amiss, he is certainly undone: but if he has the Wit or Good Fortune to discover them, he generally comes off better ; and a round Fine, with St. Bennet's Cap, save him from being burn'd.

Panurge vainly insists on his Innocence ; for *Gripe-men-all* replies, That if he hath nothing better to offer, he will let him know, that it had been better for him to have fallen into *Lucifer's* Clutches ; that their Laws are like Cobwebs, in which little silly Flies are caught and destroy'd, but too weak to stop stronger Birds. This may have been spoke on the account of *Pantagruel*, who would not pass through the Wicket, that is to say, who would not submit to the Inquisition.

Gripe-men-all says, When did you hear that for these Three hundred years last past, any Body ever got out of this *Weel* without leaving something of his behind him ? This is true enough, if spoken of the Inquisition ; and about Three hundred years before *Rabelais* wrote, a Court of Inquisition was set up at *Tbolouse* against the *Albigenses*, by *Lewis* the Ninth, call'd, *The Saint*.

On Chapter 17.

THE Forward Nation is easily known to be those Boon Companions, who, as the Author says, love heartily to wind up their Bottom, bang the Pitcher, and lick the Dish; Men who have been fair Swallowers of Gravy Soupe, Notable Accountants in matter of Hours, whose whole Lives are one continual Dinner, and who at last die of too much Fat, of Diseases got by eating or drinking to Excess. This also reflects upon those who prodigally spend their Estates, and at last crack their Credits, and are forc'd to abscond, and thus may, in a manner, be said to be dead. This Chapter, which now ends with the pleasant Story of the Abbot of *Castillers*, who never us'd to be familiar with his Maids, but when he was dress'd in *Pontificalibus*, is imperfect; or there is a mistake in the account of its Contents, which promise a Relation of the danger which *Panurge* was in, though not one word of it is mention'd in the whole Book.

On Chapter 18.

TO attain to the knowledge of Truth, 'tis necessary to take a Survey of every thing; so our Travellers steering their Course to its Oracle, sail towards the Queendom of *Whims*; by which, in general, may be understood all sorts of strange whimsical Notions, and *Alcbymy* in particular.

Accordingly, as they come near that Country, that is, imitate the fantastic wavering People that fill their Heads with all the strange Imaginations which we call Whimsies, some sudden Gusts or Scuds of Wind arise; and the Wind shifting from Point to Point, is at no certainty: They rack about, the Gusts increase, and by Fits blow at once from several quarters. This very well represents an unfix'd Mind, that unmethodically applies itself to many things at once, then leaves them to think on others, which soon resign the working Brain to a Crowd of succeeding raw and undigested Notions.

The Master of the Ship orders the Sheets to be let fly, for fear of oversetting the Ship, and is, for running adrift, or temporize, as the Author calls it; those Gusts

not

not being dangerous. This may mean, that 'tis not always proper to oppose altogether the Inclinations of some Men, even while it leads them to Studies and Attempts that seem insignificant; since time soon weens them of their darling Follies, and thus they know the better how to distinguish between the Useful and the Unprofitable.

After all, this may refer to some of those doubtful Points about which the Learned were as idly busy in that Age, as to this day many in This are about them and others, placing Religion more in Notions than in Actions, and neglecting the Practice to talk of the Theory: Such Questions are those of Free-will, Predestination, Justification, &c. by which the People reap as little Benefit as the Teachers gain Glory, when they display their learned Ignorance about them. *Pantagruel's Ship* that is stranded, or run aground, endeavouring to *weather-coil* and break through the Whirlwind, after it has been tost by it, is an Image of those who thinking to ease their fluctuating Minds, at last venture on some new Notion, which at first seems plausible to some, but they are soon *gravid'd*, and do not know how to get off. The empty Drums which were on Board the Ship that came from Queen-Whims, which tow'd the *Pantagruelists* off ground,

ground, put me in mind of the help which School-Divinity affords in such Doubts; an empty Noise, meer Wind, and that's all, just as harmonious as the Sound made by the Gravel, and the Seamens Cheers; yet even that fantastick Relief proves real to some who are whimsically drawn by it, and by that means are in a fair way to proceed, and being led by the Currant, like our Travellers, arrive at the Queendom of Whims.

On Chapter 19.

THAT place which is also call'd *Es-telechy*, and its Ruler *Queen-Whims*, or *Quintessence*, is *Alchymy*, the pretended *Philosophical Stone*, as also *Quacks*, and all those beggarly Projectors, who, if you will believe them can make you Rich, and promise Mountains of Gold, whereas they sometimes want Brads to buy Bread; and more generally this refers to all Addle-headed Students and Contrivers. All know how infatuated many of the *Chymists* are with the *Lapis*, *Aurum Potabile*, and a Thousand Remedies, at whose very sight, they'll tell you, Diseases disappear. The *Leprosy*, the *Plague*, *Poysons*, though never so corrosive, the *Venercal Disease*, the *Gout*, *Fal-*
sies;

ties; In short, all obstinate and dangerous Evils are cur'd by them in an unaccountable manner, if you will believe them. Now *Rabelais*, who, as *Ibuzantus* says, was a most learned and experienced Physician, gives us freely to understand that all those Pretenders are so many Cheats, who sometimes deceive themselves, but generally others. For this Reason the first Port of that Island whereat he makes his Fleet touch, is *Mateotechny*, *Ματαιοτεχνία* that the study of foolish unprofitable Arts: Yet he makes those who profess them, give their Country the Name of *Entelechy*, from *Ἐτελεγχία*, *Actus & Perfectio*, as it is rendered in *Aristotle's* second Book *de Animis*. *Tully*, *Tuscul. l. 1.* would have it to signify a Perpetual Motion. Now, as several Learned Men in former Ages have almost as largely descanted upon the Word, as some in This have lost Time about the Thing, *Rabelais* reflects upon them for it in this Chapter; and at the same time those *Grammarians*, who dispute so hotly about Words and neglect Things, may be aim'd at, as deserving to be plac'd among those who apply themselves to unprofitable Studies.

On Chapter 20.

R *Abelais* ridicules here those *Empirics* whose chief Talent is Impudence and Lyes, while they pretend to cure Incurable Diseases; and also those who seek an Universal Remedy, *Rosacrucians*, Disciples of *Trismegistus*, *Raimond Lullius*, *Arnold of Villeneuve*, and such who are said to have understood the great Work, or *Arcanum Philosophicum*, and (if you will believe them) the only true Sons of Wisdom. This makes him say, That *Queen-Whims* cur'd all manner of Diseases with a Song, full as effectually as some Kings rid Men of the Evil, that takes its Name from their Dignity; by which he meant, that all those pretended Cures are just as solid as a Song, and are nothing but vain Talk.

The Queen's affected pedantic Speech, mimics the way of Talk of some of our *Demy-Vertu-sa's*, who cannot think any one speaks well, unless he express himself with far-fetch'd Metaphors, long Tropes, uncommon Words, *per Ambages*, tedious Circumlocutions, and such fulsome stuff. Accordingly we find that *Panurge* could not tell how to answer her in the same Cant, neither

neither did *Pantagruel* return a word. However they din'd never the worse after it, while the Queen fed on nothing but *Categories, Abstractions, Second Intentions, Metempsychoses, Transcendent Prolepsies, Expressions, Deceptions, Dreams, &c.* in Greek and Hebrew.

On Chapter 21.

OUR Travellers see the Queen and some of her Subjects, who list, searfe, boult, range, and pass away Time, and revive ancient Sports. This reflects on those who wholly apply themselves to the Study of the Customs of the Ancients, while many times they are ignorant in those of the Moderns; a sort of Book-worms, some of which, conversing with none but the Dead, are hardly qualify'd for the Company of the Living. Our Author, who seldom forgets the Monks, says, That one of the Queen's Officers cur'd the Consumptive by turning them into Monks, by which means they grew fat and plump. What he says of the Nine Gentlemen who were rid of their Poverty, having a Rope put about their Necks, at the end of which hang'd a Box with Ten thousand Crowns in't, may refer to some in those Times who
either

either had, or fanci'd they were to have the Collar of the Order of St. *Michael*, or some other, bestow'd on them with a Pension.

On Chapter 22.

THIS Chapter ridicules those who attempt Impossibilities; accordingly our Author says they made Blackamoors white, rubbing their Bellies with the bottom of a Pannier, plow'd a sandy Shoar with three Couples of Foxes in one Yoke, and did not lose their Seed; which Undertakings have given occasion to several Proverbs among the Ancients, to denote Labour in vain, as *Æthiopem dealbare; arenas arare; laterem lavare; pumice aridius; ex asino lanam*, and others, which our Author has purposely mention'd. Some *Mathematicians, Disleñicians, Naturalists* and *Metaphysicians*, are ingeniously satiriz'd in this Chapter.

On Chapter 23.

Queen-Whims or Quintessence's Supper, is not more substantial than her Dinner; for she eats nothing but *Ambrosia*, drinks nothing but *Nectar*; and the Lords
and

and Ladies that were there, far'd on such
Dishes as *Apicius* dream'd of All this is
Dream and Poetical Food, and consequent-
ly of easy Digestion. An *Olla* or Hotch-
podge follows, which may represent a
mixture of confus'd Notions jumbled to-
gether. The *Cards, Dice, Chequers and Bowls*
full of Gold (for those who would play) the
Mules in stately Trappings, Velvet Litters and
Cosches, are the vain hopes of those who
are subject to *Whims*, and dream of finding
the *Philosopher's Stone*.

The Queen tastes and chews nothing;
her *Prægustators* and *Masticators* (her Tasters
and Chewers) do that for her; and she
never visits a Close-stool but by Proxy.
This signifies, That those who employ those
Cheats who pretend to make Gold, swallow
every thing that comes from them, with-
out examining the sense of it, or chewing
the Cud upon the matter; all goes down
glibly with them, so greedy they are of pos-
sessing such a mighty Secret. But the *Al-
chymists*, whom they trust, bestir their
Grinders lustily in the mean time, and do
not feed altogether on Smoke as do their
Patrons, who are here said never to go to
Stool but by Proxy; because they are on-
ly fed with Words and Promises; all van-
ishes in Smoke. The word *Spodziater*
signifies one who fairly gets Soot from
Brass, by trying and melting it down.

On Chapter 24.

THE Ball in the manner of a Tournament, which was perform'd before the Queen, is a most lively and ingenious description of the Game of *Chess*. The Floor of the Hall, which is cover'd with a large piece of velveted white and yellow chequer'd Tapistry, means the Chequer-Board. The 32 young Persons, one half drest in Cloth of Gold, and the other in Cloth of Silver, are the 32 Chess-men; Kings, Queens, Bishops, Knights, Rooks and Pawns. They play three Games, the two first are won by the Silver'd King, and the last by his Adversary.

Our Author, who cannot be too much admir'd for his Art in raising Satirical Reflections of great moment, most naturally, out of Trifles, where they are least to be expected, in the midst of this admirable Allegory, seems to have reflected upon his King *Francis's* Rashness, which made him be taken Prisoner at the Battel of *Pavia*: For, speaking of the Golden Queen, who in this *Latruncularian* War (if I may use the expression) skirmish'd too boldly, and was taken, he says, the rest were soon routed after the taking of their Queen; who,

who, without doubt, from that Time resolv'd to be more wary, and not venture so far amidst her Enemies, unless with more Forces to defend her.

He also brought in very pleasantly Cardinal *Cusa's* Boyish Observation, in his *Simile* on a Top or Gigg; and so he has done almost all over this Work.

He is not less Artful in bringing off his *Pantagruelists*, that they may no longer be hinder'd by Whims, from arriving at the Oracle of Truth: For he says, that while they minded this pleasing Entertainment, and were charm'd with the Melody that play'd to the Dancers, Queen-Whims vanish'd; and they strait went o'board their Ships, the Wind being fair; for had they not set Sail immediately, they could hardly have got off in three quarters of a Moon in the Wain: That is to say, by the means of Music, ingenious Games, Dancing, and other innocent Recreations, many ease their Minds of perplexing Thoughts, and leave those crabbed, whimsical, unprofitable Studies, which wholly possess'd them before; for those idle busy Fancies vanish, like the evil Spirit of *Saul*, at the harmonious Sound of Instruments: But should not the Mind after this be immediately appli'd to some solid Inquiries that may ingross all its Faculties, it would be in danger of being

taken up again with unnecessary and uncertain Business.

'Tis observable that *Rabelais* has made these Chapters very clear, and almost sufficient to teach a Man to play at *Chess*; that his Satirical Allegories throughout the Work, which are darker, might be thought of no greater moment than this *Ball and Tournament*.

On Chapter 26.

THE Island of *Odes* where the Ways go up and down, is the Subject of this Chapter. The Author seems partly inclin'd to droll, by the means of an *Hypallagical* Expression, us'd by the *English* as well as by the *French*; while, speaking of a Way or Road, we ask, Whither it goes? instead of asking, To what place Men go by that Way? He takes thence an opportunity to banter *Aristotle's* saying, That all Self-moving Things are Animals.

By the By, he gives a Touch to the School-men, when he says, That he saw one taken up with a Warrant, for having, in spite of *Pallas*, (*invita Minerva*) taken the School-way, which is the longest. What he says of *Bourges* High-way, which went with the Deliberation of an Abbot,

mult

must be understood of that University, famous for the study of the Civil Law.

He calls it the Island of *Odz* from 'Odz, which signifies a Way or Road; a Conveniency to forward us in a journey, as a Wagon, Boat, &c. a Way or Rule of Living; a Method; and finally, an Ambush on a Road by Robbers. Now in some of these Senses the Ways may properly enough be said to go up and down; and allowing to the word *Way*, the latitude of the Greek word 'Odz, the Enigma will easily be solv'd. There may also have been some persons nam'd *Chemin*, or *du Chemin*, in the Castle and Village of *Odor* in *Bigorre*, where Queen Margaret of Navarre died, and the Author may perhaps allude to their Surname, as common in *France*, as *Way* is in *England*.

On Chapter 27.

THE Island of the *Sandals* is the next place which our Travellers visit. *Rabelais* calls it *l'Isle des Esclots*. *Esclot* is a Patten, Sandal, or Wooden Shoe in some parts of *France*, particularly towards *Tholouse*. So because it is the Dwelling of Friars, and many of them wear Sandals or Clogs, I call it the Island of *Sandals*.

That as the word *Eselop* formerly was us'd in *France* for *Eselave*, a Slave, I am persuaded that our Author gave that Name of *Eselot* to this Island, chiefly to disguise his Intent, which was to tell us that its Inhabitants are *Eselops*, Slaves: For such all Monks become to the will of their Superiors, by the Vow of Obedience which they are oblig'd to make at their admission into their respective Sodalities. All this Chapter is a most cutting Satire on *Monachism* in general, and seems to reflect particularly on the Jesuits, but the Author has affected to be mystical all along in what may be applied to them.

The *Jesuits* may well be call'd Slaves, considering their Rules; some of which are These, exhibited in *Exercitia Spiritualia Ign. Loyolæ*, printed at *Antwerp*. 'They must abandon all Judgment of their own, be always ready to obey the Church of *Rome*, and believe that Black is White, and White is Black, if She says it: They ought to regard the Command of their Superior as that of God himself, and submit to his Government, as though they were meer Machines, or an old man's Staff, to be mov'd at his pleasure.

'Twas upon this account that Pope *Paul III.* confirm'd the Establishment of their Society, which was not to exceed

60, in 1540. about Ten years before *Rabelais* wrote this Book. The time of their Institution agrees very well with what *Rabelais* says, That *Benius III.* shew'd a spick and span-new Monastery to our Travellers, contriv'd by him for the Semi-quaver Friars. What is added may refer to all Monks and Friars in general.

By the Statutes, Bulls and Patents of Queen *Whims*, they were all des't like so many House-burners: This reflects first on the Pope and his Bulls, as being *Whimsical*, for setting up new Monasteries against the hair, while many pull'd them down; and then implies that they burn the Houses where they come; wasting the Substance of Families, and blowing up the Fire of Division everywhere.

Their quilted Paunches shew that they love to stuff their Hides to the purpose.

Their double Codpieces, one before, and t'other behind, shew, that many a Monk, and particularly a Jesuit, is *ad utrumque paratus*; à *parte post* & à *parte antè*; and may well say, *hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim*. This abominable practise of theirs made the Author say, That some dreadful Mysteries were duly represented by this duplicity of Codpieces; and as he speaks in the plural, they may also imply, that a Monk does as much work as two others at the Veneereal Exercise.

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Their Shoes are round, that they may move forward, backward, or sideways, as their Interest guides them.

Their Chins are close shav'd; to shew there is no holding or fleecing a Monk; or to speak more plainly, nothing to be got by them.

Their Feet are Iron-shod; because there is no driving them out when once they get footing; for they stick close, and firmly keep their hold.

They shave the hind parts of their Poles, from the Crown to the Omoplatea, or the Muscles of the Shoulder-blade; that none may take hold of them behind.

They wear sharp Razors at their Waste: This may mean a good Stomach, or that they cut to the quick whatever lies in their way.

They grind them twice a day, and set them thrice a night, by the means of their Matins, Vigils, the Office of the Day, &c.

They have a round Ball on their Feet. This Ball is the World, which they would gladly bring under their subjection; neither is it strange it should be said to be on their Feet, in opposition to Fortune that has a Ball under hers: For, 'tis said by Friar Ibon, at the end of the Chapter, Ay, ay, this is the World, and t'other is the Counrey; may I never piss, if this be not an Antichthonian Land, and our very *Antipodes*.

podes. So that, according to the Vulgar acceptation, supposing the Earth to be here under our Feet, it must be on or above our *Antipodes*.

The Flaps of their Corries hide their Noses; so they laugh without fear both at Fortune and the Fortunate: That is, within their Monasteries, they laugh in their Sleeves at those whose good Fortune inables them, and whose Foolishness inclines them to help to maintain them in their Idleness.

The hind-part of their Heads are always uncover'd as are our Faces, and coarsely dawl'd over with Eyes and a Mouth: Which denotes the Grimaces and Antick Tricks with which they amuse the silly People, in a manner only shewing their Backside to them, while, as we have said, they really laugh to one another at the gull'd Mob's simplicity.

When their hind Face went forward, you would have sworn this had been their natural gate: That is, By their Vow of Poverty they grow rich, rule by their Vow of Obedience, are the lewder for their Vow of Chastity, and get forward when they seem to lose ground.

If they offer'd to waddle along with their Bellies forwards, you would have thought they were then playing at Blind-man's Buff: Because they are not us'd to walk fairly, or act like other People, and are to seek when

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they must leave their crooked ways, and go the right way to work.

They are boot'd and spur'd, as it were, to take a Journey to Heaven ; but instead of hast'ning thither on Horseback, they sleep and snore as soon as 'tis Owl-light.

They are oblig'd to yawn, and that's their first Breakfast ; This implies their Laziness, and perhaps the singing or bawling at Matins.

They wash their hands and mouths ; This may be the taking of Holy-water.

Then they sit down on a long Bench, and pick their Teeth, till the Provost gives the Signal ; which heard, they stretch out their Jaws as wide as they can, and gape and yawn for about half an hour, more or less, according to the Day ; This may mean their sitting down, while the Office of the Day is read, and then their singing and quavering.

After this, they went in Procession, going out at another Door than that through which they came into the Church ; whence Pantagruel concludes, they are not such Fools as his Attendants take them to be, having more holes than one to creep out.

*Cogitato minus pusillus quam sit sapiens bestia,
Ætatem qui uni cubili nunquam committit suam;
Quia si unum ostium obsideatur, aliud per fugium
querit.*

Plautus. Mult. Act. 4

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At the Procession, the Idol of Fortune is carried in State, and the Image of Virtue follows it, carried by a Semiquiver, who all the while besprinkles the Idol with Holy-water; which shews that Fortune goes before Virtue among the Monks, and that they are lavish of their Incense to none but the Fortunate.

After the Procession, they went into the Fraternity-Room, and there kneel'd under the Tables; Because 'tis the Heaven where reside the only gods they adore, plac'd in the Dishes as on so many Thrones. This way of explaining this dark Passage, appears the more justifiable, considering what Pantagruel says in the 34th Chapter, to the Illustrious Lantern that guided him and his Company through an Arbor cover'd over with Leaves and Branches of Vines, and loaded with Clusters. "Jupiter's Priestess, said he, would not, like us, have walk'd under this Arbor. There was a mystical Reason (answer'd the most perspicuous Lantern) that would have hindred her: For had she gone under it, the Wine or the Grapes of which 'tis made, that's the same thing, had been over her head, and then she would have seem'd over-topt and master'd by Wine; which signifies, &c.

They had each of them a Lantern below the Breast and Stomach on which they lean'd. The
Lantern

Lantern should be an empty Belly; for after their Breakfast, which consisted only of yawning, chanting, and quavering, they had not so fill'd themselves as not to want to stuff the Gut.

The huge Sandal, who, while they were in that Posture, us'd to come in with a Pitchfork in his hand, and treated them after a fashion, is the Friar, who always comes in with a Book, in which he reads while they are at Table.

They begin their Meal with Cheese, and end it with Mustard and Lettice; This shews, like most of this Chapter, that these Semiquavers affect a way of living quite contrary to other Mens; and as Cheese is esteem'd heavy Food, and hard to be digested, when much of it is eaten, principally by itself, and before we are fill'd with other things, whose Digestion it might help, so by Cheese may be meant the *Benedicite*, or Grace before meat, which is as heavy, tedious and irksome to the gluttonous hungry Fraternity, as a long-winded *Presbyterian* Grace to a half-famish'd Libertine when Dinner's upon the Table.

The Mustard and Lettice with which they end the Meal, is the *Agimus*, or Grace after meat, almost as unpleasant to the Semiquavers, who think it unseasonable, because they are in haste to go about the Recreations.

tions mention'd in the next Chapter. Our Author, according to his Custom of hiding his Touches of Satire in equivocal expressions, may mean, that this Ceremony after Dinner *moult tarde, multum tardat*, is tedious, and *les tue*, is Death to them ; thus punning upon *Montarde* and *laitue*.

After Dinner, they pass some time in praising those gods who blest them with so sweet a Life, and *are taken up the rest of the day with Acts of Charity*, as Rubbers at Cuffs, Sniting and Fly-flapping, Worming and Pumping, Tickling, Jirking and Firk-ing one another, and such other pious Deeds as are contain'd in the Twenty eighth Chapter.

Then *at Night they boot and spur each other*, (by which something very odious seems meant) *and clap their Barnicles on the handles of their Faces*, which may imply that they are oblig'd to look about them for fear of being discover'd.

At midnight they are call'd up by one of their Brother *Sandals*, and do as in the day-time.

When they are on Sea and Rivers, they are enjoin'd neither to touch nor eat any manner of Fish ; and to abstain from all manner of Flesh when they are at Land. That is, Monks use to seem kind to those who are near them, and who support them, and only bite the absent, yet even this is not always true ;
but

but 'tis more certain that as they are dainty, they long for things that are not easily got, as for Example, fresh Meat at Sea and fresh Fish at Land, chiefly in such inland places as are very remote from Seas or Rivers.

On Chapter 28.

P*Anurge* asks a Semiquaver Friar many Questions concerning the private Customs of the Monastic Tribe, particularly their Chastity and Sobriety; to which the good Friar, in more than *Laconic* Terms, gives serious and most pertinent Answers: And though nothing but Monosyllables can be got from him, he speaks so fully, clearly, and to the purpose that all the 28th Chapter needs no Commentary. By this affected Brevity, *Rabelais* ridicules that of some of the hypocritical Monks when they come among the Laity, which makes Friar *Ihon* say, The Dog yelps at another gat's rate when he is among his Bitches; there he is *Polisyllable* enough, my Life for yours.

On Chapter 29.

THIS Chapter is full of Reflections upon the keeping of *Lent*. occasion'd by the Answers of the *Semiquaver*, who concludes in *Monosyllables*, that *Epistemon* ought to be burn'd for a rank Heretic, because he inveighs against it and the Hypocrisy and Tricks of his Brother Cheats, during that Harvest of theirs.

On Chapter 30 and 31.

THE Island of *Satin* means more than one thing; first it signifies such *Tapisstry* Work as we call *Arras*; in which are represented several Histories, Fables, and as fabulous Animals and Vegetables, such as are many of those of which the Author speaks in these two Chapters. He displays a great knowledge of Antiquity in the account he gives us of those matters, and an uncommon Wit and Judgment in his Remarks.

This Island means chiefly the Works of several Ancient and Modern Authors mention'd here, who having often spoke by
Har-fay,

Hear-say, are not to be believ'd in many Things, though their Style be as smooth and soft as *Satin*. We may also understand by that Land of *Satin*, the Romances of that Age, fill'd with Monsters, and monstrous Tales, and chiefly that of *Amadis de Gaul*, which was then very much read, the best Writers, as I have already said, having chosen to translate that Book, to display in it all the Beauties, Copiousness and Graces which the *French* Tongue could boast in the Reign of *Henry II.*

What he says of *Hear-say*, who kept a School of *Vouching*, is easily understood; but every one here do's not know that many Natives of *Perche*, *Maine*, and some adjacent Parts of *France*, are in ill Reputation as to the point of Veracity, in the other Provinces of that Kingdom, where they esteem those Countries the Nurseries of *Affidavit-men*, and *Pettifoggers*; which makes our Author say, that they liv'd so well by their trade of Evidencing, that they treated strangers, and made a great Figure in That Age, in which thing they are perhaps outdone by Some in This. They advis'd our Travelers to be as sparing of Truth as possible, if ever they had a mind to get Court-preferment; but our Author, who was of another Part of *France*, could not learn to follow their Directions.

On Chapter 32 and 33.

L *Anternland* is the Land of Learning, frequented by Batchelors of Arts, Masters of Arts, Doctors and Professors in various Studies, Bishops, &c. Thus in the preceeding Chapter, *Aristotle* is seen in a blind Corner holding a Lantern, watching, plying, cudgelling his Brain, and setting every thing down, with a pack of Philosophasters about him, like to many Burns by a Head Bailiff, because he is Lantern of the Peripateticians. Here we have *Bartolus*, the Lantern of the Civilians; *Epicurus* one of the Lanterns of the Stoicks.

The Lantern of *Rochel* on a high Tower, which stood his Fleet in good stead, casting a great Light, seems to be *Geoffroy d'Estissac*, Bishop and Lord of *Maillezais*, one of *Rabelais's* best Patrons, and even for that never to be forgotten; he would not call him the Lantern of *Maillezais*, for this had been too plain and improper, because *Maillezais* is an Inland Town; but as *Rochel* was then the Chief Town in that Diocess, insomuch that the Episcopal See has been transferr'd to that Seaport-Town in 1648. he calls him the Lantern of *Rochel*, which he places on a high Tower, because that
Prelate

Prelate was Eminent for his Quality, as well as for his Vertue and Learning. We may easily see by *Rabelais's* Letters to him, that he was neither a Papist nor a Bigot; and had those which they wrote to each other in Cyphers been ever Published, I do not doubt but he would have appear'd as much a Friend to the Reformation, as some of the House of *Rocheaucourt*, who were the Heirs of his Family. Thus the Lanterns of the Church are the Bishops, Doctors of Divinity, Deans, Preachers, and all those who can explain the Sacred Writ, at least 'tis certain, they apply those words of the Gospel to themselves, *You are the light of the world.*

He tells us that the Lanterns held their Provincial Chapter; so this may be thought by some to refer to the Council of *Trent*; yet I had rather understand it of some Meeting of the Clergy in *France*, or more particularly of the University of *Paris*, some of whose best Members may be the Lanterns which Lighted our Travellers after they had made their Application to the Queen for one to Conduct them to the Oracle of the Bottle, or rather to the Knowledge of Truth. Our Author concludes this Book with the Explanation of that Passage, making the Priestess commend the *Pantagruelists* for having *imitated the Philosophers in being guided*

ded by a good Lantern; adding, that two things are necessary to arrive safely and pleasantly at the Knowledge of God and true Wisdom; *First, God's gracious Guidance, then Man's Assistance.*

The Lychnobians, who inhabit a little hamlet near the Port of Lanternland, are Book-seilers; They Live by Lanterns, that is, by the Learned, as the Gulligntted Fryars live by Nuns; that is, they grow as fat by Buying and Selling their Works, as the hungry Friars do by managing the Concerns of Nuns, of which they are so greedy. They are studious People; that is, they often Study how to get a good Copy for little or nothing, contrive a Taking Title, &c. And are as Honest men as ever sh— in a Trumpet. I believe this needs no Comment.

On Chapter 34.

BEing lighted and directed by the Lantern [*the Learned*] our Travellers at last arrive at the Island where was the Oracles of the Bottle, [*Truth*]. *Their Guide desires them not to be daunted whatever they see, because fear disorders the Mind, and renders us incapable of discovering Truth. They pass through a large Vine-yard, in which*

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which are all sorts of Vines, which yield *Leaves, Flowers, and Fruits*, all the Year round. There they eat three Grapes, put *Vine-leaves* in their Shoes, and take *Vine-branches* in their hands.

The variety of Vines in this large Vineyard, implies the vast Field through which the Learned range in the search after Truth: Some Matters like the Leaves are unprofitable; some like the Flowers pleasant; and others like the Fruit useful. But they must use even the last moderately (which is implied by the three Grapes); and at the first entrance into the Regions of Truth, be *sobriety wise*; the insignificant Leaves must be trod under foot: For this reason they put some in their Shoes; and also to shew they have master'd the Rudiments of Learning, unless some will say, that the Leaves at their Feet signify their desire of stepping forward to come to the Oracle of Truth. *Vine-branches* (which may well be supposed to have Flowers as well as Leaves) *are held by them in their Left-hand*, in token of their hopes to reap the Fruit of their Study.

On Chapter 35.

They go down under Ground through a Plaster'd Vault, on which is coarsely painted a Dance of Women and Satires, waiting on old *Silenus*, who was grinning o' Horse-back on his Ass. This shows, that we must not dwell on the surface or outside of Things, but dive to their very Centre or Bottom to come at Truth. This also may refer to this Work; the Plaster'd Vault, on which is coarsely dawb'd a Dance of Women and Satires, is its literal Sence, smutty, drunken, lewd and satirical Expressions, and our Author is the *Silenus*, who grins and laughs at every one. He has ingeniously brought in a Discourse about the Antiquity of *Chimon*, his Native Town, by which he seems at the same time to ridicule the Fables that are reported in many Towns about their Founders, whom some make as Ancient as the Patriarch of the highest Pedigree in *Wales*.

On Chapter 36.

Our Pilgrims going down the Tetradick Stairs, find a resting place after the first Step, another resting place after the third, another after the Sixth, and a fourth resting-place after the tenth Step. This implies, that the Progress made at first in the way to Truth, is but small, but by degrees a greater is made, the more we get forwards; so that on the second Day we go twice as far as we did the first; three times as far on the third; and four times as far on the fourth; till at last we come to our Journeys end.

On Chapter 37, &c.

THe Description of the Temple, its Gates, Pavement, Walls, Lamps, and Fountains, is a Master-piece of Architecture, by which the Author shew'd, that he knew as well all the Beauties of that Art, as he did those of every other that deserves the Application of a Man of Sense. If any have a mind to look for Mysteries in all this, perhaps they may find many, whose

whose discovery will reward their search. As for me, as I have not had leisure to say more in less room, I will only say something of it that may give a general Idea of the Author's design, and so conclude.

Bacchus, which is the name of the Bottle, and also that of the Priests who ministers at the Oracle, is *Hebrew*, and as we have said, signifies a Bottle.

Our Mysterious Author may perhaps be thought to have had a mind to hint, that the *Hebrew* Original or Text of the Bible, is the first Spring of Truth, that flows out of it into the Versions, as Wine pour'd out of a Bottle into a Glass or Cup. Then as on the Portal of the Temple, there was written in Characters of the finest Gold, ΕΝ ΟΙΝΩ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ, some may think it implies, that the Wine of Truth is also to be found in the *Greek* Text of the *New Testament*, which gives the name of Wine to Truth, *Buy Wine and Honey without Money*. The two folding Gates may also be fancied to denote the *Old Testament* and the *New*, which must be open'd to come to the Oracle of Truth. Every one will not like this manner of explaining those Passages; but all, I hope, will approve the following way of understanding the rest.

The *Perspicuous Lantern* which lighted and guided our Votaries opens those Gates;
but

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but desires them not to take it amiss, that she does not go into ^{the} Temple with them, leaving them wholly to the Conduct of the Priests *Bacuc*; for the Lantern was not allow'd to go in for certain Causes, rather to be conceal'd than reveal'd to Mortals. However she advised them to be resolute and secure.

This Mystical Reason is, That as Truth is hated in this World, most of the Learned, who know it, are afraid of conversing with it openly, lest this make many Men their Enemies, spoil their Preferment, ruin them, and perhaps cost them their Lives. For this reason they come to the very Portal of Truth's Temple, and even open the Gates to others, yet do not enter within its Sanctuary.

The greatest Men, both of the Clergy and Laity in *France*, acted thus in the Reign of *Francis* the First, and *Henry* the Second.

But another cause of the Venerable Lantern's staying without the Temple, was the piercing Glory which flowed out of the inextinguishable Lamp which fill'd that Subterranean Temple with a Light infinitely quicker and clearer than that of the Sun. So that this extream Brightness would have utterly dimn'd and eclips'd that of the Lantern.

The Author could never have concluded better than by saying, That when our Sages
(hall

shall wholly apply their Minds to a diligent and studious search after Truth, beseeching the *Hidden God* to make himself known to them; that Almighty Being will do it and impart to them also the Knowledge of his Creatures.

Of the Pantagruelian Prognostication, and other short Pieces.

OUR Author, who was a Learned Astronomer has chiefly ridicul'd Astrologers in his Prognostication. He publish'd an Almanack, printed at Lyons in 1553, and perhaps this was printed with it: However, we cannot be sure of this, for it is not to be procured, no more than some of his Letters, besides his *Schiomachy*, and Festivals at Rome, in Cardinal Du Bellay's Palace at the Duke of Orleans's Birth. I am told, that something of the nature of these Predictions has been printed here in Poor Robin's Almanack; I do not wonder at it; for as there is Wit and Satire in this Piece, even one of the most Learned Men in Germany has not been ashamed to borrow a great deal of it; I mean *Joachim Fortius Rindbergius*, who begins a small Piece of this nature, with the

very beginning of the Second Chapter of this.

Thus he has it in *Latin*, *Proximo anno cæci parum aut nihil videbunt, surdi malè audient, muti non loquentur. Ver erit calidum ac humidum, æstas calida & sicca, autumnus frigidus & siccus, hyems frigida & sicca. Æstate erunt quandoque pluvie, interdum fulmina & tonitrua. Bellum erit inter Aucupes & aves, inter piscatores & pisces, inter canes & lepores, inter feles & mures, inter lupos & oves, inter Monachos & ora. Multi interibunt pisces, boves, oves, porci, capræ, pulli, & capones; inter simias, canes & equos, mors non tantoperè seviet. Senectus eodem anno erit immedicabilis propter annos qui præcesserunt. Non pauci inopiâ laborabunt, &c. p. 556.*

There runs a vein of *Protestantism* through most of this Work, which is undoubtedly *Rabelais's*, tho'tis said to be Calculated by *Alcofribas Nasur*; for that Name is only an Anagram of the Author's, *Francois Rabelais*.

The Epistle said to be written by the *Lymosin*, partly in an affected Frenchified *Latin*, is so ridicule that way of Writing, as appears by the Epigram after it.

The Cream of Encyclopedic Questions is a trifle, which, like many other more insignificant of other great Men, has been kept from Oblivion meerly for the sake of its Author, and added to his Works, with the

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the Epistles, after his Death, as appears by the Title Page of some old Editions of the Fifth Book.

The Epistle to the Old Hag, seems to be a sharp Invective against the Church of Rome.

The Epistle to the Wise Matron, seems to be an Encomium on the Reform'd Church.

On Rabelais Explain'd by Mr. Motteux, and his Translation of the two last Books.

I.

BEfore the Reign of Avarice and Lust,
When Virtue with unborrow'd Lustre shone,
Men were by instinct Temperate and Just,
And Law and Physic useless and unknown.

II.

But quickly, ah! too quickly Vice prevail'd;
On Arts and Rule Distemper'd Mortals thought;
Health in the Mind and in the Body fall'd,
And ev'ry hour new Desolations brought.

III.

Through ev'ry Vein the gliding Poison ran,
No Cure succeeded, for no Cure could please;
What Miracle could e're restore the man
That loath'd the Med'cine, charm'd with the Disease?

IV.

In vain Physicians labour'd to beguile
The Stubborn Patient by a kind Deceit;
In vain was all the Moral Sages Toil
To gain the Sinner by a pious Cheat.

V.

V.

Rab'lair at last the noble Secret found;
 But, wanting either Courage or Good-will,
 He hid the precious Talent under ground,
 And all but Mirth and Wit was secret still.

V.

Charm'd with the Influence of that pow'r-
 ful Spell,
 The languid Patient rear'd his drooping
 Head;
 Down sunk th' ill Genius to his native Hell,
 And all his Train of grim Attendants fled.

VII.

Straight all the Humours trace their wont-
 ed Rounds,
 Through ev'ry Nerve the Brain shoots
 dancing Rays,
 The Heart again with sprightly Force re-
 bounds,
 And the whole Engine vigorously plays.

VIII.

Motteux has now unscreen'd the Mystic Veil,
 Which Artful *Rab'lair* o're the Treasure
 drew:

To him who gives what th' other did con-
 ceal,
 An equal Praise, but greater Thanks are
 due.

IX.

Pedants and Quacks now leave their *Queen*
of Whims,
 Cits, Clowns and Courtiers wince, then
 kiss the Rod, The

The Fiery Bigot calmly reads his Crimes,
And *Popehawk's* batter'd where he sits as
God.

X.

Daring th' Attempt, and glorious the Success,

For any other than *Motteux* would be,
Rab'lais's Wit with equal Force t'express,
And make the Copy with the Text agree.

XI.

But what in others Arrogance had been,
Is but a noble Ardor in his mind ;
New Beauties now in ev'ry line are seen,
The Stile's enliven'd, and the Sense refin'd.

J. Mitchel, M. D.

*On Mr. Motteux's Translation of the
two last Books of Rabelais, and his
Key to the whole.*

WHEN tasteless *France* provok'd our
Author's Gall,
And *Rab'lais* moulded on the dusty Stall,
The Great Physician wrote with Artful Rage
To cure the vicious Palate of the Age.
Bitter the Med'cine was, but kindly He,
To make it relish, gave it an Allay :
Sweet'ned with seeming Nonsense, down
it went ;
'Twas temper'd well, and answer'd his
intent. Drench'd

Drench'd with a Dose of Satire, all the Age
 Recover'd in a Laugh ; such Pleasantry
 and Rage
 Were wisely mingled in the double-
 meaning Page.

Mirth seem'd predominant , and most it
 work'd ;

The Fable tickled, but the Moral lurk'd.
 Too deep it lay, for men of shallow Sense
 To fathom ; or to find its Excellence.

Rab'lais, the greatest Genius of his Time,
 Tho' artfully he hid it, wrote sublime :
 And such the Thought, and such the Sa-
 tire is,

It must be found b' a Genius great as his.

And see ! 'tis found ! *Mottoux*, with
 searching Eye

Has div'd into the hidden Mystery.

Mottoux, whom *France* and *England* jointly
 claim ;

Their Claims are just, and both their Pleas
 the same :

Language They urge ; That no Distinction
 show' th,

He truly seems a Native of them Both.
 Much *Rab'lais* owes, nor less is *England's*
 Debt ;

England can read, and *Rab'lais* now is Great.
 Thick lay the Mist, but now there shines
 through all

The Life and Beauties of the Great Ori-
 ginal.

clx

The Mist is gone ; and ev'ry beauteous Line
Does with New Graces, pointed Glories,
shine.

So in thick Clouds the *Trojan* Heroe stood ;
The Clouds dispers'd, and shew'd a Beau-
teous God.

Around him all his Mother's Graces mov'd ;
The Crowd admiring gaz'd, and stricken
Dido lov'd.

New-Colledge
in *Oxon.*

Robert Gale.

*To Mr. Motteux on his Translation of
the two last Books of Rabelais, and
his Key to the whole.*

W H E N in an happy Age of circling
Time,

To raise the Glory of some envy'd Clime
Nature intends a Genius ; and to strain
Something Divine with less alloy of Man ;
She rests a Century for the vast Design,
And culls Ideas exquisitely fine,
Till all Perfections in one Soul combine.

To such Expence it does her Skill engage,
One must suffice a Nation, crown an Age.

Such was the mighty *Rab'lais*, in
whose mind

No scatter'd Gleams of trivial sense we
find,

But view the Pourtralture of Human kind.

All

All Nature's System ! Miniature of Man !

Through every Line th' informing

Genius ran,

And shew'd a vast, an universal Vein.

But long his Sense, not Fogs, but Shades

did throw'd ;

And as a Priest must be to every God,

To guard the Shrine, and draw aside

the Cloud ;

Many had strove t' invade the Mystery,

But we at last the destin'd Flamen see ;

You come, and *Rab'lais* opens to your

Key.

'Tis true, upon his Basis stands your Praise,

'Tis from his Brow that you derive your

Bays :

But 'tis as when with a peculiar Grace

Great *Kneller* copies an illustrious Face ;

Each stroke is *Titian*, and the mighty Fair

Viewing the Piece, is fearful to compare.

Others had view'd the Wealthy Mine be-

fore,

And brought the Bullion to our *English*

Shore,

And stamp't it, but allay'd it with their

own ;

Faint was the Mark, and *Rab'lais* dimly

shone.

Tho that which can but his least Image

bear

Must be Divine, inevitably rare.

Thus

Thus mighty *Jove*, when Nectar warm'd
his Blood,

On some inferior Nymph the Grace be-
flow'd,

The Nymph retain'd the Vigour of the
God :

And whereſoe're th' *Æthereal* Genius reigns,
Transmits Divinity through all her Veins.
Nor can the Mould ſo much the God de-
ſtroy,

But, through ſome Grace, *Jove* ſparkles
in the Boy.

But you admit, Sir, no allay of Fame;
You met your Author with an equal Flame,
Transfus'd his Air, his Genius in your Lines;
Through every Page the *Britiſh* Rab'lais
ſhines,

Nor ſinks below the *French*, through all
the whole,

You, as you ſhare his Country, ſhare his
Soul.

Take then our Thanks, the Work's di-
vinely done;

And thoſe whoſe firſt Attempts have no-
bly ſhown,

Must veil their Lawrells, and the Con-
queſt own.

'Tis worthy ſuch an Age, and ſuch a Reign,
Where Wit's upon the ſtretch, her utmoſt
ſtrain;

An Age where all compleated Glories join,
Where Fields with Heroes, Courts with
Beauties ſhine.

Nor

Nor does the Wreath upon the Learned
Brow
Less fresh, or fast, than on the Hero,
grow.

Methinks I see suspended in the Air,
Not *Phæbus*, (no ; we banish him the
Chair,)

But some Poetic Angel from the Sky,
Betwixt the Rival Nations, hold on high
The dubious Lawrel ! Here Great *Dryden*
stands,

And there *Boileau*, whose undisputed
Hands

Reach for the Prize. Thus strive the
mighty Pair ;

But here some Spirit, friendly to the Fair,
From the *French* Poet does the Bays re-
move,

(Who durst Heav'n's nearest Type de-
fame) to prove,

That Charming Sex has Advocates
above.

Here *Tate* ! whose Soul's more eminently
taught

To trace the Grandeur of the *Roman*
Thought ;

Who best their Air and Sense, and Vigour
shews,

And makes them match their Eagle with
their Muse.

Here

cxliv

Here *Congreve* ! whose young Genius
 cou'd disdain
 Nature's slow Compute, and the steps of
 Man,
 Who rose full Zenith, born into his
 Reign !

Go on, ye *British* Bards, and only write
 With the same Vigour that your King does
 fight.

Let your Thoughts reach his Actions,
 match his Pow'r,
 The Lawrel's won ; for none can higher
 soar.

And as the Heroe conquer'd on the *Boyn*,
 We, from the Banks of the deserted *Seine*,
 Will bring the Muses, the Illustrious
 Nine ;

To nobler Pleasures upon *Isis* Stream,
 Or the delicious Banks of sacred *Cham*;
 And all shall join to wield the Monarch's
 Fame.

Trin. Coll.
Camb.

H. Denny.

T H E

THE
AUTHOR'S
Epistle Dedicatory
To the most Illustrious
PRINCE,

And most
Reverend Odet,
Cardinal de Chastillon.

YOU know, *Most Illustrious*
Prince, how often I have
been and am daily prest
by great Numbers of Eminent
Persons, to proceed in the *Pan-*
agruelian Fables; they tell me that
a many

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many languishing, sick and disconsolate Persons perusing them, have deceiv'd their grief, pass'd their time mettrily, and been inspir'd with new Joy and Comfort. I commonly answer, that I aim'd not at Glory and Applause, when I diverted myself with writing; but only design'd to give by my Pen, to the ablest who labour under Affliction, that little help which at all times I willingly strive to give to the Present that stand in need of my Art, and Service. Sometimes I at large relate to them, how *Hippocrates* in several places, and particularly in Lib. 6. *Epidem.* describing the Institution of the Physician his disciple, and also *Sorannus* of *Ephesus*, *Orbasius*, *Galen*, *Hali*, *Abbas*, and other Authors, have descended to particulars in the prescription of his Motions, Deportment, Looks, Countenance, Gracefulness, Civility, Cleanliness of face, Cloaths, Beard, Hair, Hands, Mouth, even his very Nails. As if he were to play the Part of a Lover, in some Comedy, or enter

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ter the Lifts to Fight some Enemy.
And indeed the practice of Physic
is properly enough compar'd by
Hippocrates to a Fight, and also to
a Farce acted between three
Persons, the Patient, the Physician,
and the Disease. Which Passage has
sometimes put me in mind of *Julia's*
saying to *Augustus* her Father.
One day she came before him in a
very gorgeous loose lascivious Dress:
which very much displeas'd him,
though he did not much discover
his discontent. The next day, she
put on another, and in a modest
Garb, such as the chaste *Roman* La-
dies wore, came into his presence.
The kind Father could not then
forbear expressing the pleasure which
he took to see her, so much alter'd,
and said to her: *Oh! how much more*
this Garb becomes, and is commendable
in the Daughter of Augustus. But
she, having her excuse ready, answer-
ed: *This day, Sir, I drest my self*
to please my Father's Eye; yesterday
to gratify that of my Husband. Thus,
disguis'd in looks and garb, nay e-

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ven, as formerly was the Fashion, with a rich and pleasant Gown with four sleeves which was called *Philonium*, according to *Petrus Alexandrinus* in 6. *Epidem.* a Physician might answer to such as might find the *Metamorphosis* indecent: Thus have I accounted my self, not that I am Proud of appearing in such a Dress; but for the sake of my Patient, whom alone I wholly design to please, and no ways offend or dissatisfie. There is also a Passage in our Father *Hippocrates*, in the Book I have nam'd, which causes Some to sweat, dispute and labour; not indeed to know whether the Physician's frowning, discontented, and morose Look render the Patient sad, and his joyful, serene and pleasing Countenance rejoyce him, for experience teaches us that this is most certain; But whether such Sensations of grief, or pleasure, are produc'd by the apprehension of the Patient, observing his motions and qualities in his Physician, and drawing from thence conjectures of the end, and cata-

strophe

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strophe of his disease, as, by his pleasing Look, joyful and desirable Events, and by his sorrowful and unpleasing Air, sad and dismal Consequences; or whether those Sensations be produced by a transfusion of the serene or gloomy, aerial or terrestrial, joyful or melancholic Spirits of the Physician, into the Person of the Patient, as it is the Opinion of *Plato*, *Averroës* and others.

Above all things the best Authors have given particular directions to Physicians about the Words, Discourse, and Converse, which they ought to have with their Patients, every one aiming at one point, that is, to rejoyce them without offending God, and in no ways whatsoever to vex or displease them. Which causes *Herophilus* much to blame that Physician who being ask'd by a Patient of his, *Shall I dye?* impudently made him this Answer:

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*Patroclus dy'd, whom all allow,
By much, a better Man than you.*

Another who had a mind to know the state of his distemper, asking him after our merry *Patelin's* way: *Well, Doctor, do's not my Water tell you I shall dye?* He foolishly answer'd, *No*; if *Latona* the Mother of those lovely Twins, *Phæbus* and *Diana*, begot thee. *Galen. lib. 4. Comment. 6. Epidem.* blames much also *Quintus* his Tutor, who, a certain noble Man of *Rome*, his Patient saying to him, *You have been at break-fast, my Master, your breath smells of Wine*; answered arrogantly, *yours smells of Fever, which is the better smell of the two? Wine or a putrid Fever?* But the Calumny of certain *Cannibals Misanthropes*, perpetual Eaves-droppers, has been so foul and excessive, that it had conquered my patience; and I had resolv'd not to write one jot more. For the least of their Detractions
were,

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were, that my Books are all stuffed with various Heresies, of which nevertheless they could not show one single Instance ; much indeed of Comical and facetious fooleries, neither offending God nor the King : (And truly I own they are the Subject, and only Theme of these Books.) But of heresy, not a Word, unless they interpreted wrong and against all use of reason, and common Language, what, I* had rather suffer a thousand deaths, if it were possible, than have thought ; as who should make Bread to be *stone*, a fish to be a *Serpent*, & an Egg to be a *Scorpion*. This, my Lord, emboldned me once to tell you, as I was complaining of it in your presence, that if I did not esteem my self a better Christian, than they show themselves towards me, and if my life, writings, words, nay thoughts betray'd to me one single spark of heresy, or I should in a detestable manner fall into the Snares of the Spirit of Detraction, *Διάβολος* that by their means raises such Crimes against me ; I would then

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like the *Phœnix* gather dry Wood,
kindle a fire, and burn my self in
the midst of it. You were then
pleas'd to say to me, That King
Francis of Eternal memory, had
been made sensible of those false
accusations: And that having caused
my Books, (mine, I say, because Se-
veral false, and infamous have been
wickedly layd to me,) to be care-
fully, and distinctly read to him by
the most learned, and faithful Ana-
gnost in this Kingdom, he had not
found any Passage suspicious; and
that he abhorr'd a certain envious,
ignorant, hypocritical Informer, who
grounded a mortal heresy on an N
put instead of an M by the carelessness
of the Printers.

As much was done by his Son,
our most gracious, virtuous, and
blessed Sovereign, *Henry*, whom Hea-
ven long preserve; so that he gran-
ted you his Royal privilege, and
particular protection, for me against
my flattering adversaries.

You

The Epistle Dedicatory.

You kindly condescended since, to confirm me these happy News at *Paris*, and also lately when you visited my Lord Cardinal *du Bellay*, who for the benefit of his health, after a lingering distemper, was retired to *St. Maur* that place (or rather Paradise) of salubrity, serenity, conveniency, and all desirable Country-Pleasures.

Thus, *my Lord*, under so glorious a Patronage, I am emboldened once more to draw my pen, undaunted now and secure; with hopes that you will still prove to me against the power of Detraction, a second *Gallic Hercules* in Learning, Prudence, and Eloquence, and *Alexicacos* in virtue, power and authority; you, of whom I may truly say what the wise Monarch *Solomon* saith of *Moses* that great Prophet, and Captain of *Israel*; *Ecclesiast. 45. A Man fearing and loving God, who found favour in the sight of all flesh, whose memorial is blessed. God made him like to the*

a 5 glorious

The Epistle Dedicatory.

glorious Saints, and magnified him so, that his enemies stood in fear of him; and for him made Wonders: made him glorious in the sight of Kings, gave him a Commandment for his People, and by him shew'd his light; he sanctifie'd him in his faithfulness, and meekness, and chose him out of all Men. By him he made us to hear his Voice, and caused by him the Law of life and knowledge to be given.

Accordingly if I shall be so happy as to hear any one commend those merry Composures, they shall be adjur'd by me to be oblig'd, and pay their thanks to you alone, as also to offer their prayers to *Heaven* for the continuance and encrease of your Greatness; and to attribute no more to me, than my humble and ready obedience to your Commands: For by your most honourable Incouragement, you at once have inspir'd me with Spirit, and with Invention; and without you my heart had fail'd me, and the

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the fountain-head of my Animal Spirits had been dry. May the Lord keep you in his blessed Mercy.

My Lord,

Your most Humble and

most Devoted Servant,

FRANCIS RABELAIS,

Physician.

Paris this 28 of January. MDLII.

THE

THE
AUTHOR'S
PROLOGUE
TO THE
FOURTH BOOK.

GOOD People, God save and keep you: Where are you? I can't see you; stay——I'll saddle my Nose with Spectacles--Oh, oh! 'twill be fair anon, I see you. Well, you have had a good Vintage, they say; this is no bad News to Frank you may swear; you have got an infallible Cure against Thirst, rarely perform'd of you, my Friends! You, your Wives, Children, Friends, and Families are in as good Case as heart can wish; 'tis well, 'tis as I'd have it: God be praised for it, and if such be his will, may you long be so. For my part I am thereabouts,
th and

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thanks to his blessed Goodness; and by the means of a little Pantagruelism, (which you know is a certain Follity of Mind pickled in the scorn of Fortune) you see me now Hale, and Cheery, as sound as a Bell, and ready to drink, if you will. Would you know why I'm thus, Good People? I'll e'en give you a positive answer—Such is the Lord's Will, which I obey and revere; it being said in his word, in great Derision to the Physician, neglectful of his own Health, Physician, heal thy self.

Galen had some knowledge of the Bible, and had convers'd with the Christians of his time, as appears Lib. 11. De Usu Partium; Lib. 2. de differentiis Pulsuum, cap. 3, and ibid. Lib. 3. cap. 2. and Lib. de rerum affectibus (if it be Galen's) Yet 'twas not for any such Veneration of Holy-Writ that he took Care of his own Health. No, 'twas for fear of being twitted with the saying so well known among Physicians.

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Ἰατρὸς ἄλλων , αὐτὸς ἔλασσι βρῦων.

He boasts of healing (Poor and Rich,
Yet is himself all over Itch.

*This made him boldly say, that he did not desire to be esteem'd a Physician, if from his twenty eighth Year to his old Age he had not liv'd in perfect health, except some ephemerous * Fevers, of which he soon rid himself; Yet he was not naturally of the soundest Temper, his Stomach being evidently bad. Indeed, as he saith Lib. 5. de Sanitate tuendâ, that Physician will hardly be thought very carefull of the health of others, who neglects his own. Asclepiades boasted yet more than this; for he said that he had artickled with Fortune not to be reputed a Physician, if he could be said to have been sick, since he began to practise Physic, to his latter Age, which he reach'd, lusty in all his Members, and Victorious over Fortune, till at last the Old Gentleman*
unluckily

* Fevers, that last but a Day, and are Cured with Rest.

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unluckily tumbled down from the Top of a certain ill-propt and rotten Stair-Cafe; and so there was an end of him.

It by some Disaster Health is fled from your Worships to the right or to the left, above or below, before or behind, within or without, far or near, on this side or i^t other side, wheresoever it be, may you presently, with the help of the Lord meet with it; having found it, may you immediately claim it, seize it and secure it. The Law allows it; the King would have it so: nay you have my advice for't; neither more nor less than the Law-Makers of Old did fully empower a Master to claim and seize his run-away Servant wherever he might be found. Ods-bodikins, is it not written and warranted by the Ancient Customs of this so Noble, so rich, so flourishing Realm of France, That the Dead seizes the

Quick? See what has been Declar'd very lately in that Point by that Learned, Wise, Courteous,

and Just Civiil^{an} André Tiraquell, one
of

* That is, The Death of a Person gives a Right to his Heir to seize what he has left.

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of the Judges in the most Honourable Court of Parliament at Paris. Health is our Life, as Antiphron the Sicyonian wisely has it, without Health Life is no Life, 'tis not living Life. Ἀβίος βίος, βίος ἀβίωτος. Without Health Life is only a Languishment and an Image of Death. Therefore, you that want your Health, that is to say, that are Dead, Seize the Quick ; secure Life to your selves, that is to say, Health.

I have this hope in the Lord, that he will hear our Supplications, considering with what Faith and Zeal we Pray, and that he will grant this our Wish, because 'tis moderate and mean. Mediocrity was held by the ancient Sages to be Golden, that is to say, precious, prais'd by all Men, and pleasing in all Places. Read the Sacred Bible, you'll find, the Prayers of those who ask'd moderately were never answer'd. For example little dapper Zacheus, whose Body and Reliques the Monks of St. Garlick near Orleans boast of having, and nickname him St. Sylvanus : he only wish'd to see our Blessed Saviour near Jerusalem. 'Twas but a small Request, and no more

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more than any Body then might pretend to. But alas! he was but low built, and one of so diminutive a Size among the Crowd could n't so much as get a Glimpse of him : well then he struts, stands on Tip-Toes, bustles and be-stirring his stumps, shoves and makes way, and with much adoe clambers up a Sycamor. Upon this, the Lord who knew his sincere Affection, presented himself to his sight, and was not only seen by him, but heard also : Nay, what's more, he came to his House, and blest his Family.

One of the Sons of the Prophets in Israel felling VVood near the River Jordan, his Hatchet forsook the Helve and fell to the Bottom of the River ; so he pray'd to have it again ('twas but a small Request, mark ye me,) and having a strong Faith, he did not throw the Hatchet after the Helve, as some Spirits of Contradiction say by way of scandalous Blunder, but the Helve after the Hatchet, as you all properly have it. Presently two great Miracles were seen, up springs the Hatchet from the Bottom of the Water, and fixes it
self

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*Self to its old acquaintance the Helve,
Now had he wish'd to coach it to Hea-
ven in a Fiery Chariot like Elias, to
multiply in Seed like Abraham, be as rich
as Job, strong as Sampson, and beauti-
full as Absalom, would he have obtain'd
it, d'ye think? I' troth, my Friends,
I question it very much.*

*Now I talk of moderate wishes in
point of Hatchet (But bark'e me, be
sure you don't forget when we ought to
drink) I'll tell you whats written among
the Apologues of wise Æsop the French-
man, I mean the Phrygian and Tro-
jan, as Max. Planudes makes him;
from which people, according to the
most faithful Chroniclers the noble
French are descended: Ælian writes
that he was of Thrace, and Agathias
after Herodotus, that he was of Samos;
'tis all one to Frank.*

*In his time liv'd a poor honest Coun-
try Fellow of Gravot, Tom Wellhung
by Name, a Wood-cleaver by Trade,
who in that low Drudgery made shift so
so, to pick up a sorry Lively-hood. It hap-
pen'd that he lost his Hatchet. Now
tell me who had ever more Cause to be
next*

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wext than poor Tom? alas, his whole Estate and Life depended on his Hatchet; by his Hatchet he earn'd many a fair Penny of the best Wood-mongers or Log-Merchants, among whom he went a Jobbing; for want of his Hatchet he was like to starve, and had Death but met him six Days after without a Hatchet, the grim Fiend would have mow'd him down in the Twinkling of a Bed-staff. In this sad Case he began to be in a heavy Taking, and call'd upon Jupiter with most eloquent Prayers (for you know, Necessity was the Mother of Eloquence) with the Whites of his Eyes turn'd up towards Heaven, down on his Marrowbones, his arms rear'd high, his fingers stretched wide, and his head bare, the poor wretch without Ceasing was roaring out by way of Litany at every Repetition of his Supplications, my Hatchet, Lord Jupiter, my Hatchet, my Hatchet; Only my Hatchet, O Jupiter, or money to buy another, and nothing else; alas, my poor hatchet!

Jupiter happen'd then to be holding a grand Council about certain urgent affairs, and old Gammer Cybele was
just

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just giving her opinion, or if you had rather have it so, it was Young Phœbus the Beau: but in short, Tom's Outcry and Lamentations were so loud that they were heard with no small amazement at the Council Board, by the whole Consistory of the Gods. What a Devil have we below, quoth Jupiter, that howls so horridly? By the Mud of Styx, have n't we had all along and have n't we here still enough to do to set to rights a world of damn'd puzzling Businesses of Consequence? We made an end of the Fray between Presthan King of Persia, and Soliman the Turkish Emperor; we have stopp'd up the Passages between the Tartars and the Moscovites; answer'd the Xeriff's Petition, done the same to that of Golgots Rays; the State of Parma's dispatch'd, so is that of Maydemburg, that of Mirandola, and that of Africa, that Town on the Mediterranean which we call Aphrodisium; Tripoli by carelessness has got a new Master, her hour was come.

Here are the Gascons Cursing and damning, demanding the Restitution of their Bells.

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In yonder Corner are the Saxons, Easterlings; Ostrogoths, and Germans, Nations formerly invincible, but now Aberkeids, Bridled, Curb'd and brought under by a Paultry Diminutive crippled Fellow; they ask us Revenge, Relief, Restitution of their former good Sence and Ancient Liberty.

But what shall we do with this same Ramus and this Galland with a Pox to 'em, who surrounded with a swarm of their Scullions, Blackguard, Ragamuffins, Sizars, Vouchers and Stripulators, set together by the Ears, the whole University of Paris? I am in a sad quandary about it, and for the Heart's Blood of me can't tell yet with whom of the two to side.

*Both seem to me notable Fellows, and as true Cods as ever piss'd; The one has Rose-Nobles, I say fine and weighty ones; the other would gladly have some too. The one knows something: the other's no Dunce. The one loves the better sort of men, the other's belov'd by 'em. The one is an old cunning Fox, the other with Tongue and Pen, Tooth and Nail falls foul on the
ancient*

The Author's Prologue.

*ancient Orators and Philosophers, and
barks at them like a Cur.*

*What think'st thou of it, say, thou
bawdy Priapus? I have found thy
Council just before now, Et habet tua
mentula mentem.*

*King Jupiter, answer'd Priapus,
standing up and taking off his Cowle,
his Snout uncas'd and rear'd up, fiery
and stifly propt, since you compare the one
to a yelping snarling Cur, and the other to
sly Reynard the Fox, my advice is with
submission, that without fretting or puz-
ling your Brains any farther about 'em,
without any more a do you e'en serve 'em
both as in the Days of Tore you did the
Dog and the Fox. How? ask'd Jupi-
ter, when? whowere they? where was
it? You have a rare Memory for ought
I see, return'd Priapus! This right
Worshipful Father Bacchus, whom we
have here Nodding with his Crimson
Phyz, to be reveng'd on the Thebans,
had got a Fairy Fox, who what ever
mischief he did, was never to be caught
or wrong'd by any Beast that wore a
Head.*

The

The Author's Prologue.

The Noble Vulcan here present had fram'd a Dog of Moneſian Braſs, and with long Puffing and Blowing put the Spirit of Life into him: he gave it you, you gave it your Miſs Europa, Miſs Europa gave it Minos, Minos gave it Procris, Procris gave it Cephalus. He was alſo of the Fairy kind, ſo that like the Lawyers of our age, he was too hard for all other ſorts of Creatures, nothing could ſcape the Dog: Now who ſhould happen to meet but theſe two? What do you think they did? Dog by his Deſtiny was to take Fox, and Fox by his Fate was not to be taken.

The Caſe was brought before your Council; you proteſted that you would not act againſt the Fates; and the Fates were contradictory. In ſhort, the End and Reſult of the matter was, that to reconcile two contradictions was an impoſſibility in Nature. The very Pang put you into a ſweat, ſome Drops of which happ'ning to light on the Earth produced what the Mortals call Colly-flowers. All our Noble Conſiſtory for want of a Categorical Solution were ſeiz'd with ſuch a horrid Thirſt, that
above

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above seventy eight Hogsheads of Nectar were swill'd down at that sitting. At last you took my advice, and transmogrify'd 'em into Stones, and immediately got rid of your Perplexity, and a Truce with Thirst was proclaim'd thro' this vast Olympus. This was the Tear of flabby Cods, near Teumessus between Thebes and Chalcis.

After this manner, 'tis my Opinion that you should petrify this Dog and this Fox. The Metamorphosis will not be incongruous; For they both bear the name of Peter. And because, according to the Lymosin Proverb, To make an Oven's Mouth there must be three Stones, you may associate them with Master Peter du Coignet, whom you formerly petrified for the same Cause. Then those three dead Pieces shall be put in an equilateral Trigone, somewhere in the great Temple at Paris, in the middle of the Porch, if you will, there to perform the Office of Extinguishers, and with their Noses put out the lighted Candles, Torches, Tapers and Flambeaux; since while, they liv'd, they still lighted ballock-like
the

The Author's Prologue.

*the Fire of Faction, Division, Ballock
Seels, and wrangling among those idle
bearded Boys, the Students. And
this will be an everlasting Monument
to show that those puny self-conceited
Pedants, Ballock framers, were
rather contemn'd than condemn'd by
you. Dixi, I have said my Say.*

*You deal too kindly by them, said
Jupiter, for ought I see, Monsieur
Priapus. You don't use to be so kind
to every Body, let me tell you: For
as they seek to eternize their names,
it would be much better for them to
be thus chang'd into hard stones,
than to return to Earth and putre-
faction. But now to other Matters:
Tonder behind us towards the Tuscan
Sea, and the Neighbourhood of Mount
Appennin, do you see what trage-
dies are stir'd up by certain topping
Ecclesiastical Bullies? This hot Fit will
last its time, like the Limosins o-
vens, and then will be cool'd, but not
so fast.*

*We shall have sport enough with it,
but I foresee one inconveniency;
for me thinks we have but little*

B

store

The Author's Prologue.

store of Thunder-Ammunition, since the time that you, my Fellow Gods, for your Pastime, lavish'd them away to bombard New Antioch, by my particular permission; as since, after your example, the stout Champions, who had undertaken to hold the Fortrefs of Dindenarois against all Comers, fairly waſted their Powder with shooting at Sparrows; and then, not having wherewith to defend themselves in time of need, valiantly ſurrendred to the Enemy, who were already packing up their Auls, full of madness and despair, and thought on nothing but a shameful Retreat. Take care this be remedied, Son Vulcan; Rouse up your drowsy Cyclopes, Asteropes, Brontes, Arges, Polyphemus, Steropes, Pyracmon, and so forth; set them at work, and make them drink as they ought.

Never spare liquor to such as are at hot work. Now let us dispatch this bawling fellow below; you Mercury, go see who it is? And know what he wants. Mercury lookt out at heaven's trap door, through which as I am told, they hear what's said here below;

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low ; by the way, one might well enough mistake it for the scuttle of a Ship; tho Icaromenippus said it was like the mouth of a Well : The light-heel'd Deity saw that it ~~was~~ was honest Tom, who askt for his lost Hatchet ; and accordingly he made his report to the Synod. By Jove, said Jupiter, we are finely hop'd up, as if we had now nothing else to do here but to restore lost hatchets. Well, he must then have it for all this, for so 'tis written in the Book of Fate, (Do you hear ?) as well as if it was worth the whole Dutchy of Milan. The truth is, the fellow's Hatchet is as much to him as a Kingdom to a King. Come, come, let no more words be scattered about it; let him have his Hatchet again.

Now, Let us make an end of the difference betwixt the Levites and Mole-catcher of Landerouffe. Whereabouts were we ? Priapus was standing in the chimney corner, and having heard what Mercury had reported, said in a most courteous and Jovial manner ; King Jupiter, while by your order and

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particular favour, I was Garden-keeper general on Earth; I observed that this Word Hatchet is equivocal to many things: For it signifies a certain instrument, by the means of which Men fell and cleave Timber. It also signifies (at least I am sure it did formerly) a Female soundly and frequently Thumpthumpriggleticketwiddletoby'd: thus I perceiv'd that every Cock of the game us'd to call his Doxie his Hatchet, for with that same Tool (this he said lugging out and exhibiting his nine inch Knocker) they so strongly and resolutely shove and drive in their helves, that the Females remain free from a fear Epidemical amongst their Sex, viz. that from the bottom of the Male's Belly the said Instrument should dangle at his heel for want of such Feminine props. And I remember, (for I have a Member, and a Memory too, ay, and a fine Memory large enough to fill a butter Firkin: I remember, I say, that one day of Tubilustre [born Fair] at the Festivals of Good-man Vulcan in May, I heard Josquin Des prez, Olkegan, Hobreths, Agricola, Brumel, Camelin,

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Camelin, Vigoris, dela Fage, Bru-
yer, Prioris, Seguin, dela Rue, Mi-
dy, Moulu, Mouton, Gascoigne,
Loiser, Compere, Penet, Fevin, Rou-
see, Richard Fort, Rousscau, Con-
sillon, Constantio Festi, Jacquet, and
Bercan *melodiously singing the fol-
lowing Catch on a pleasant green.*

Long *John* to bed went to his bride,
And laid a Mallet by his side:
What means this Mallet, *John*,
saith she?

Why! 'tis to wedge thee home,
quoeth he.

Alas! Cryed she, the Man's a
Fool:

What need you use a wooden
Tool?

When Lusty *John* dos to me come,
He never shoves but with his Bum.

Nine Olympiads, and an In-
tercalary year after (*I have
a rare member, I would say memory,
but I often make Blunders in the sym-
bolisation and colligance of those two
words*) I heard Adrian Viellard, Gom-

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bert, Janequin Arcader, Claudin, Certon, Machicourt, Auxerre, Villiers, Sandrin, Sohier, Hesdin, Morales, Passereau, Maille, Maillart, Jacotin, Hurteur, Verdelot, Carpentras, l'Heriner, Cadeac, Doublet, Vermunt, Bouteiller, Lupi, Pagnier, Millet, Du Mollin, Alaire, Maraut, Morpin, Gendre, *and other merry lovers of Musick, in a private Garden, under some fine shady trees round about a Bulwark of Flazgons, Gammons, Passy's, with several Coated Quails, and lac'd Mutton waggishly singing.*

Since Tools without their hafts
are useles Lumber,
And Hatchets without helves are
of that Number ;
That one may go in t'other, and
may match it,
I'l be the helve, and thou shalt
be the Hatchet.

*Now would I know what kind of
Hatchet this Bawling Tom wants ?
This threw all the Venerable Gods
and Goddesses into a fit of Laughter
like*

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like any microcosm of Flies ; and even set limping Vulcan a hopping and jumping smoothly three or four times for the sake of his Dear. Come, come, said Jupiter to Mercury, run down immediately, and cast at the poor Fellow's feet three Hatchets ; his own, another of Gold, and a third of Massy Silver, all of one size : Then having left it to his will to take his choice, if he take his own, and be satisfyed with it, give him t'other two. If he take another chop his head off with his own, and henceforth serve me all those losers of hatchets after that manner. Having said this, Jupiter, with an awkward turn of his head, like a Jackanapes swallowing of Pills, made so dreadful a phyz, that all the Vast Olympus quak'd again. Heaven's Foot-Messenger, thanks to his low crown'd narrow brim'd Hat, and plume of Feathers, Heel-pieces, and running Stick with Pidgeon Wings, flings himself out at Heavens wicket thro the idle Desarts of the Air, and in a trice nimbly alights upon the Earth,

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and throws at Friend Tom's feet the three Hatchets ; saying to him ; thou hast bawl'd long enough to be a dry, thy Prayers and request are granted by Jupiter ; see which of these three is thy Hatchet, and take it away with thee. Wellhung lifts up the Goulden Hatchet , peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy ; then staring on Mercury, cries Cods zooks this is none of mine ; I won't ha't The same he did with the Silver one, and said, 'tis not this neither, you may e'en take them again. At last, he takes up his own Hatchet, examines the end of the Helve, and finds his mark there; then ravisht with Joy, like a Fox that meets some Fraggling Poultry, and sneering from the tip of the nose, he cryed by the mass, This is my Hatchet, Master God, if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge pot of Mi'k, brim full cover'd with fine Strawberryes next Ides of May.

*Honest Fellow, said Mercury, I leave it thee, take it, and because thou hast wisht and chosen moderately, in
point*

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point of Hatchet, by Jupiter's command, I give thee these two others; thou hast now wherewith to make thyself rich: Be honest. Honest Tom gave Mercury a whole Cartload of Thanks, and rever'd the most great Jupiter. His old Hatchet he fastens close to his Leathern girdle; and girds it above his Breech like Martin of Cambray: The two others, being more heavy, he lays on his Shoulder. Thus he plods on trudging over the Fields, keeping a good countenance amongst his Neighbours and fellow Parishioners, with one merry saying or other after Patelin's way. The next day having put on a clean white Jacket, he takes on his back the two precious Hatchets, and comes to Chinon the famous City, noble City, ancient City, yea the first City, in the World, according to the Judgment and assertion of the most learned Masloretths. At Chinon he turned his silver Hatchet into fine Testons, Crown pieces and other white Cash; his golden Hatchet into fine Angels, curious Ducats, substantial Ridders, Spankers, and Rose Nobles.

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Then with them purchases a good Number of Farms, Barns, Houses, Out-houses, Thatch-Houses, Stables, Meadows, Orchards, Fields, Vineyards, Woods, arable Lands, Pastures, Ponds, Mills, Gardens, Nurseries, Oxen, Cows, Sheep, Goats, Swine, Hogs, Asses, Horses, Hens, Cocks, Capons, Chickens, Geese, Ganders, Ducks, Drakes, and a World of all other necessaries, and in a short time became the richest Man in the Country, nay even richer than that limping Scrapegood Maulevricr. His Brother Bumpkins and the Teomen and other Country-Puts thereabouts, perceiving his good Fortune, were not a little amaz'd, insomuch, that their former pity of poor Tom was soon chang'd into an Envy of his so great and unexpected Rise; and as they could not for their Souls devise how this came about, they made it their Business to pry up and down, and lay their Heads together, to inquire, seek and inform themselves by what means, in what place, on what day, what hour, how, why and wherefore he had come by this great Treasure.

At

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At last, hearing it was by Losing his Hatchet, ha, ha ! said they, was there no more to do, but to lose a Hatchet, to make us rich? Mum for that; 'tis as easie as pissing a Bed , and will cost but little ; are then at this time the Revolutions of the Heavens, the Constellations of the Firmament, and Aspects of the Planets such, that whosoever shall lose a Hatchet, shall immediately grow rich? ha, ha, ha, by Jove, you shall e'en be lost, an't please you, my dear Hatchet. With this they all fairly lost their Hatchets out of hand. The Devil of one that had a Hatchet left ; he was not his Mother's Son, that did not lose his Hatchet. No more was Wood fell'd or cleav'd in that Country thro want of Hatchets. Nay the Æsopian Apologue even saith, that certain petty Country Gents, of the lower Class, who had sold Wellhung their little Mill and little Field, to have wherewithal to make a Figure at the next Muster, having been told that this Treasure was come to him by that only means, sold the only Badge of their Gentility, their Swords, to purchase Hatchets to go lose them, as
the

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the silly Clodpates did, in hopes to gain store of Chink by that Loss.

You would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your petty spiritual Usurers, Rome-bound, selling their All, and borrowing of others to buy store of Mandates a Pennyworth of a New made Pope.

Now they cry'd out and bray'd and pray'd and baw'd and lamented and invoke'd Jupiter; my Hatchet! my Hatchet! Jupiter, my Hatchet, on this side, my Hatchet, on that side my Hatchet, ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my Hatchet. The Air round about rung again with the Crys and Howlings of these rascally Losers of Hatchets.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them Hatchets; to each offering that which he had lost, another of Gold, and a third of Silver.

Every He still was for that of Gold, giving Thanks in abundance to the great Giver Jupiter; but in the very nick of time, that they bow'd and stoop'd to take it from the ground, whip, in a trice, Mercury topp'd off their heads, as Jupiter had commanded; and of Heads,
thus

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thus cut off, the number was just equal to that of the lost Hatchets.

You see how it is now ; you see how it goes with those who in the simplicity of their hearts wish and desire with Moderation. Take warning by this, all you greedy, fresh-water Shirks , who scorn to wish for any thing under Ten Thousand Pounds : And do not for the future run on impudently, as I have sometimes heard you wishing, Would to God, I had now one hundred seventy eight Millions of Gold ; Oh ! how I should tickle it off ? The Dewse on you, what more might a King, an Emperor , or a Pope wish for ? For that reason, indeed, you see that after you have made such hopeful wishes, all the good that comes to you of it is the Itch or the Scab, and not a Cross in your Breeches to scare the Devil that tempts you to make these Wisbes ; no more than those two Mumpers, wishers after the Custom of Paris ; one of whom only wish'd to have in good old Gold as much as hath been spent, bought and sold in Paris since it's first Foundations were laid, to this hour ; all of it valued at the price, sale and rate
of

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of the dearest Tear in all that space of Time. Do you think the Fellow was bashful? had he eaten sowre Plums unpeel'd? were his Teeth on edge, I pray you? The other wish'd Our Lady's Church brim full of steel Needles, from the floor to the top of the roof, and to have as many Ducats as might be cram'd into as many bags as might be sow'd with each and every one of those Needles, till they were all either broke at the point or eye. This is to wish with a vengeance! What think you of it? What did they get by't, in your Opinion? Why, at night both my Gentlemen had kyb'd heels, a tetter in the Chin, a Churchyard Cough in the Lungs, a Catarrh in the Throat, a swinging Boyl at the Rump, and the Devil of one musty Crust of a brown George the poor Dogs had to scour their Grinders with. Wish therefore for Mediocrity, and it shall be given unto you, and over and above yet; that is to say, provided you bestir your selves manfully, and do your best in the mean time.

Ay, but say you, God might as soon have given me seventy eight thousand

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as the thirteenth part of one half ; for he is Omnipotent, and a million of Gold is no more to him than one Farthing? Oh, ho, pray tell me who taught you to talk at this rate of the Power and Predestination of God, poor silly People? Peace, Tush, St, St, St, fall down before his sacred Face, and own the Nothingness of your Nothing.

Upon this, O ye that labour under the affliction of the Gout, I ground my hopes, firmly believing, that if so it pleases the Divine Goodness, you shall obtain Health; since you wish and ask for nothing else, at least for the present. Well, stay yet a little longer with half an Ounce of Patience.

The Genouise do not use, like you, to be satisfied with wishing Health alone, when after they have all the live long Morning been in a brown study, talk'd, ponder'd, ruminated, and resolv'd in their Counting-houses, of whom and how they may squeeze the Ready, and who by their Craft must be hook'd in, wheadled, bubl'd, sharp'd, overreach'd and chous'd, they go to the Exchange, and greet one another with

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*a sanita & guadagno, Messer ; health
and gain to you, Sir. Health alone will
not go down with the greedy Curmud-
geons , they over and above must wish
for gain, with a Pox to 'em ; ay and
for the fine Crowns or scudi di gua-
dagno ; Whence, Heaven be praised,
it happens many a time, that the silly
Wishers and Woulders are baulk'd and
get neither.*

*Now, my Lads, as you hope for good
health ; cough once aloud with Lungs of
Leather ; Take me off three swindging
Bumpers ; Prick up your Ears ; and
you shall hear me tell Wonders of the
noble and good Pantagruel.*

The Fourth BOOK
O F
PANTAGRUEL.

CHAP. I.

*How Pantagruel went to Sea, to Visit
the Oracle of Bacbuc, alias the Holy
Bottle.*

IN the Month of *June*, on *Vesta's* Holy-days, the very numerical day on which *Brutus*, conquering *Spain*, taught its strutting Dons to truckle under him, and that niggardly Miser *Crassus* was routed and knock'd on the head by the *Parthians*, *Pantagruel* took his leave of the good *Gargantua*, his Royal Father. The old Gentleman, according to the laudable Custom of the Primitive Christians, devoutly pray'd for the happy Voyage of his Son and his whole Company, and then they took Shipping at the
Port

Port of *Tbalassa*. *Pantagruel* had with him *Panurge*, Fryar *Jhon des Entomeures*, alias, of the *Finnels*, *Epistemon*, *Gymnast*, *Eusthenes*, *Rhizotome*, *Carpalin*, cum multis aliis, his ancient Servants and Domesticke. Also *Xenomanes*, the great Traveller, who had cross'd so many dangerous Roads, Dikes, Ponds, Seas, and so forth, and was come sometime before, having been sent for by *Panurge*.

For certain good Causes and Considerations him thereunto moving, he had left with *Gargantua* and marked out, in his Great and Universal Hydrographical Chart, the Course which they were to steer to Visit the Oracle of the *Holy Bottle*, *Bacchus*. The number of Ships was such as I described in the Third Book, Convoyed by a like number of *Treemes*, Men of War, Gallions and *Feluccaes* well Rigg'd, Caulkt, and Stor'd with a good quantity of *Pantagruelion*.

All the Officers, Droggermen, Pilots, Captains, Mates, Boatswains, Mid-Shipmen, Quarter-Masters and Sailers, met in the *Tbalamege*, *Pantagruel's* principal Flag-Ship, which had in her Stern a huge large Bottle, half Silver well polish'd, the other Half Gold, Inamel'd with Carnation, whereby it was easie to guess that white and red were the colours of the Noble Travellers, and that they went for the Word of the *Bottle*.

On the Stern of the Second was a Lanthorn like those of the Antients, industriously made

made with *Diaphanous* Stone, implying that they were to pass by *Lanternland*. The Third Ship had for her Devise a fine deep *China* Ewre. The Fourth, a double handed Jar much like an ancient Urn. The Fifth, a famous Kan made of Sperm of Emerald. The Sixth, a Monk's Mumping Bottle made of the four Mettals together. The Seventh, an Ebony Funnel all imboss'd and wrought with Gold after the *Tauchic* manner. The Eighth, an Ivy Goblet very precious, inlaid with Gold. The Ninth, a Cup of fine *Obriz* Gold. The Tenth, a Tumbler of Aromatick Agaloch (you call it *Lignum aloes*) edg'd with *Cyprian* Gold, after the *Azemine* make. The Eleventh, a Golden Vine-Tub of *Mosaic* work. The Twelfth a Runlet of unpolish'd Gold, covered with a small Vine of large *Indian* Pearl of *Topiarian* work. Inso-much that there was no Man, however in the Dumps, musty, sower look'd, or Melanchollic he were, not even excepting that blubbering Whiner *Heraclitus*, had he been there, but, seeing this Noble Convoy of Ships and their Devises, must have been seized with present gladness of Heart, and smiling at the Conceit, have said that the Travellers were all honest Topers, true Pitcher-men, and have judg'd by a most sure Prognostication, That their Voyage both outward and homeward bound, would be performed in Mirth and perfect Health.

In the *Tolamege* where was the general meeting, *Pantagruel* made a short but sweet Exhortation, wholly back'd with Authorities from Scripture upon Navigation; which being ended, with an audible Voice Prayers were said in the presence and hearing of all the Burghers of *Tolaffi*, who had flock'd to the Mole to see them take Shipping. After the Prayers, was melodiously sung a *Psalm* of the Holy King *David*, which begins, *When Israel went out of Egypt*; and that being ended, Tables were plac'd upon Deck, and a Feast speedily serv'd up. The *Tolassians* who had also born a Chorus in the *Psalm*, caus'd store of belly-Timber to be brought out of their Houses. All drank to them, they drank to all; which was the cause that none of the whole Company gave up what they had eaten, nor were Sea-sick with a pain at the Head and Stomach, which inconveniency they could not so easily have prevented by drinking, for some time before, Salt water either alone or mixt with Wine, using Quinces, Citron-peel, Juice of Pomgranats, sowrish Sweet-Meats, fasting a long time, covering their Stomachs with Paper; or following such other idle Remedies, as foolish Physicians prescribe to those that go to Sea.

Having often renewed their Tiplings, each Mother's Son retired on board his own Ship, and set Sail all so fast with a merry Gale at South East, to which point of the Compass

the Chief Pilot *James Boyer* by Name, had shap'd his Course, and fixt all things accordingly. For seeing that the Oracle of the *Holy Bottle* lay near *Catay*, in the upper *India*, his advice and that of *Xenomanes* also, was, not to steer the Course which the *Portuguese* use, while sayling through the *Torrid Zone*, and *Cape Bona Speranza* at the South point of *Africk* beyond the *Equinoctial Line*, and losing sight of the Northern Pole their Guide, they make a prodigious long Voyage; but rather to keep as near the Parallel of the said *India* as possible, and to tack to the Westward of the said Pole, so that winding under the North, they might find themselves in the Latitude of the Port of *Olone*, without coming nearer it for fear of being shut up in the Frozen Sea; whereas following this Canonical Turn by the said Parallel, they must have that on the right to the Eastward, which at their departure was on their left.

This prov'd a much shorter Cut; for without Ship-wreck, Danger, or loss of Men, with uninterrupted good Weather, except one day near the Island of the *Macreons*, they perform'd in less than four Months the Voyage of Upper *India*, which the *Portuguese*, with a thousand Inconveniencies and innumerable Dangers, can hardly compleat in three Years. And it is my Opinion, with Submission to better Judgments, that this Course was perhaps steered by those *Indians* who Sail'd to

Gey-

6 RABELAIS's Book IV.

Germany, and were honourably received by the King of the *Swedes*, while *Quintus Metellus Celer* was Proconsul of the *Gauls*, as *Corn. Nepos*, *Pomponius Mela*, and *Pliny* after them tell us.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

*How Pantagruel bought many Rarities
in the Island of Medamothy.*

THat day and the two following, they neither discovered Land nor any thing new; for they had formerly Sailed that way; but on the fourth they made an Island called *Medamothy*, of a fine and delightful Prospect, by reason of the vast number of Light-Houses and high Marble Towers in its Circuit, which is not less than that of *Canada*. *Pantagruel*, enquiring who Govern'd there, heard that it was King *Philophanes*, absent at that time upon account of the Marriage of his Brother *Philosbeamon* with the *Infanta* of the Kingdom of *Engys*.

Hearing this, he went ashore in the Harbour, and while every Ship's Crew Water'd, pass'd his time in viewing divers Animals, Fishes, Birds, and other exotick and foreign Merchandises which were along the Walks of the Mole, and in the Markets of the Port. For it was the third day of the great and famous Fair of the Place, to which the chief Merchants of *Africa* and *Asia* resorted. Out of these *Fryar Jhon* bought him two rare Pictures, in one of which, the Face of a Man that brings

brings in an Appeal, was drawn to the Life, and in the other, a Servant that wants a Master, with every needful Particular, Action, Countenance, Looks, Gate, Feature and Deportment, being an Original, by Master *Charles Charmois*, Principal Painter to King *Megistus*; and he paid for them in the Court Fashion, with *Congé* and *Grimace*. *Panurge* bought a large Picture copied and done from the Needle-Work formerly wrought by *Philomela*, shewing to her Sister *Progne* how her Brother-in Law *Tereus* had by force hanfell'd her Copy-hold, and then cut out her Tongue, that she might not (as Women will) tell tales. I vow and swear by the handle of my Paper Lanthorn, that it was a gallant, a mirific, nay a most admirable Piece. Nor do you think, I pray you, that in it was the Picture of a Man playing the Beast with two Backs with a Female, this had been too silly and gross; no, no; 'twas another-guise thing, and much plainer. You may if you please, see it at *Theleme* on the left hand, as you go into the high Gallery. *Epistemon* bought another wherein were painted to the Life, the *Ideas* of *Plato* and the *Atoms* of *Epicurus*. *Rizotome* purchased another, wherein *Echo* was drawn to the Life. *Pantagruel* caused to be bought by *Gymnast*, the Life and Deeds of *Achilles* in seventy eight pieces of Tapestry four Fathom long and three Fathom broad, all of *Phrygian* Silk imbois'd with Gold
and

and Silver; the Work beginning at the Nuptials of *Peletus* and *Tbetis*, continuing to the Birth of *Achilles*; his Youth described by *Statius Papinius*; his Warlike Atchievements celebrated by *Homer*; his Death and Exequies written by *Ovid* and *Quintus Calaber*; and ending at the appearance of his Ghost, and *Polyxene's* Sacrifice Rehearsed by *Euripides*.

He also caused to be bought three fine young Unicorns; one of them a Male of a Chestnut colour, and two grey dappled Females; also a Tarand whom he bought of a *Scythian* of the *Gelons's* Country.

A Tarand is an Animal as big as a Bullock, having a Head like a Stag, or a little bigger, two stately Horns with large Branches, cloven Feet, Hair long like that of a Furr'd Muscovite, I mean a Bear, and a Skin almost as hard as Steel Armor. The *Scythian* said that there are but few Tarands to be found in *Scythia*, because it varieth its colour according to the diversity of the places where it grazes and abides, and represents the colour of the Grass, Plants, Trees, Shrubs, Flowers, Meadows, Rocks, and generally of all things near which it comes. It hath this common with the Sea Pulp, or Polypus, with the Thoes, with the Wolves of *India*, and with the Chamælion which is a kind of a Lizard so wonderful, that *Democritus* hath written a whole Book of its

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Figure,

Figure, and Anatomy, as also of its Virtue and Propriety in Magick. This I can affirm, that I have seen it change its colour not only at the approach of things that have a colour, but by its own voluntary impulse, according to its fear or other affections: as for example, upon a green Carpet, I have seen it certainly become green; but having remain'd there some time, it turn'd yellow, blue, tann'd, and purple in course, in the same manner as you see a Turkey Cock's Comb change colour according to its Passions. But what we found most surprizing in this Tarand, is, that not only its Face and Skin, but also its Hair could take whatever colour was about it. Near *Panurge* with his Kersey Coat, its Hair used to turn gray; near *Pantagruel* with his Scarlet Mantle, its Hair and Skin grew red; near the *Pilot* dress'd after the fashion of the *Isiacs* of *Anubis* in *Egypt*, its Hair seem'd all white; which two colours the Chamælion can't borrow.

When the Creature was free from any fear or affection, the colour of its Hair was just such as you see that of the Asses of *Meung*.

C H A P. III.

How Pantagruel received a Letter from his Father Gargantua, and of the strange way to have speedy News from far distant places.

WHILE *Pantagruel* was taken up with the Purchase of those foreign Animals, the noise of ten Guns and Culverins, together with a loud and joyful Cheer of all the Fleet was heard from the Mole. *Pantagruel* look'd towards the Haven, and perceived that this was occasioned by the Arrival of one of his Father *Gargantua's* *Celoces*, or Advice-Boat named the *Cbelidonia*, because on the Stern of it, was Carv'd in *Corinthian* Brass a Sea Lark, which is a Fish as large as a Dare-fish of *Loire*, all Flesh and no Bone, with cartilaginous Wings (like a Batt's) very long and broad, by the means of which, I have seen them fly about three Fathom above Water about a Bow-shot. At *Marseillis* 'tis call'd *Lendole*. And indeed that Snip was as light as a Lark, so that it rather seem'd to fly on the Sea than to Sail. *Malicorn*, *Gargantua's* Esq; Carver, was come in her, being sent expressly by his Master to have an Account of his Son's Health and Circumstances, and to bring him Credentials. When *Malicorn* had Saluted *Pantagruel*, before the

Prince opened the Letters, the first thing he said to him, was, Have you here the *Goxal*, the Heavenly Messenger? Yes, Sir, said he, here it is swaddled up in this Basket. It was a grey Pigeon taken out of *Gargantua's* Dove-House, whose youngones were just hatch'd when the Advice-Boat was going off.

If any ill Fortune had befallen *Pantagruel*, he would have fastened some black Ribbon to its Feet, but because all things had succeeded happily hitherto, having caus'd it to be undrest, he ty'd to its Feet a white Ribbon, and without any further delay, let it loose. The Pigeon presently flew away cutting the Air with an Incredible speed, as you know that there is no flight like a Pigeon's, especially when it hath Eggs or Young Ones, through the extreame care which Nature hath fixt in it to relieve, and be with its Young, insomuch, that in less than two hours it compass'd in the Air, the long Tract which the Advice Boat with all her diligence, with Oars and Sails, and a fair Wind, had gone through in no less than three Days and three Nights, and was seen (as it went into the Dove-House) in its Nest. Whereupon *Gargantua* hearing that it had the white Ribbon on, was joyful and secure of his Son's wellfare. This was the Custom of the Noble *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, when they would have speedy News of something of great Concern, as the event of some Battel either by Sea or Land;

the

the Surrendring or Holding out of some strong Place; the determination of some difference of Moment; the safe or unhappy Delivery of some Queen or great Lady; the Death or Recovery of their sick Friends or Allies, and so forth. They used to take the *Goxal*, and had it carried from one to another by the Post, to the places whence they desir'd to have News. The *Goxal* bearing either a black or white Ribbon, according to the Occurrences and Accidents, us'd to remove their doubts at its return, making in the space of one hour, more way through the Air, than thirty Post-Boys could have done in one natural day. May not this be said to redeem and gain time with a vengeance, think you? For the like Service therefore, you may believe as a most true thing, that, in the Dove-Houses of their Farms, there were to be found all the year long, store of Pigeons hatching Eggs or rearing their young. Which may be easily done in *Aviaries* and *Voleries*, by the help of *Saltpeter* and the Sacred Herb *Pervain*.

The *Goxal* being let fly, *Pantagruel* perus'd his Father *Gargantua's* Letter, the Contents of which were as followeth.

My Dearest Son,

THe Affection that naturally a Father bears a beloved Son, is so much increased in me, by reflecting on the particular Gifts which by the Divine Goodness have been heaped on thee, that shortly thy Departure, it hath often banished all other Thoughts out of my Mind; leaving my Heart wholly possess'd with fear, lest some misfortune has attended thy Voyage: for thou knowest that fear was ever the attendant of true and sincere Love. Now because (as Heliod saith) A good beginning of any thing is the half of it; or, well begun's half done, according to the old saying, to free my Mind from this anxiety, I have expressly dispatched Malicorne, that he may give me a true account of thy Health at the beginning of thy Voyage. For if it be good, and such as I wish it, I shall easily foresee the rest.

I have met with some diverting Books, which the Dearer will deliver thee, thou mayst read them when thou wantest to unbend and ease thy Mind from thy better Studies: He will also give thee at large the News at Court. The Peace of the Lord be with thee. Remember me to Panurge, Fozar Jhon, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, and thy other principal Domesticks. Dated at our Paternal Seat this 13th day of June. Thy Father and Friend,

Gargantua.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

How Pantagruel writ to his Father Gargantua, and sent him several Curiosities.

Pantagruel having perused the Letter, had a long Conference with the Esquire Malicorn, inſomuch, that Panurge at laſt interrupting them, ask'd him, Pray, Sir, when do you deſign to drink? When ſhall we drink? When ſhall the Worſhipful Esquire drink? What a Devil have you not talk'd long enough to drink? 'Tis a good motion, answered Pantagruel, go, get us ſomething ready at the next Inn; I think 'tis the Centaur. In the mean time he writ to Gargantua as followeth, to be ſent by the aforeſaid Esquire.

Moſt Gracious Father,

Our Sences and Animal Faculties are more diſcompos'd at the News of Events unexpected, tho' deſir'd (even to an immediate diſſolution of the Soul from the Body) than if theſe accidents had been foreſeen; ſo the coming of Malicorn hath much ſurprized and diſordered me. For I had no hopes to ſee any of your Servants, or to hear from you, before I had finiſhed our Voyage,

and contented my self with the dear remembrance of your August Majesty, deeply impress'd in the hindmost Ventricle of my Brain, often representing you to my Mind.

But since you have made me happy beyond expectation, by the perusal of your Gracious Letter, and the Faith I have in your Esquire hath reviv'd my Spirits by the News of your well-fare; I am as it were compell'd to do what formerly I did freely, that is, first to praise the Blessed Redeemer, who by his Divine Goodness preserves you in this long enjoyment of perfect Health; then to return you eternal Thanks for the fervent Affection which you have for me your most humble Son and unprofitable Servant.

Formerly a Roman, named Furnius, said to Augustus who had received his Father into Favour, and Pardoned him after he had sided with Anthony, that by that Action the Emperer had reduc'd him to this extremity, That for want of power to be Grateful, both while he lived and after it, he should be obliged to be tax'd with Ingratitude: So I may say, That the excess of your Fatherly Affection, drives me into such a streight, that I shall be forced to live and die ungrateful; unless that Crime be redress'd by the Sentence of the Stoicks, who say, That there are three parts in a Benefit, the one of the Giver, the other of the Receiver, the third of the Remunerator; and that the Receiver rewards the Giver when he freely receives the Benefit, and always remembers it;

as on the contrary, That Man is most ungrateful who despises and forgets a Benefit. Therefore, being overwhelmed with infinite Favours, all proceeding from your extream goodness, and on the other side wholly incapable of making the smallest Return, I hope at least to free my self from the imputation of Ingratitude, since they can never be blotted out of my Mind; and my Tongue shall never cease to own, that, to thank you as I ought, transcends my Capacity.

As for us, I have this assurance in the Lord's Mercy and Help, that the end of our Voyage will be answerable to its beginning, and so it will be entirely performed in Health and Mirth. I will not fail to set down in a Journal a full Account of our Navigation, that at our return, you may have an exact Relation of the whole.

I have found here a Scythian Tarand, an Animal strange and wonderful for the variations of colour on its Skin and Hair, according to the distinction of neighbouring things: It is, as tractable and easily kept as a Lamb; be pleased to accept of it.

I also send you three young Unicorns, which are the tamest of Creatures.

I have confer'd with the Esquire, and taught him how they must be fed; these cannot graze on the Ground, by reason of the long Horn on their Fore-head, but are forced to brouge on Fruit-Trees, or on proper Racks, or to be fed by Hand with Herbs, Sheaves, Apples, Pears, Barly, Fye, and other Fruits, and Roots being plac'd before them.

I am amazed that Ancient Writers shou'd report them to be so Wild, Furious and Dangerous, and never seen alive: far from it, you will find that they are the mildest things in the Wor'd, provided they are not maliciously offended, Likewise, I send you the Life and Deeds of Achilles in curious Tapistry; assuring you that whatever Rarities of Animals, Plants, Birds, or precious Stones, and others, I shall be able to find and purchase in our Trade's, shal be brought to you, God willing, whom I beseech by his blessed Grace, to preserve you. From Medamothy, this 16th of June. Penurge, Fryar Jhon, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, Eulhenes, Rhizotome, and Carpalim, having most humbly kiss'd your Hand, return your Salute a thousand times.

Your most Dutiful Son and Servant,

Pantagruel.

While*Pantagruel was writing this Letter, Malicorn was made welcom by all with a thousand goodly Good-Morows and How-d'y's; they clung about him so, that I cannot tell you how much they made of him, how many Humble Services, how many from my Love and to my Love were sent with him. Pantagruel having writ his Letters sat down at Table with him, and afterwards presented him with a large Chain of Gold weigbing eight hundred Crowns; between

tween whose Septenary Links, some large Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, *Turky Stones*, and Unions were alternatively set in. To each of his Bark's Crew, he ordered to be given five hundred Crowns. To *Gargantua* his Father, he sent the Tarand covered with a Cloth of Gold, brocaded with Sattin, and the Tapistry containing the Life and Deeds of *Achilles*, with the three Unicorns in Friz'd Cloth of Gold Trappings. And so they left *Medamorby*. *Malicorn* to return to *Gargantua*; *Pantagruel* to proceed in his Voyage, during which, *Epistemon* read to him the Books which the Esquire had brought: And because he found them jovial and pleasant, I shall give you an Account of them, if you earnestly desire it.

CHAP. V.

How Pantagruel met a Ship with Passengers returning from Lantern-Land.

ON the fifth day we began already to wind by little and little about the *Pole*, going still farther from the *Equinoctial Line*,

we

we discovered a Merchant Man to the Windward of us. The joy for this was not small on both sides, in hopes to hear News from Sea, and those in the Merchant-Man from Land. So we bore upon 'em, and coming up with them, we Hal'd them, and finding them to be *Frenchmen* of *Xainsonge*, back'd our Sails and lay by to talk to them. *Pansagruel* heard that they came from *Lantern-Land*, which added to his joy, and that of the whole Fleet. We enquir'd about the State of that Country, and the way of living of the *Lanterns*, and were told, that about the latter end of the following *July*, was the time prefix'd for the meeting of the General Chapter of the *Lanterns*; and that if we arrived there at that time, as we might easily, we should see a Handsom, Honourable, and Jolly Company of *Lanterns*, and that great Preparations were making, as if they intended to *Lanternise* there to the purpose. We were told also, That if we touch'd at the great Kingdom of *Gebarin*, we should be Honourably received and Treated by the Sovereign of that Country, King *Obabé*, who as well as all his Subjects, speaks *Touraine French*.

While we were listening to these News, *Panurge* fell out with one *Dingdong* a Drover or Sheep-Merchant of *Taillebourg*. The occasion of the Fray was thus.

This

This same *Dingdong* seeing *Panurge* without a Codpiece, with his Spectacles fastened to his Cap, said to one of his Comrades, Prithee, look, is not there here a fine Medal of a Cuckold? *Panurge* by reason of his Spectacles, as you may well think, heard more plainly by half with his Ears than usually; which caused him (hearing this) to say to the sawcy Dealer in Mutton, in kind of a Pet;

How the Devil should I be one of the Hornified Fraternity, since I am not yet a Brother of the Marriage Nonse, as thou art, as I guess by thy ill-favoured Phyz?

Yea verily, quoth the Grazier, I am Married, and would not be otherwise for all the pairs of Spectacles in *Europe*; nay, not for all the Magnifying Gim-Cracks in *Africa*; for I have got me the Cleverest, Prettiest, Handsomest, Properest, Neatest, Tightest, Honestest, and Soberest piece of Woman's Flesh for my Wife, that is in all the whole Country of *Xaintonge*, I'll say that for her, and a Fart for all the rest. I bring her home a fine and eleven inch long branch of Red Coral, for her *Christmas-Box*, what hast thou to do with it? What's that to thee? Who art thou? Whence comest thou, O dark Lanthorn of Antichrist? Answer if thou art of God? I ask thee, by the way of *Question*, said *Panurge* to him very seriously, if with the Consent and Countenance of all the Elements, I had Gingumbob'd, Codpiec'd, and
Thump-

Thumphthumpriggledtickledtwidi'd thy so Clever, so Pretty, so Handsom, so Proper, so Neat, so Tight, so Honest, and so Sober Female Importance, insomuch, that the Stiff Deity that has no fore-cast, *Priapus*, (who dwells here at Liberty, all Subjection of tastened Codpieces or Bolts, Bars, and Locks, Abdicated) remain'd sticking in her Natural *Christmas-Box* in such a lamentable manner, that it were never to come out, but Eternally should stick there, unless thou didst pull it out with thy Teeth; what wouldst thou do? Wouldst thou everlastingly leave it there, or wouldst thou pluck it out with thy Grinders? Answer me, O thou Ram of *Mabomet*, since thou art one of the Devil's Gang. I would, reply'd the Sheep-Monger, take thee such a woundy cut on this Spectacle-bearing Lug of thine, with my trusty Bilbo, as would smite thee dead as a Herring. Thus having taken Pepper in the Nose, he was lugging out Sword; but alas, Curs'd Cows have short Horns, it stuck in the Scabbard; as you know that at Sea, cold Iron will easily take rust, by reason of the excessive and Nitrous moistness. *Panurge* so smitten with Terror, that his Heart sunk down to his Midriff, scower'd off to *Pantagruel* for help: But Friar *Jhon* laid hand on his flashing Scymiter that was new ground, and would certainly have dispatch'd *Dingdong* to rights, had not the Skipper and some of his Passengers beseech'd *Pantagruel*

gruel not to suffer such an outrage to be committed on Board his Ship. So the matter was made up, and *Panurge* and his Antagonist shak'd Fists, and drank in course to one another, in token of a perfect Reconciliation.

C H A P. VI.

How the Fray being over, Panurge Cheapened one of Dingdong's Sheep.

THis Quarrel being hush'd, *Panurge* tipp'd the wink upon *Epistemon* and *Finar Jhon*, and taking them aside; Stand at some distance out of the way, said he, and take your share of the following Scene of Mirth; you shall have rare sport anon, if my Cake ben't Dough, and my Plot do but take. Then addressing himself to the Drover, he took off to him a Bumper of good *Lantern Wine*. The other pledg'd him briskly and courteously. This done, *Panurge* earnestly entreated him to sell him one of his Sheep: But the other answered him, Is it come to that, Friend and Neighbour, would you put tricks upon Travellers? Alas, how
finely

finely you love to play upon poor Folk ! Nay, you seem a rare Chapman, that's the truth on't. Oh what a mighty Sheep-Merchant you are ! In good faith you look liker one of the Diving Trade than a buyer of Sheep. Adzookers, what a Blessing it would be to have ones Purse well lin'd with Chink near your Worship at a Tripe-House when it begins to thaw ! Humph, Humph, did not we know you well, you might serve one a slippery trick ! Pray do but see, good People, what a mighty Conjuror the fellow would be reckon'd. Patience, said *Panurge* ; but waving that, be so kind as to sell me one of your Sheep, come, how much ? What do you mean, Master of mine, answered the other ? They are long Wool Sheep, from these did *Jason* take his *Golden Fleece*. The Gold of the House of *Burgundy* was drawn from them. Zwoons, Man, they are Oriental Sheep, Topping Sheep, Fatted Sheep, Sheep of Quality. Be it so, said *Panurge*, but sell me one of them, I beseech you, and that for a cause, paying you ready Money upon the Nail, in good and lawful Occidental Currant Cash ; wilt say how much ? Friend, Neighbour, answered the Seller of Mutton, hark'e me a little, on the other Ear.

Panurge. On which side you please ; I hear you.

Dingdong. You are a going to *Lantern-Land*, they say.

Panurge.

Panurge. Yea verily.

Ding. To See Fashions?

Panurge. Even so.

Ding. And be Merry?

Panurge. And be Merry.

Ding. Your Name is as I take it, *Robin Mutton*?

Panurge. As you please for that, sweet Sir.

Ding. Nay, without offence.

Panurge. So I would have it.

Ding. You are, as I take it, the King's Jester, are n't you?

Panurge. Ay, ay, any thing.

Ding. Give me your Hand, — humph, humph, you go to see Fashions, you are the King's Jester, your Name is *Robin Mutton*! Do you see this same Ram? His Name too is *Robin*. Here *Robin, Robin, Robin*? Baea, Baea, Baea, hath he not a rare Voice?

Panurge. Ay marry has he, a very fine and harmonious Voice.

Ding. Well, this bargain shall be made between you and me, Friend, and Neighbour, we will get a pair of Scales, then you *Robin Mutton* shall be put into one of them, and *Tup Robin* into the other. Now I'll hold you a Peck of *Busch Oysters*, that in Weight, Value, and Price, he shall outdo you, and you shall be found light in the very numerical manner, as when you shall be Hang'd and Suspended.

Patience, said *Panurge*, but you would do much

much for me, and your whole Posterity, if you would Chaffer with me for him, or some other of his Inferiors. I beg it of you; good your Worship, be so kind. Hark'e, Friend of mine, answered the other, with the Fleece of these your fine *Rean* Cloth is to be made, your *Lemster* superfine Wooll is mine Arse to't; meer Flock in comparison: Of their Skin the best *Cordivant* will be made, which shall be sold for *Turky* and *Montelsmart*, or for *Spanish* Leather at least. Of the Guts shall be made Fiddle and Harp Strings, that will sell as dear as if they came from *Munican* or *Aquileia*. What do you think on't, hah? If you please, sell me one of them, said *Panurge*, and I am yours for ever. Look, here's ready Cash. What's the Price? This he said, exhibiting his Purse stuffed with new *Henricuses*.

CHAP. VII.

Which if you read, you'll find how Panurge bargain'd with Dingdong.

N Eighbour, my friend, answer'd *Dingdong*, they are meat for none but Kings and Princes; their Flesh is so delicate, so Savory, and so dainty, that One would swear, it melted in the Mouth. I bring them out of a Country where the very Hogs, God be with us, live on nothing but mirabolans. The Sows in their Styes when they ly in, (saving the honour of this good Company) are fed only with Orange Flowers. But, said *Panurge*, drive a Bargain with me for one of them, and I will pay you for't like a King, upon the honest Word of a true Trojan: come come, what do you ask? Not so fast, *Robin*, answer'd the Trader, these Sheep are lineally descended from the very family of the Ram that waisted *Phrixus* and *Helle* over the Sea, since call'd the *Hellespont*. A Pox on't, said *Panurge*, you are *Clericus vel addiscens!* *Ita* is a Cabbage, and *Verè* a Leek, answered the Merchant. But *rr, rr, rrrr, rrrrr*, hoh *Robin*, *rr, rrrrrr*, you don't understand that Gibberish, do you? Now I think on't, over all the fields, where
they

they piss, Corn grows as fast as if the Lord had piss'd there; they need neither be till'd, nor dung'd. Besides, Man, your Chymists extract the best Saltpeter in the World out of their Urin: nay with their very Dung (with reverence be it spoken,) the Doctors in our Country make Pills that cure seventy eight kinds of Diseases, the least of which is the Evil of *St. Eutropius* of *Xaintes*, from which good Lord deliver us! Now what do you think on't, Neighbour, my Friend? The truth is, they cost me money, that they do! Cost what they will, cry'd *Panurge*, trade with me for one of them, paying you well. Our friend, quoth the quack-like Sheep-man, do but mind the wonders of Nature that are found in those Animals, even in a member which one would think were of no use. Take me but these horns, and bray them a little with an Iron-pestle, or with an Andiron, which you please, 'tis all one to me; then bury them wherever you will, provided it be where the Sun may shine, and water them frequently; in a few months I'll engage you will have the best Asparagus in the World, not even excepting those of *Ravenna*. Now come and tell me whether the horns of you other Knights of the Bulls Feather, have such a virtue and wonderful propriety?

Patience,

Patience, said *Panurge*. I don't know whether you be a Scholar or no, pursued *Ding-dong*: I have seen a World of Scholars, I say great Scholars that were cuckolds, I'll assure you. But hark you me, if you were a Scholar, you should know that in the most inferiour members of those Animals (which are the feet,) there is a bone (which is the heel) the *Astragalus*, if you will have it so, wherewith, and with that of no other Creature breathing, except the *Indian As*s, and the *Dorcad*es of *Libya*, they us'd in old times to play at the Royal game of Dice, whereat *Augustus* the Emperour won above fifty thousand Crowns one Evening. Now such Cuckolds as you will be hang'd e're you get half so much at it. Patience, said *Panurge*, but let us dispatch. And when, my Friend and Neighbour, continu'd the canting Sheep-seller, shall I have duely prais'd the inward Members, the Shoulders, the Legs, the Knuckles, the Neck, the Breast, the Liver, the Spleen, the Tripes, the Kidneys, the Bladder, wherewith they make Foot-balls, the Ribs, which serve in *Pigmy-land* to make little Cross-bows to pelt the Cranes with Cherry-stones, the Head which with a little Brimstone serves to make a miraculous decoction to loosen and ease the belly of costive Dogs. A Turd on't, said the Skipper to his preaching Passinger, what

a fidle fadle have we here? There is too long a Lecture by half, sell him one if thou wilt; if thou won't, don't let the Man lose more time. I hate a gibble gabble and a rimple ramble Talk, I am for a Man of Brevity. I will for your sake, reply'd the Holder-forth: but then he shall give me three Livers French Money for each, and pick and chuse. 'Tis a wondrous Price, cry'd *Panurge*, in our Country I could have five, nay six for the Money; see that you do not overreach me, Master. You are not the first Man whom I have known, to have fallen, even sometime to the indangering, if not breaking of his own Neck, for endeavouring to rise all at once. A Murrain seize thee for a blockheaded Booby, cry'd the angry seller of Sheep; by the worthy vow of our Lady of *Charroux*: the worst in this Flock is four times better than those which the *Coraxians* in *Tuitania*, a Country of *Spain*, us'd to sell for a Gold Talent each; and how much dost thou think, thou Hyberinan Fool, that a Talent of Gold was worth? Sweet Sir, you fall into a Passion I see, return'd *Panurge*: Well hold, here is your Money. *Panurge* having paid his Money, chose him out of all the Flock a fine topping Ram, and as he was hawling it along crying out and bleating, all the rest hearing and bleating in Consort star'd, to see whither their brother-

Ram

Ram should be carried. In the mean while the Drover was saying to his Shepherds : Ah ! How well the Knave could chuse him out a Ram, the whoreson has skill in Cattle ; on my honest Word I reserv'd that very piece of Flesh, for the Lord of *Cancale*, well knowing his disposition ; for the good Man naturally is overjoy'd when he holds a good siz'd handsom shoulder of Mutton, in stead of a left-handed racket in one hand, with a good sharp Carver in the other ; got wot how he belabours himself then.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How Panurge caus'd Dingdong and his Sheep to be drowned in the Sea.

ON a Sudden, you would wonder how the thing was so soon done; for my Part I can't tell you, for I had not leisure to mind it; our friend *Panurge* without any further tittle tattle, throws you his Ram over board into the middle of the Sea bleating and making a sad noise. Upon this all the other Sheep in the Ship crying and bleating in the same tone, made all the hast they could to leap nimbly into the Sea one after another, and great was the throng who should leap in first after their Leader. It was impossible to hinder them; for you know that it is the Nature of Sheep always to follow the first, wheresoever it goes; which makes *Aristotle lib. 9. de hist. animal.* mark them for the most silly and foolish Animals in the World. *Dingdong* at his wit's End, and stark staring Mad like a Man who saw his Sheep destroy and drown themselves before his Face, strove to hinder and keep them back with might and main, but all in vain; they all one after t'other frisk'd

fisk'd and jump'd into the Sea, and were lost: At last he laid hold on a huge sturdy one by the fleece upon the deck of the Ship, hoping to keep it back, and so to save that and the rest; but the Ram was so strong that it proved too hard for him, and carried its Master into the Herring-Pond, in spight of his Teeth; where 'tis supposed he drank somewhat more than his Fill: So that he was drowned, in the same manner, as one eyed *Polyphemus's* Sheep carried out of the Den *Ulysses* and his Companions: The like happen'd to the Shepherds and all their gang, some laying hold on their beloved Tup, this by the horns, t'other by the Legs, a third by the Rump, and others by the fleece; till in fine they were all of them forc'd to Sea, and drowned like so many Rats. *Panurge* on the gunnel of the Ship with an Oar in his hand, not to help them, you may swear, but to keep them from swimming to the Ship, and saving themselves from drowning, preach'd and canted to them all the while like any little Fryar *Maillard*, or another Fryar *John Burges*, laying before them Rhetorical common places concerning the miseries of this Life, and the blessings and felicity of the next; assuring them that the Dead were much happier than the Living in this vale of misery, and promising to erect a stately Cenotaphe and Honorary Tomb to every

one of them on the highest Summit of Mount *Cenis* at his return from *Lanter* land; wishing them nevertheless, in case they were not yet dispos'd to shake hands with this Life, and did not like their salt Liquor, they might have the good luck to meet with some kind Whale which might set them ashore safe and sound, on some blest'd Land of *Gotham* after a famous example.

The Ship being clear'd of *Dingdong* and his Tups: Is there ever another sheepish Soul left lurking on board, cryed *Panurge*? where are those of *Toby Lamb*, and *Robin Ram* that sleep whilst the rest are a feeding? Faith I can't tell my self. This was an old coaster's Trick: What think'st thou of it, Fryar *Ibon*; hah? Rarely perform'd, answer'd Fryar *Ibon*, only methinks that as formerly in War on the day of Battle, a double Pay was commonly promis'd the Soldiers for that Day; for if they overcame, there was enough to pay them; and if they lost, it would have been shameful for them to demand it, as the cowardly *Foresters* did after the Battle of *Cerizoles*: Likewise, my Friend, you ought not to have paid your Man, and the Mony had been sav'd. A Fart for the Money, said *Panurge*, have I not had above fifty thousand pounds worth of sport? Come now, let's begon, the Wind is fair, hark you me, my Friend *Ibon*, Never did Man do me a good Turn but I return'd
or

or at least acknowledg'd it : No, I scorn to be ungrateful, I never was, nor ever will be: Never did Man do me an ill one without rueing the Day that he did it, either in this World or the next. I am not yet so much a fool neither. Thou damn'st thy self like any old Devill, quoth Fryar Ibon, It is written *Mibi vindictam*, &c. matter of breviary, Mark ye me ; that's holy stuffe.

CHAP. IX.

How Pantagruel Arrived at the Island of Ennasin, and of the strange ways of being akin in that Country.

WE had still the Wind at South South West, and had been a whole day without making Land. On the third day at the Flyes up-rising, which, you know, is some two or three hours after the Sun's, we got sight of a Triangular Island very much like Sicily for its Form and Situation. It was called the Island of *Alliances*.

The People there are much like your Carrot-pated *Poitevins*, save only that all of them, Men, Women, and Children, have their Noses

shap'd like an Ace of Clubs. For that reason the ancient Name of the Country was *Ennasin*. They were all akin., as the Mayor of the place told us, at least they boasted so.

You People of the other World, esteem it a wonderful thing, that, out of the Family of the *Fabii* at *Rome*, on a certain day, which was the 13th of *February*, at a certain Gate, which was the *Porta Carmentalis*, since nam'd *Scelerata*, formerly situated at the foot of the *Capitol*, between the *Tarpeian Rock* and the *Tyber*, March'd out against the *Veientes* of *Etruria*, three hundred and six Men bearing Arms, all related to each other, with five thousand other Soldiers every one of them their Vassals, who were all slain near the River *Cremera* that comes out of the Lake of *Beccano*. Now from this same Country of *Ennasin* in case of need, above three hundred thousand all Relations, and of one Family, might March out. Their degrees of Consanguinity and Alliance are very strange, for being thus akin and allied to one another, we found that none was either Father or Mother, Brother or Sister, Uncle or Aunt, Nephew or Niece, Son-in-Law or Daughter-in-Law, God-Father or God-Mother to the other, unless truly, a tall flat-nos'd old fellow, who, as I perceiv'd, call'd a little shitten-ars'd Girl of three or four years old, Father, and the Child call'd him Daughter.

Their

Their distinction of degrees of Kindred was thus, a Man us'd to call a Woman my *Lean Bit*; the Woman call'd him my *Porpus*. Those, said Fryar *Thom*, must needs stink damnably of Fish, when they have rub'd their Bacon one with t'other. One smiling on a young bucksom Baggage, said, good morrow dear *Curry-Comb*: she to return him his Civility, said, the like to you my *Steed*. Hah! Hah! Hah! said *Panurge*, that's pretty well i'faith, for indeed it stands her in good stead to Curry-comb this *Steed*. Another greeted his Buttock with a farewell, my *Cafe*: she reply'd, adieu *Trial*. By St. *Winifred*'s Placker, cry'd *Gymnast*, this *Cafe* has been often try'd. Another ask'd a she Friend of his, how is't, *Hatchet*? she answer'd him, at your service, dear *Helve*. Odds Belly, saith *Carpalin*, this *Helve* and this *Hatchet* are well match'd. As we went on, I saw one who, calling his she Relation, styl'd her my *Crum*, and she call'd him my *Crust*.

Quoth one to a brisk, plump, juicy Female, I am glad to see you, dear *Tap*: so am I to find you so merry, sweet *Spiggot*, reply'd she. One call'd a Wench his *Shovel*, she call'd him her *Peal*. One nam'd his, my *Slipper*, and she him, my *Foot*. Another my *Boot*, she my *Skasoon*.

In the same degree of Kindred, one call'd his, my *Butter*, she call'd him, my *Eggs*, and they were akin just like a dish of Butter'd Eggs.

I heard one call his, my *Tripe*, and she him, my *Faggot*. Now I could not for the Hearts Blood of me pick out or discover what Parentage, Alliance, Affinity, or Consanguinity was between them, with reference to our Custom, only they told us, that she was Faggots *Tripe*. [*Tripe de Faggot*, means the smallest sticks in a Faggot.] Another Complementing his Convenient, said, yours, my *Shell*; she reply'd, I was yours before, sweet *Oyster*. I reckon, said *Carpalim*, she hath gutted his *Oyster*. Another long shank'd ugly Rogue mounted on a pair of high-heel'd Wooden Slippers, meeting a strapping, fusty squobb'd Dowdy, says he to her, how'st my *Top*? she was short upon him, and arrogantly reply'd, never the better for you, my *Whip*. By St. *Anthony's Hog*, said *Xenomanes*, I believe so, for how can this Whip be sufficient to lash this *Top*.

A College Professor well provided with Cod, and poudered and prink'd up, having a while discoursed with a great Lady, taking his leave, with these words, Thank you *Sweet Meat*; she cry'd, there needs no thanks, *Sower Sauce*. Saith *Pantagruel*, this is not altogether incongruous, for sweet Meat must have sower Sawce. A Wooden Logger-head said to a young Wench, 'tis long since I saw you *Bag*, all the better, cry'd she, *Pipe*. Set 'em together, said *Panurge*, then blow in their Arses, 'twill be a Bag-pipe. We saw
after

after that, a diminutive hump-back'd Gallant, pretty near us, taking leave of a she Relation of his, thus, Fare thee well, Friend *Hole*; she repartee'd, save thee, Friend *Peg*. Quoth Fryar *John*, what could they say more, were he all *Peg* and she all *Hole*: But now would I give something to know if every Crany of the *Hole* can be stop'd up with that same *Peg*:

A bawdy Batchelor talking with an old Trout, was saying, remember it, *Rusty Gun*. I won't fail, said she, *Scowerer*. Do you reckon these two to be akin, said *Pantagruel* to the Mayor? I rather take them to be Foes; in our Country a Woman would take this as a mortal affront. Good People of t'other World, reply'd the Mayor, you have few such and so near Relations as this *Gun* and *Scowerer* are to one another; for they both came out of one Shop. What, was the Shop their Mother, quoth *Panurge*? What Mother said the Mayor, does the Man mean? That must be some of your Worlds Affinity; we have here neither Father nor Mother: Your little paultry fellows that live on t'other side the Water, poor Rogues, Booted with wisps of Hay, may indeed have such, but we scorn it. The good *Pantagruel* stood gazing and listning, but at those words he had like to have lost all Patience; *ὡς ἔν τῷ ὁ ἰσχυροῦς Π. Μ.*

Having very exactly viewed the Situation of the Island, and the way of living of the *Ennased* Nation, we went to take a Cup

of the Creature at a Tavern where there happen'd to be a Wedding after the manner of the Country, bating that shocking Custom, there was special good Chear.

While we were there, a pleasant Match was struck up bewixt a Female call'd *Pear* (a right thing as we thought, but by some who knew better things, said to be quaggy and flabby) and a young soft Male, call'd *Cheese*, somewhat sandy. In our Country indeed we say, *Il ne fut onc tel mariage, qu'est de la Poire & du Fromage*, There's no Match like that made between the Pear and the Cheese; and in many other places good store of such Bargains have been driven. Besides, when the Women are at their last Prayers, 'tis to this day a noted saying, *That after Cheese comes nothing.*

In another Room I saw them marrying an old greasy Boot to a young pliable Buskin. *Pantagruel* was told, that young Buskin took old Boot to have and to hold, because she was of special Leather, in good case and wax'd, fear'd, liquor'd and greas'd to the purpose, eventhough it had been for the Fisherman that went to Bed with his Boots on. In another Room below I saw a young Brogue taking a young Slipper for better for worse: Which, they told us, was neither for the sake of her Piety, Parts, or Person, but for the fourth comprehensive P. Portion; the Spankers, Spur Royals, Rose-Nobles, and other

other Coriander Seed with which she was quilted all over.

C H A P. X.

How Pantagruel went ashoar at the Island of Chely, where he saw King St. Panigon.

WE sail'd right before the Wind which we had at West, leaving those odd *Aliancers* with their Ace of Clubs Snouts, and having taken height by the Sun, stood in for *Chely*, a large Fruitful, Wealthy and well Peopled Island. King *St. Panigon* first of the Name Reign'd there, and attended by the Princes his Sons, and the Nobles of his Court, came as far as the Port to receive *Pantagruel*, and conducted him to his Palace, near the Gate of which, the Queen attended by the Princesses her Daughters and the Court Ladies received us. *Panigon* directed her and all her Retinue to salute *Pantagruel* and his Men with a Kiss; for such was the Civil Custom of the Country, and they were all fairly bus'd accordingly, except Fryar *Jhon*, who stept aside and sneak'd off among the King's Officers. *Panigon* us'd all the entreaties imaginable, to perswade *Pantagruel* to tarry there that day and the next, but he would needs be gone, and excus'd himself upon the opportunity of

Wind and Weather, which being oftener desired than enjoy'd, ought not to be neglected when it comes. *Panigon* having heard these reasons, let us go, but first made us take off some five and twenty or thirty Bumpers each.

Pantagruel returning to the Port, miss'd Fryar *Jhon*, and ask'd why he was not with the rest of the Company? *Panurge* could not tell how to excuse him, and would have gone back to the Palace to call him, when Fryar *Jhon* overtook them, and merrily cry'd, Long live the Noble *Panigon*, as I love my Belly, he minds good Eating, and keeps a Noble House, and a dainty Kitchen; I have been there, Boys, every thing goes about by dozens, I was in good hopes to have stuffed my Puddings there like a Monk. What! always in a Kitchen, Friend? (said *Pantagruel*.) By the Belly of St. *Crameapon*, quoth the Fryar, I understand the Customs and Ceremonies which are used there, much better than all the formal Stuff, antick Postures, and nonsensical Fiddlefadle that must be us'd with those Women, *magni, magna, Sbitten-cumshita*, Cringes, Grimaces, Scrapes, Bowes, and Congées; double Honours this way, tripple Salutes that way, the Embrace, the Grasp, the Squeeze, the Hug, the Leer, the Smack, *baso los manos de vuestra merce, de vuestra Maesta*. You are most tarabin, tarabin *Strent*, that's down right Dutch, why all this ado?

ado? I don't say but a Man might be for a bit by the by and away, to be doing as well as his Neighbours; but this little nasty Cringing and Curtising made me as mad as any *March Devil*. You talk of kissing Ladies; by the Worthy and Sacred Frock I wear, I seldom venture upon't, lest I be serv'd as was the Lord of *Guyencharris*. What was it? said *Pantagruel*, I know him; he is one of the best Friends I have.

He was invited to a Sumptuous Feast; said Fryar *Jhon*, by a Relation and Neighbour of his, together with all the Gentlemen and Ladies in the Neighbourhood. Now some of the latter, expecting his coming, dress'd the Pages in Womens Cloths, and *finisied* them like any Babies, then order'd them to meet my Lord at his coming, near the Draw-bridge; so the *Complementing Monsieur* came, and there kiss'd the Petticoated Lads with great formality. At last the Ladies who minded passages in the Gallery, burst out with laughing, and made signs to the Pages to take off their dress; which the good Lord having observed, the Devil a bit he durst make up to the true Ladies to kiss them, but said, That since they had disguis'd the Pages, by his Great Grand-father's Helmet, these were certainly the very Foot-men and Grooms still more cunningly disguis'd. Ods Fish, *de Fur-rands*, why do not we rather remove our humanities into some good warm Kitchen.

of.

44 RABELAIS's Book IV:
of God, that Noble Laboratory? and there
admire the turning of the Spits, the harmo-
nious rattling of the Jacks and Fenders, cri-
ticise on the Position of the Lard, the tempera-
ture of the Potages, the preparation for the
Dessert, and the order of the Wine Service?
Beati Immaculati in via, matter of Breviary,
my Masters.

CHAP. XI.

Why Monks love to be in Kitchens.

THIS, said *Epistemon*, is spoke like
a true *Monk* I mean like a right
Monking Monk, not a *bemonk'd* monastical
Monking. Truly you put me in mind of
some passages that happen'd at *Florence* some
twenty Years ago in a Company of studi-
ous Travellers, fond of visiting the Learned,
and seeing the Antiquities of *Italy*, among
whom I was. As we view'd the situation and
beauty of *Florence*, the structure of the
Dome, the Magnificence of the Churches,
and Palaces, We strove to outdo one another
in giving them their due; when a cer-
tain Monk of *Amiens*, *Bernard Lardon* by
name, quite angry, scandaliz'd, and out of all
Patience,

Patience, told us, I don't know what the
 Devill you can find in this same Town,
 that's so much to be cry'd up; For my Part,
 I have look't and por'd and stared as
 well as the best of you, I think my Eye
 sight's as clear as another body's, and
 what can one see after all? There are
 fine Houses indeed, and that's all. But the
 Cage does not feed the Birds: God and
Monsieur St. Bernard our good Patron be
 with us, in all this same Town I have not
 seen one poor Lane of roasting Cooks, and
 yet I have not a little look'd about, and
 sought for so necessary a part of a Com-
 monwealth; Ay, and I dare assure you that
 I have pry'd up and down with the ex-
 actness of an Informer; as ready to num-
 ber both to the right and left how many
 and on what side we might find most roa-
 sting Cooks, as a Spy would be to reckon the
 Bastions of a Town: Now at *Amiens*, in
 four, nay five times less ground than we have
 trod in our contemplations, I could have
 shown you above fourteen Streets of roa-
 sting Cooks, most ancient, Savoury, and
 Aromatic. I can't imagin what kind of plea-
 sure you can have taken in gazing on the
Lyons, and *Africans* (so methinks you call
 their Tigers) near the *Belfrey*, or in ogling
 the *Porcupines* and *Estridges*, in the Lord *Phi-
 lip Strozzi's* Palace. Faith and Troth, I had
 rather see a good fat Goose at the Spit.
 This

This Porphyry, those Marbles are fine : I say nothing to the contrary, but our Cheescakes at *Amiens* are far better in my mind : These ancient Statues are well made ; I am willing to believe it ; but by *St. Ferreol* of *Abbeville*, we have young Wenches in our Country which please me better a thousand times.

What is the reason, ask'd Fryar *Ibon*, that *Monks* are always to be found in Kitchens ; and Kings, Emperours and Popes are never there ? Is there not, said *Rhizotome*, some latent Vertue and specific propriety hid in the Kettles, and Pans, which as the Load-stone attracts Iron, draws the *Monks* there, and cannot attract Emperors, Popes, or Kings ? or is it a natural induction and inclination, fix'd in the frocks and cowles, which of it self leads and forceth those good Religious Men into Kitchens, whether they will or no ? He would speak of forms following matter, as *Averre's* names them, answer'd *Epistemon* : Right, said Fryar *Ibon*.

I'll not offer to solve this problem, said *Pantagruel* ; for it is somewhat ticklish, and you can hardly handle it without coming off scurvily, but I'll tell you what I have heard.

Antigonus King of *Macedon* one day coming into one of the Tents, where his Cooks use to dress his Meat, and finding there *Poet Antagoras* frying a Conger, and holding the pan himself, merrily ask'd him,
Pray

Pray, Mr. Poet, was *Homer* frying Congers when he writ the Deeds of *Agamemnon*? *Antagoras* readily answer'd; But do you think, Sir, that when *Agamemnon* did them, he made it his business to know if any in his Camp were frying Congers? The King thought it an Indecency that a Poet should be thus a frying in a Kitchin; and the Poet let the King know that it was a more indecent thing for a King to be found in such a place: I'll clap another story upon the Neck of this, quoth *Panurge*, and will tell you what *Briton Villandray* answer'd one day to the Duke of *Guise*.

They were saying that at a certain Battle of King *Francis* against *Charles* the Fifth, *Briton* arm'd *Capape* to the Teeth, and mounted like *St. George*; yet sneack'd off, and play'd least in fight during the Ingagement. Blood and Oons, answer'd *Briton*, I was there and can prove it easily; nay, even where you, my Lord, dar'd not have been. The Duke began to resent this as too rash and sawcy; But *Briton* easily appeas'd him, and set them all a laughing. I gad, my Lord quoth he, I kept out of harm's way; I was all the while with your Page *Jack* sculking in a certain place where you had not dar'd hide your head as I did. Thus discoursing they got to their Ships, and left the *Island* of *Cbely*.

CHAP. XII

How Pantagruel pass'd by the Land of Petifogging, and of the strange way of living among the Catchpoles.

STEERING our course forwards the next day we pass'd by *Pettifogging*, a Country all blurr'd and blotted, so that I could hardly tell what to make on't. There we saw some *Pettifoggers* and *Catchpoles*, Rogues that will hang their Father for a Groat. They neither invited us to eat or drink, but with a multiplyed train of scrapes and cringes said they were all at our service, for the *Legem pone*.

One of our *Droggermen* related to *Pantagruel* their strange way of living, diametrically oppos'd to that of our modern *Romans*: for at *Rome* a world of Folks get an honest livelyhood by Poysoning, Drubbing, Lambasting, Stabbing and Murthering; but the *Catchpoles* earn theirs by being Thrash'd, so that if they were long without a tight Lambasting, the poor Dogs with their Wives and Children would be starv'd. This is just, quoth *Panurge*, like those who, as *Galen* tells us, cannot erect the Cavernous nerve
towards

towards the Equinoctial Circle, unless they are soundly flogg'd. By *St. Patrick's* Slipper, who ever should jirk me so, would soon in stead of setting me right, throw me off the Saddle, in the Devils Name.

The way is this, said the Interpreter, when a *Monk*, *Levite*, close fist'd *Usurer* or *Lawyer* owes a grudge to some neighboring Gentleman, he sends to him one of those *Catchpoles* or *Apparitors*, who nabs, or at least cites him, serves a Writ or Warrant upon him; thumps, abuses and affronts him impudently by natural instinct, and according to his pious instructions; in so much that if the Gentleman hath but any guts in his Brains, and is not more Stupid than a *Girin* Frog, he will find himself oblig'd either to apply a faggot-stick or his sword to the Rascal's Jobbornol, give him the gentle lash, or make him cut a caper out at the Window by way of Correction. This done, *Catchpole* is rich for four Months at least, as if *Bastinadoes* were his real harvest; for the *Monk*, *Levite*, *Usurer* or *Lawyer* will reward him roundly, and my Gentleman must pay him such swindging damages, that his acres may bleed for't, and he be in danger of miserably rotting within a stone Doublet, as if he had struck the King.

Quoth *Panurge*, I know an excellent remedy against this; us'd by the Lord of *Basché*; what is it? said *Pantagruel*. The
Lord

Lord of *Basché*, said *Panurge*, was a brave honest noble-spirited Gentleman, who at his return from the long war in which the Duke of *Ferrara*, with the help of the *French*, bravely defended himself against the fury of Pope *Julius* the II. was every day cited, warn'd and prosecuted at the Suit and for the Sport and Fancy of the fat Prior of St. *Louant*.

One morning as he was at breakfast with some of his Domestics (for he lov'd to be sometimes among them,) he sent for one *Loir* his Baker and his Spouse, and for one *Oudart* the Vicar of his Parish, who was also his Butler, as the custome was then in *France*; then said to them before his Gentleman and other Servants: You all see how I am daily plagu'd with these rascally *Catchpoles*, truly if you do not lend me your helping hand, I am finally resolv'd to leave the Country, and go fight for the *Sultan*, or the Devill, rather than be thus eternally tees'd. Therefore to be rid of their damn'd Visits, hereafter, when any of them come here, be ready you Baker and your Wife, to make your personal appearance in my great Hall in your wedding Cloaths, as if you were going to be affianc'd; here take these Ducats which I give you to keep you in a fitting Garb. As for you, Sir *Oudart*, be sure you make your personal appearance there in your fine Surplice and Stole, not forgetting your Holy

Holy Water, as if you were to wed them. Be you there also, *Trudon*, said he to his Drummer, with your Pipe and Taber. The form of Matrimony must be read, and the Bride kiss'd, then all of you, as the Witnesses use to do in this Country, shall give one another the remembrance of the Wedding, (which you know is to be a blow with your Fist, bidding the Partie struck remember the Nuptials by that token) this will but make you have the better Stomach to your Supper: But when you come to the Catchpole's turn, thrash him thrice and three fold, as you would a Sheaf of green Corn, don't spare him, maul him, drub him, lambast him, swinge him off, I pray you. Here take these Steel Gantlets covered with Kid, Head, Back, Belly, and Sides, give him blows innumerable; he that gives him most, shall be my best Friend. Fear not to be call'd to an account about it, I'll stand by you; for the blows must seem to be given in jest, as it is Customary among us at all Weddings.

Ay, but how shall we know the Catchpole, said the Man of God, all sorts of People daily resort to this Castle? I have taken care of that, reply'd the Lord. When some fellow either on foot or on a scurvy Jade, with a large broad Silver Ring on his Thumb comes to the door, he is certainly a Catchpole: The Porter having civilly let him in, shall ring the Bell, then be all ready, and come into the Hall, to act the Tragi-Comedy,

Comedy, whose Plot I have now laid for you.

That numerical day, as Chance would have it, came an old fat ruddy Catchpole; having knock'd at the Gate, and then piss'd, as most Men will do, the Porter soon found him out, by his large greasy Spatterdashies, his Jaded hollow flank'd Mare, his Bag full of Writs and Informations dangling at his Girdle, but above all, by the large Silver hoop on his left Thumb.

The Porter was civil to him, admitted him in kindly, and rung the Bell briskly. As soon as the Baker and his Wife heard it, they clapt on their best Clothes, and made their personal appearance in the Hall, keeping their Gravities like a new made Judge. The *Domine* put on his Surplice and Stole, and as he came out of his Office, met the Catchpole, had him in there, and made him suck his Face a good while, while the Gantlets were drawing on all hands, and then told him, you are come just in Pudding time, my Lord is in his right Cue; we shall feast like Kings anon, here's to be swindging doings, we have a Wedding in the House, here, drink and cheer up, pull away.

While these two were at it hand to fist, *Basché*, seeing all his People in the Hall in their proper Equipage, sends for the Vicar. *Oudart* comes with the Holy Water Pot, follow'd by the Catchpole, who as he came in to the Hall, did not forget to make good
store

store of aukward Cringes, and then serv'd *Basché* with a Writ. *Basché* gave him *Grimace* for *Grimace*, slipt an Angel into his Mutton Filt, and pray'd him to assist at the Contract and Ceremony. Which he did. When it was ended, Thumps and Fisticuffs began to fly about among the Assistants; but when it came to the Catchpole's turn, they all lay'd on him to unmercifully with their Gantlets, that they at last settled him, all stunn'd, and batter'd, bruis'd and mortify'd, with one of his Eyes black and blue, eight Ribs bruis'd, his Brisket sunk in, his *Omoplates* in four quarters, his under Jaw-bone in three pieces, and all this in jest and no harm done. God wot how the *Levite* belabour'd him, hiding within the long Sleeve of his Canonical Shirt, his huge Steel Gantlet lin'd with Ermin, for he was a strong built *Ball*, and an old Dog at Fisticuffs. The Catchpole all of a Bloody Tyger-like hue, with much ado, crawl'd home to *l'Isle Bouchart*, well pleas'd and edify'd however with *Basché's* kind reception, and with the help of the good Surgeons of the place, liv'd as long as you'd have him. From that time to this not a word of the business; the memory of it was lost with the sound of the Bells that rung for Joy at his Funeral.

C H A P. XIII.

How, like Master Francis Villon, the Lord of Basché commended his Servants.

THE Catchpole being pack'd off on blind Sorrel (so he call'd his one Ey'd Mare) *Basché* sent for his Lady, her Women and all his Servants into the Arbour of his Garden; had Wine brought, attended by good store of Pasties, Hams, Fruit, and other Table-Ammunition for a Nuncion, drank with them joyfully, and then told them this Story.

Master *Francis Villon* in his old Age, retir'd to St. *Maixent* in *Poitou*, under the Patronage of a good honest Abbot of the place. There to make sport for the Mob, he undertook to get the *Passion* acted after the way and in the Dialect of the Country. The parts being distributed, the Play having been rehears'd, and the Stage prepar'd, he told the Mayor and Aldermen, that the Mystery might be ready after *Niort* Fair, and that there only wanted Properties and necessaries, but chiefly Clothes fit for the parts; so the Mayor and his Brethren took care to get them.

Villon, to dress an old Clownish Father Grey Beard, who was to represent God the Father, begg'd

begg'd of Fryar *Stephen Tickletoby*, Sacristan to the *Franciscan* Fryars of the place, to lend him a Cope and a Stole. *Tickletoby* refus'd him, alledging that by their Provincial Statutes, it was rigorously forbidden to give or lend any thing to Players. *Villon* reply'd, That the Statute reached no farther than Farces, Drolls, Anticks, loose and dissolute Games, and that he ask'd no more than what he had seen allow'd at *Brussels* and other places. *Tickletoby*, notwithstanding, peremptorily bid him provide himself elsewhere if he would, and not to hope for any thing out of his Monastical Wardrobe. *Villon* gave an account of this to the Players, as of a most abominable action, adding, that God would shortly revenge himself, and make an example of *Tickletoby*.

The *Saturday* following he had notice given him, that *Tickletoby* upon the Filly of the Convent (so they call a young Mare that was never leap'd yet) was gone a Mumping to St. *Ligarius*, and would be back about two in the afternoon. Knowing this, he made a Cavalcade of his Devils of the *Passion* through the Town. They were all rigg'd with Wolves, Calves, and Rams Skins, lac'd and trim'd with Sheeps Heads, Bulls Feathers, and large Kitchin Tenter-Hooks, girt with broad Leathern Girdles, whereat hang'd dangling huge Cow Bells and Horse Bells which made a horrid din. Some held in their
Claws

Claws black Sticks full of Squibs and Crackers, others had long lighted pieces of wood, upon which at the corner of every street they flung whole handfuls of Rosin dust, that made a terrible fire and smoak : having thus led them about, to the great diversion of the Mob, and the dreadful fear of little Children, he finally carried them to an entertainment at a Summer-House without the Gate that leads to St. *Ligarius*.

As they came near the place, he spy'd *Tickletoby* afar off, coming home from Mumping, and told them in Maceronic Verse,

*Hic est Mumpator natus de gente Cucowli,
Qui solet antiquo scrappa s portare * bisacco.*

* a Monks double Pouch.

A Plague on his Fryarship (said the Devils then) the lowfy Beggar would not lend a poor Cope to the Fatherly Father, let us fright him. Well said, cry'd *Villon*; but let us hide our selves till he comes by, and then charge home briskly with your Squibs and burning Sticks. *Tickletoby* being come to the place, they all rush'd on a sudden into the Road to meet him, and in a frightful manner threw fire from all sides upon him and his Filly Foal, ringing and tingling their Bells, and howling like so many real Devils, hho, hho, hho, hho, brrou, rrou, rrouis, rrouis hoo, hou, hou, hho, hho, hhoi, Fryar Ste-

phen, don't we play the Devils rarely? The Filly was soon scar'd out of her seven Senses, and began to start, to funk it, to squirt it, to trot it, to fart it, to bound it, to gallop it, to kick it, to spurn it, to calcitrare it, to winse it, to frisk it, to leap it, to curvet it, with double Jirks, and bum-motions; in so much that she threw down *Tickletoby*, tho' he held fast by the Tree of the Pack-Saddle with might and main: now his Straps and Stirrups were of Cord, and on the right side, his Sandal was so entangled and twisted, that he could not for the Hearts blood of him get out his foot. Thus he was dragg'd about by the Filly through the Road, scratching his bare Breech all the way, she still multiplying her kicks against him, and straying for fear, over Hedge and Ditch; in so much that she trepan'd his thick Skull so, that his Cockle Brains were dash'd out near the *Osanna* or *Highb Cross*. Then his Arms fell to pieces, one this way, and t'other that way, and even so were his Legs serv'd at the same time: Then she made a bloody havock with his Puddings, and being got to the Convent, brought back only his right Foot and twisted Sandal, leaving them to guess what was become of the rest.

Villon seeing that things had succeeded as he intended, said to his Devils, you will Act rarely, Gentlemen Devils, you will Act rarely; I dare engage you'll top your Parts. I defie the Devils of *Saumur*, *Douay*, *Montmoril-*

lon, *Langez*, *St. Espain*, *Angers*; nay, by Gad, even those of *Poitiers*, for all their bragging and vapouring, to match you.

Likewise, Friends, said *Basché*, I foresee, that hereafter you will act rarely this Tragical Farce, since the very first time you have so skilfully hamper'd, bethwack'd, belamm'd, and bebump'd the Catchpole. From this day I double your Wages. As for you, my Dear (said he to his Lady) make your Grati-fications as you please; you are my Treasurer, you know. For my part, first and foremost, I drink to you all. Come on, box it about, 'tis good and cool. In the second place, you, Mr. Steward, take this Silver Basin, I give it you freely. Then, you, my Gentleman of the Horse, take these two Silver gilt Cups, and let not the Pages be Horse-whip'd these three Months. My Dear, let them have my best white Plumes of Feathers with the Gold Buckles to them. Sir *Oudart*, this Silver Flaggon falls to your share: this other I give to the Cooks. To the *Valets de Chambrée*, I give this Silver Basket; to the Grooms this Silver gilt Boat; to the Porter these two Plates: to the Hostlers these ten Porringers. *Truden*, take you these Silver Spoons and this Sugar-Box. You Footmen, take this large Salt. Serve me well, and I'll remember you. For on the word of a Gentleman, I had rather bear in War one hundred blows on my Helmet in the Service of
my

my Country, than be once cited by these Knavish Catchpoles, meerly to humour this same gorbelly'd Prior.

C H A P. XIV.

A further Account of Catchpoles who were drub'd at Basché's House.

FOUR days after, another young long-shank'd raw-bon'd Catchpole coming to serve *Basché* with a Writ at the fat Prior's request, was no sooner at the Gate, but the Porter smelt him out, and rung the Bell; at whose second pull, all the Family understood the Mystery. *Loire* was kneading his Dough, his Wife was sifting Meal; *Oudart* was toying in his Office; the Gentlemen were playing at Tennis; the Lord *Basché* at In and Out with my Lady; the Waitingmen and Gentlemen at Push Pin: the Officers at Lanterlue, and the Pages at Hotcockles, giving one another smart bangs. They were all immediately inform'd that a Catchpole was Hous'd.

Upon this, *Oudart* put on his Sacerdotal, and *Loire* and his Wife their Nuptial Badges. *Trudon* Pip'd it, and then Taber'd it like mad, all made haste to get ready, not forgetting the Gantlets. *Basché* went into the outward Yard; there the Catchpole meeting him, fell on his Marrowbones, beg'd of him not to

take it ill, if he serv'd him with a Writ at the Suit of the fat Prior ; and in a pathetic Speech, let him know that he was a publick person, a Servant to the Monking Tribe, Apparitor to the *Abbatial* Mytre, ready to do as much for him, nay, for the least of his Servants, whensoever he would imploy and use him.

Nay, truly, said the Lord, you shall not serve your Writ till you have tasted some of my good *Quinquenays* Wine and been a Witness to a Wedding which we are to have this very minute. Let him drink and refresh himself, added he, turning towards the *Levitical* Butler, and then bring him into the Hall. After which, Catchpole well stuffed and moisten'd, came with *Oudart* to the place where all the Actors in the Farce stood ready to begin. The sight of their Game set them a laughing, and the Messenger of mischief grinn'd also for Company's sake. Then the Mysterious words were mutter'd to and by the Couple, their Hands joyn'd, the Bride buss'd, and all besprinkled with Holy Water. While they were bringing Wine and Kickshaws, Thumps began to trot about by dozens. The Catchpole gave the *Levite* several blows. *Oudart* who had his Gantlet hid under his Canonical Shirt draws it on like a Mitten, and then with his clenched Fist, smote he fell on the Catchpole, and maul'd him like a Devil ;
the

the junior Gantlets dropt on him likewise like so many battering Rams. Remember the Wedding by this, by that, by these blows, said they. In short they stroak'd him so to the purpose that he pist Blood out at Mouth, Nose, Ears, and Eyes, and was bruis'd, sore, batter'd, bebump'd, and crippled at the Back, Neck, Breast, Arms, and so forth. Never did the Batchelors at *Avignon* in Carnival time play more melodiously at *Rapbe*, than was then play'd on the Catchpole's Microcosm : at last down he fell.

They threw a great deal of Wine on his Snout, ty'd round the Sleeve of his Doublet a fine yellow and green Favour, and got him upon his snotty Beast, and God knows how he got to *l'Isle Bouchart*, where I cannot truly tell you whether he was dress'd and look'd after or no both by his Spouse and the able Doctors of the Country, for the thing never came to my Ears.

The next day they had a third part to the same Tune, because it did not appear by the lean Catchpole's Bag, that he had serv'd his Writ. So the fat Prior sent a new Catchpole at the head of a brace of Bums for his *Guard du Corps* to Summon my Lord. The Porter ringing the Bell, the whole Family was overjoy'd, knowing that it was another Rogue. *Basché* was at Dinner with his Lady and the Gentlemen, so he sent for the Catchpole, made him sit by him, and the Bums

by the Women, and made them eat till their Bellies crack'd with their Breeches unbutton'd. The Fruit being serv'd, the Catchpole arose from Table, and before the Bums cited *Basché*, *Basché* kindly ask'd him for a Copy of the Warant, which the other had got ready: He then takes Witness and a Copy of the Summons. To the Catchpole and his Bums he order'd four Ducats for Civility Money. In the mean time all were withdrawn for the Farce. So *Trudon* gave the Alarm with his Tabor. *Basché* desir'd the Catchpole to stay and see one of his Servants married, and witness the Contract of Marriage, paying him his Fee. The Catchpole flap dash was ready, took out his Ink-horn, got Paper immediately, and his Bums by him.

Then *Loire* came into the Hall at one door, and his Wife with the Gentlewomen at another in Nuptial Accoutrements. *Oudart*, in *Pontificalibus* takes them both by the hands, asketh them their will; giveth them the Matrimonial Blessing, and was very Liberal of Holy Water. The Contract Written, Sign'd, and Register'd, on one side was brought Wine and Comfits; on the other; White and Orange-tauny-colour'd Favours were distributed; on another, Gantlets privately handed about.

C H A P. XV.

*How the Ancient Custom at Nuptials
is renewed by the Catchpole.*

THe Catchpole having made shift to get down a swindging Streaker of Briton Wine, said to *Basché*, Pray, Sir, what do you mean? You do not give one another the Memento of the Wedding. By St. *Joseph's* Wooden Shoe all good Customs are forgot. We find the Form, but the Hare's scamper'd; and the Nest, but the Birds are flown. There are no true Friends now-a-days. You see how in several Churches the Ancient Laudable Custom of Tippling on account of the blessed St. O. O. at *Christmast* is come to nothing. The World is in its Dotage, and Doomsday is certainly coming all so fast. Now come on; The Wedding, the Wedding, the Wedding, remember it by this. This he said, striking *Basché* and his Lady, then her Women and the *Levite*. Then the Tabor beat a point of War, and the Gantlets began to do their Duty, in so much that the Catchpole had his Crown crack'd in no less than nine places. One of the Burns had his right Arm put out of joynt, and the other his upper Jaw Bone or Mandibule dislocated; so that it hid half his Chin, with a Denudation of the *Uvula*

and sad loss of the Molar, Masticatory and Canine Teeth. Then the Tabor beat a Retreat; the Gantlers were carefully hid in a trice, and sweet Meats afresh distributed to renew the Mirth of the Company. So they all drank to one another, and especially to the Catchpole and his Bums. But *Oudart* Curs'd and Damn'd the Wedding to the pit of Hell, complaining that one of the Bums had utterly disincornifistibulated his nether Shoulder blade. Nevertheless he scorn'd to be thought a Flincher, and made shift to tope to him on the square.

The Jawless Bum shrug'd up his Shoulders, joyn'd his Hands, and by signs beg'd his Pardon; for speak he could not. The sham Bridegroom made his moan, That the crippled Bum had struck him such a horrid thump with his Shoulder-of-Mutton-Fist on the nether Elbow, that he was grown quite *esperuquanchuzelubelouzerireliced* down to his very Heel, to the no small loss of Mistress Bride.

But what harm had poor I done (cry'd *Trudon* hiding his left Eye with his Kerchief, and shewing his Tabor crack'd on one side) they were not satisfied with thus poaching, black-and-bluing, and *merrambouzevezengouzequequemorgasacbaquevezinemasfreliding* my poor Eyes, but they have also broke my harmless Drum. Drums indeed are commonly beaten at Weddings;
(and

(and 'tis fit they should) but Drummers are well entertain'd, and never beaten. Now let *Belzebub* e'en take the Drum to make his Devilship a Night-Cap. Brother, said the lame Catchpole, never fret thy self, I will make thee a present of a fine, large, old Patent which I have here in my Bag to patch up thy Drum, and for Madam St. *Ann's* sake I pray thee forgive us. By'r Lady of *River*, the blessed Dame, I meant no more harm than the Child unborn. One of the Querries who hopping and halting like a mumping Cripple, mimick'd the good limping Lord *de la Roche Posay*, directed his Discourse to the Bum with the pouting Jaw, and told him, What, Mr. *Manhound*, was it not enough thus to have morcrocastebezasteverestegrigeligofcopapopondrillated us all in our upper Members with your botch'd Mittens, but you must also apply such morderegripippiatabirofreluchamburelurecaquelurintimpaniments on our Shinbones with the hard tops and extremities of your cobbl'd Shoes? Do you call this Childrens play? By the *Mass*, 'tis no Jest. The Bum wringing his Hands, seemed to beg his Pardon, muttering with his Tongue, mon, mon, mon, vrelon, von, von, like a Dumb Man. The Bride crying laught, and laughing cry'd, because the Catchpole was not satisfy'd with drubbing her without choice or distinction of Members, but had also rudely rous'd and tous'd her; pull'd off her Topping,

and not having the fear of her Husband before his Eyes, treacherously trepignemanpenillorifrizonoufresturfumbledtumbled and squees'd her lower parts. The Devil go with it, said *Basché*, there was much need indeed that this same Master King (this was the Catchpole's Name) should thus break my Wifes Back: however I forgive him now; these are little Nuptial Caresses. But this I plainly perceive, that he cied me like an Angel, and drubb'd me like a Devil. He hath something in him of Fryar *Thumpwell*. Come, for all this I must drink to him, and to you likewise his trusty Esquires. But said his Lady, why hath he been so very liberal of his manual kindness to me without the least provocation? I assure you, I by no means like it; but this I dare say for him, that he hath the hardest Knuckles that ever I felt on my Shoulders. The Steward held his left Arm in a Scarf, as if it had been rent and torn in twain: I think it was the Devil, said he, that mov'd me to assist at these Nuptials; shame on ill luck, I must needs be meddling, with a Pox; and now see what I have got by the Bargain, both my Arms are wretchedly engoulevezinemasdandbruis'd. Do you call this a Wedding? By St. *Briget's* Tooth, I had rather be at that of a *Tom T* — *d-Man*; this is o'my word e'en just such another Feast as was that of the *Lapithes*, describ'd by the Philosopher of *Samosate*. One of the Bums
had

had lost his Tongue. The two other, tho' they had more need to complain, made their excuse as well as they could, protesting that they hadt no ill design in this Dumb-founding; begging that for goodnefs sake they would forgive them, and so tho' they could hardly budge a foot, or wag along, away they crawl'd. About a mile from *Basché's* Seat, the Catchpole found himself somewhat out of sorts. The Bums got to *l'Isle Bouchard*, publicly saying, That since they were born, they had never seen an honefter Gentleman than the Lord of *Basché*, or civiller People than his, and that they had never been at the like Wedding (which I verily believe) but that it was their own faults if they had been tickled off and toss'd about from Post to Pillar, since themselves had began the beating. So they liv'd I can't exactly tell you how many days after this. But from that time to this it was held for a certain truth, That *Basché's* Money was more pestilential, mortal and pernicious to the Catchpoles and Bums, than were formerly the *Aurum Tholosanum*, and the *Sejan* Horse to those that possessed them. Ever since this, he lived quietly, and *Basché's* Wedding grew into a common Proverb.

C H A P. XVI.

*How Fryar Jhon made tryal of the
Nature of the Catchpoles.*

THIS Story would seem pleasant enough, said *Pantagruel*, were we not to have always the fear of God before our Eyes. It had been better, said *Epistemon*, if those Gantlets had fallen upon the fat Prior: Since he took a pleasure in spending his Mony partly to vex *Bascié*, partly to see those Catchpoles bang'd, good lusty thumps would have done well on his shav'd Crown, considering the horrid Concussions now-a days among those puny Judges. What harm had done those poor Devils the Catchpoles. This puts me in mind, said *Pantagruel*, of an ancient *Roman* named *L. Nativus*; he was of Noble Blood, and for some time was rich; but had this Tyrannical Inclination, that whenever he went out of doors, he caused his Servants to fill their Pockets with Gold and Silver, and meeting in the street your spruce Gallants and better sort of Beaux, without the least provocation, for his fancy he us'd to strike them hard on the Face with his Fist, and immediately after that, to appease them and hinder them from complaining to the Magistrates, he would give them as much Money as satisfied them according

according to the Law of the twelve Tables. Thus he us'd to spend his Revenue, beating People for the price of his Money. By St. Bennet's Sacred Boot, quoth Fryar *Fhon*, I will know the truth of it presently.

This said, he went on shoar, put his hand in his Fob, and took out twenty Ducats, then said with a loud voice in the hearing of a shoal of the Nation of Catchpoles, Who will earn twenty Ducats, for being beaten like the Devil? Io, Io, Io, said they all; you will cripple us for ever, Sir, that's most certain, but the Money is tempting. With this they were all thronging who should be first, to be thus pretiously beaten. Fryar *Fhon* singl'd him out of the whole knot of these Rogues in grain, a red Snout Catchpole, who upon his right Thumb wore a thick broad Silver Hoop, wherein was set a good large Toadstone. He had no sooner pick'd him out from the rest, but I perceiv'd, that they all mutter'd and grumbl'd, and I heard a young thin-jaw'd Catchpole, a notable Scholar, a pretty Fellow at his Pen, and, according to publick report, much cry'd up for his honesty at *Doctors Commons*, making his complaint, and muttering; because this same crimson Phyz carry'd away all the Practice, and that if there were but a score and a half of Bastinadoes to be got, he would certainly run away with eight and twenty of them. But all this was look'd upon to be nothing but meer Envy.

Fryar

Fryar *Jhon* so unmercifully thrash'd, thump'd and belabour'd Red-Snout, Back and Belly, Sides, Legs and Arms, Head, Feet, and so forth, with the home & frequently repeated application of one of the best Members of a Faggot, that I took him to be a dead Man; then he gave him the twenty Ducats; which made the Dog get on his Legs, pleas'd like a little King, or two. The rest were saying to Fryar *Jhon*, Sir, Sir, Brother Devil, if it please you to do us the favour to beat some of us for less Money, we are all at your Devilship's command, Bags, Papers, Pens and all. Red-Snout cry'd out against them, saying with a loud voice: Body of me, you little Prigs, will you offer to take the Bread out of my Mouth? will you take my Bargain over my Head? Would you draw and inveigle from me my Clients and Customers? Take notice, I Summon you before the Official this day se'night; I will Law and Claw you like any old Devil, that I will. ——— Then turning himself towards Fryar *Jhon*, with a smiling and joyful look, he said to him, Reverend Father in the Devil, if you have found me a good Hide, and have a mind to divert your self once more, by beating your humble Servant, I will bate you half in half this time, rather than lose your Custom, do not spare me I beseech you; I am all, and more than all yours, good Mr. Devil, Head, Lungs, Tripes,

Tripes, Guts and Garbage, and that at a Penniworth I'll assure you. Fryar *Jhon* n'er heeded his proffers, but e'en left them. The other Catchpoles were making Addresses to *Panurge*, *Epistemon*, *Gymnast*, and others, entreating them charitably to bestow upon their Carcasses a small beating, for otherwise they were in danger of keeping a long Fast : but none of them had a Stomach to it. Sometime after, seeking fresh Water for the Ship's Company, we met a couple of old Female Catchpoles of the place, miserably howling and weeping in Consort. *Pantagruel* had kept on Board, and already had caus'd a Retreat to be sounded. Thinking they might be related to the Catchpole that was bastinado'd, We ask'd them the occasion of their grief. They reply'd, That they had too much cause to weep, for that very hour from an exalted Triple Tree, two of the honestest Gentlemen in *Catchpoleland* had been made to cut a Caper on nothing. Cut a Caper on nothing ? said *Gymnast*, my Pages use to cut Capers on the Ground ; to cut a Caper on nothing, should be hanging and choaking, or I am out. Ay, ay, said Fryar *Jhon*, you speak of it like *St. John de la Palisse*.

We ask'd them why they treated those worthy Persons with such a choaking Hempen Sallat ? They told us they had only borrow'd, *alias stol'n* the Tools of the *Mas*, and hid them under the handle of the Parish.

This

This is a very Allegorical way of speaking
said *Epistemon*.

CHAP. XVII.

*How Pantagruel came to the Island
of Tohu and Bohu, and of the
strange death of Widenostrils the
Swallower of Windmills.*

THAT day *Pantagruel* came to the two
Islands of *Tohu* and *Bohu*, where the
Devill a bit we could find any thing to fry
with. For, one *Widenostrils*, a huge Giant
had swallowed every individual Pan, Skillet,
Kettle, frying-Pan, dripping-Pan, and
Brass and Iron Pot in the Land, for want
of Windmills, which were his daily food.
Whence it happen'd that somewhat before
Day, about the hour of his digestion, the
greedy Churle was taken very Ill, with a
kind of a Surfeit, or Crudity of stomach,
occasion'd (as the Physicians said) by the
weakness of the concocting faculty of his sto-
mach, naturally dispos'd to digest whole
Windmills at a gust, yet unable to consume
perfectly the Pans and Skillets; though it
had indeed pretty well digested the Kettles
and Pots, as they said they knew by the

Hy

Hypistases and *Encorejmes* of four Tubs of second hand Drink which he had evacuated, at two different times that morning. They made use of diverse remedies according to art, to give him ease: But all would not do, the Distemper prevail'd over the remedies, in so much that the famous Widenostrils dy'd that morning, of so strange a death, that I think you ought no longer to wonder at that of the Poet *Æschylus's*. It had been foretold him by the Sooth-sayers, that he would dye on a certain Day, by the ruin of something that should fall on him; that fatal day being come in its Turn, he remov'd himself out of Town, far from all Houses, Trees, or any other things that can fall, and indanger by their ruin; and stay'd in a large field, trusting himself to the open Sky, there very secure as he thought, unless indeed the Sky should happen to fall, which he held to be impossible. Yet they say that the Larks are much afraid of it, for if it should fall, they must all be taken.

The *Celtæ* that once liv'd near the *Rhine*, (they are our noble valiant *French*) in ancient times were also afraid of the Sky's falling; for being ask'd by *Alexander* the great, what they fear'd most in this World, hoping well they would say that they fear'd none but him, considering his great Atchievements, they made answer, That they fear'd nothing but the Sky's falling; however not refusing to

en-

enter into a confederacy with so brave a King: If you believe *Strabo Lib. 7.* and *Arian Lib. 1.*

Plutarch also in his book of the Face that appears on the body of the Moon, speaks of one *Phænaces* who very much fear'd the Moon should fall on Earth, and pity'd those that live under that Planet, as the *Æthiopians* and *Taprobanians*, if so heavy a Mass ever happened to fall on them; and would have fear'd the like of Heaven and Earth, had they not been duely propt up and born by the Atlantic Pillars, as the ancients believ'd, according to *Aristotles* testimony *Lib. 5. Metaphis.* Notwithstanding all this, poor *Æschylus* was kill'd by the fall of the shell of a *Tortoise*, which falling from betwixt the Claws of an Eagle high in the Air, just on his head, dash'd out his brains.

Neither ought you to wonder at the death of another Poet, I mean old Jolly *Anacreon*, who was choak'd with a grape-stone: nor at that of *Fabius* the Roman *Prætor* who was smothered with a single Goat's-hair as he was supping up a porringer of Milk. Nor at the death of that bashfull Fool who by holding in his Wind, and for want of letting out a Bumgunshot dy'd suddenly in the presence of the Emperor *Claudius*. Nor at that of the *Italian* buried on the *Via Flaminia* at *Rome* who in his Epitaph, complains that the bite of a She-Puss on his
little

little Finger was the cause of his death. Nor of that of *Q. Lecanius Bassus*, who dyed suddenly of so small a prick with a needle on his left thumb, that it could hardly be discern'd. Nor of *Quenelaus* a Norman Physician who dy'd suddenly at *Montpellier* meere-ly for having sideways took a worm out of his hand with a Pen-knife. Nor of *Philomenes*, whose Servant having got him some new Figs, for the first course of his dinner, whilst he went to fetch wine, a straggling welhung Als got into the House, and seeing the figs on the Table, without further invitation soberly fell to: *Philomenes* coming into the Room and nicely observing with what gravity the Als eat its Dinner, said to his Man who was come back; since thou hast set figs here for this reverent Guest of ours to eat, methinks it's but reason thou also give him some of this Wine to drink. He had no sooner said this, but he was so excessively pleased, and fell into so exorbitant a fit of Laughter, that the use of his spleen took that of his breath utterly away, and he immediately dy'd. Nor of *Spurius Sausseius*, who dy'd supping up a soft Egg as he came out of a bath. Nor of him who, as *Boccace* tells us, dy'd suddenly by picking his grinders with a Sage-stalk. Nor of *Philopot Placus*, who being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt; which causes perhaps many not to pay theirs,

for

for fear of the like accident. Nor of the Painter *Zeuxis* who kill'd himself with laughing at the sight of the Antick *Jobbermol* of an old hagg drawn by him. Nor in short of a thousand more of which Authors write, as *Verrius*, *Pliny*, *Valerius*, *J. Baptista*, *Fulgosius*, and *Bacabery* the elder. In short, *Gaffer Widenostriels* choak'd himself with eating a huge lump of fresh Butter at the mouth of a hot Oven, by the advice of *Physicians*.

They likewise told us there, that the King of *Cullan* in *Bobu* had routed the *Grandeess* of King *Mecloth*, and made sad work with the Fortresses of *Belima*.

After this, we sail'd by the Islands of *Nargues* and *Zargues*; also by the Islands of *Teleniabin* and *Geneliabin*, very fine and fruitful in Ingredients for Clysters: and then by the Islands of *Enig* and *Evig*, on whose account formerly the Landgrave of *Hesse* was swindg'd off with a vengeance.

C H A P. XVIII.

How Pantagruel met with a great Storm at Sea.

THE next day we espied nine Sail that came spooning before the Wind ; they were full of *Dominicans, Jesuits, Capuchins, Hermits, Austins, Bernardins, Celestins, Theatins, Egnatins, Amadeans, Cordeliers, Carmelites, Minims*, and the Devil and all of other holy Monks and Fryars, who were going to the Council of *Chefil*, to sift and garble some Articles of Faith against the new Hereticks ; *Panurge* was overjoy'd to see them, being most certain of good luck, for that day and a long train of others. So, having courteously saluted the goodly Fathers, and recommended the salvation of his precious Soul to their Devout Prayers and private Ejaculations, he caus'd seventy eight dozen of *Westphalia* Hams, Unites of Pots of Caviar, Tens of *Bolonia* Sawfages, Hundreds of *Bortargoes*, and Thousands of fine Angels, for the Souls of the dead, to be thrown on board their Ships. *Pantagruel* seem'd metagraboliz'd, dozing, out of sorts, and as melancholick as a Cat : Fryar *Jhon* who soon perceiv'd it, was enquiring of him whence should come this unusual sadness ? When the Master, whose

Watch

Watch it was, observing the fluttering of the Ancient above the Poop, and seeing that it began to overcast, judg'd that we should have Wind, therefore he bid the Boatswain call hands upon Deck, Officers, Sailers, Fore-Mast Men, Swabbers, and Cabbin-boys, and even the Passengers; made 'em first settle their Top-sails, take in their Spreet-sail; then he cry'd, in with your Top-sails, lower the Fore-sail, Tallow under the Parrels, brade up close all them Sails, strike your Top-Masts to the Cap, make all sure with your Sheeps-feet, Lash your Guns fast. All this was nimble done. Immediately it blow'd a Storm, the Sea began to roar, and swell Mountain high: The Rut of the Sea was great, the Waves breaking upon our Ships Quarter, the North West Wind bluster'd and overblow'd; boisterous gusts; dreadful clashings and deadly scuds of Wind whistled through our Yards, and made our Shrouds rattle again. The Thunder grumbled so horridly, that you would have thought Heaven had been tumbling about our Ears; at the same time it Lighten'd, Rain'd, Hail'd; the Sky lost its transparent hue, grew dusky, thick and gloomy, so that we had no other light than that of the Flashes of Lightning and rending of the Clouds: The Hurricans, Flaws and sudden Whirl-winds began to make a Flame about us by the Lightnings, Fiery Vapours, and other Aerial Ejaculations.

Oh

Oh how our Looks were full of amazement and trouble, while the sawcy Winds did rudely lift up above us the Mountainous Waves of the Main. Believe me, it seem'd to us a lively Image of the Chaos, where Fire, Air, Sea, Land, and all the Elements were in a refractory confusion. Poor *Panurge*, having, with the full contents of the inside of his Doublet, plentifully fed the Fish, greedy enough of such odious Fare, sat on the Deck all in a heap, with his Nose and Arse together, most sadly cast down, moping and half dead; invoc'd and call'd to his assistance all the Blessed he and she Saints he could muster up, swore and vow'd to Confess in time and place convenient, and then bawl'd out frightfully, Steward, *Maitre d'Hôtel*, see hoe, my Friend, my Father, my Uncle, pr'ythee let's have a piece of Powder'd Beef or Pork, we shall drink but too much anon, for ought I see, eat little and drink the more shall hereafter be my Motto, I fear. Would to our dear Lord and to our blessed, worthy, and sacred Lady, I were now, I say, this every minute of an hour, well on shoar on *Terra firma*, hale and easie. O twice and thrice happy those that plant Cabbages! O Destinies, why did you not *Spin* me for a Cabbage *Planter*? O how few are they to whom *Jupiter* hath been so favourable as to Predestinate them to plant Cabbage! They have always one Foot on the ground, and the other

other not far from it. Dispute who will of Felicity, and *summum bonum*, for my part, whosoever *plants* Cabbage, is now by my Decree proclaim'd most happy; for as good a reason as the Philosopher *Pyrro* being in the same danger, and seeing a Hog near the shoar eating some scatter'd Oats, declar'd it happy in two respects, first, because it had plenty of Oats, and besides that was on shoar. Hah, for a Divine and Princely Habitation, commend me to the Cows Floor.

Murder! This Wave will sweep us away, blessed Saviour! O my Friends! a little Vinegar. I sweat again with meer agony. Alas, the Mizen Sail's split, the Gallery's wash'd away, the Masts are sprung, the Main Top Mast Head dives into the Sea; the Keel is up to the Sun; our Shrouds are almost all broke, and blown away. Alas! Alas! Where is our main Course? *Ael is verlooren by Gods*, our Top Mast is run adrift. Alas! Who shall have this Wreck? Friend, lend me here behind you one of these Wales. Your Lanthorn is fallen, my Lads. Alas! don't let go the main tack nor the Bowlin. I hear the Block crack, is it broke? For the Lord's sake, let us save the Hull, and let all the Rigging be damn'd. Be be be bous, bous, bous. Look to the Needle of your Compass, I beseech you, good Sir *Astrophel*, and tell us if you can whence comes this Storm, my Hearts's sunk down below my Midriff. By

my troth I am in a sad fright ; bou, bou, bou,
 bous, bous, I am lost for ever. I conskite
 my self for meer madness and fear. Bou,
 bou, bou, bou, O.to to to to to ti. Bou,
 bou, bou, ou, ou, ou, bou bou, bous. I
 sink, I'm drown'd, I'm gone, good People,
 I'm drown'd.

C H A P. XIX.

*What Countenances Panurge and Fryar
 Jhon kept during the Storm.*

P*Antagruel* having first implor'd the help of
 the Great and Almighty Deliverer, and
 pray'd publickly with fervent Devotion, by
 the Pilot's advice held titely the Mast
 of the Ship. Fryar *Jhon* had strip'd
 himself to his Waistcoat, to help the Seamen.
Epistemon, Ponocrates, and the rest did as much.
Panurge alone sate on his Breech upon Deck,
 weeping, and howling. Fryar *Jhon* espy'd
 him, going on the Quarter-Deck, and said to
 him : Odzoons, *Panurge* the Calf, *Panurge*
 the Whiner, *Panurge* the Brayer, would it
 not become thee much better to lend us here
 a helping hand, than to lie lowing like a
 Cow, as thou dost, sitting on thy Stones like
 a bald breech'd Baboon ? Be, be, be, bous,
 bous, bous, return'd. *Panurge*, Fryar *Jhon*, my
 Friend,

Friend, my good Father, I am drowning, my dear Friend ! I drown ; I am a dead Man, my dear Father in God, I am a dead Man, my Friend : your cutting Hanger cannot save me from this: Alas ! Alas ! We are above *Ela*. Above the pitch, out of Tune, and off the Hindges. Be, be, be, bou, bous. Alas we are now above *G sol re ut*. I sink, I sink, hah my Father, my Uncle, my All. The water is got into my Shooes by the Collar ; bous, bous, bous, paifch, hu, hu, hu, he, he, he, ha, ha, I drown. Alas ! Alas ! Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, be be bous, bous, bobous, bobous, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Alas ! Alas ! Now am I like your Tumblers, my Feet stand higher than my Head : Would to Heaven I were now with those good, holy Fathers bound for the Council, whom we met this morning, so Godly, so Fat, so Merry, so Plump and Comely. Holos, holos, holas, alas, alas. This Devilish wave (*ma culpa, Deus*) I mean this wave of God will sink our Vessel. Alas, Fryar *3bon*, my Father, my Friend, Confession, here I am down on my Knees, *Confiteor* ; your holy Blessing, Come hither and be damn'd thou pitiful Devil and help us (said Fryar *3bon*) who fell a swearing and cursing like a Tinker, in the name of thirty Legions of black Devils, come, will you come ? Don't let us swear at this time, said *Panurge*, Holy Father, my Friend, don't swear I beseech you ; to morrow as

much

much as you please. Holos, holos, alas, our Ship leaks. I drown, alas, alas, I will give eighteen hundred thousand Crowns to any one that will set me on shoar all beray'd, and bedawb'd as I am now, if ever there was a Man in my Country in the like pickle. *Confiteor*, alas! a word or two of Testament or Codicil at least. A thousand Devils seize the Cuckoldy Cow-hearted Mungril, cry'd Fryar *Jhon*; Ods Belly, art thou talking here of making thy Will, now we are in danger, and it behoveth us to bestir our stumps lustily, or never. Wilt thou come, ho Devil? Midship-man my Friend, O the rare Lieutenant, here *Gymnast*, here on the Poop. We are by the *Mast*, all beshit now, our Light is out. This is hastening to the Devil as fast as it can. — Alas, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, alas, alas, alas, alas, said *Panurge*, was it here we were born to perish? Oh! hoh! Good People, I drown, I die. *Consummatum est*. I am sped — *Magna, gna, gna*, said Fryar *Jhon*. Fye upon him, how ugly the shitten bowler looks. — Boy, Younker, see hoyh. — Mind the Pumps, or the Devil choak thee. — Hast thou hurt thy self? Zoons, here fasten it to one of these Blocks. On this side in the Devil's name, hay — so my Boy. — Ah Fryar *Jhon*, said *Panurge*, good Ghostly Father, dear Friend, don't let us swear, you sin. Oh ho, Oh ho, be be be bous, bous, bhous, I sink, I die, my Friends.

I die in Charity with all the World. Farewell, *In manus*. Bohous bhous, bhousow-wauwaus. St. Michael of Aure! St. Nicholas! now, now or never. I here make you a solemn Vow and to our Saviour, that if you stand by me but this time, I mean if you set me ashore out of this danger, I will build you a fine large little Chappel or two between *Cande* and *Monforeau*, where neither Cow nor Calf shall feed. Oh ho, Oh ho. Above eighteen Palefuls or two of it are got down my Gullet, bous, bhous, bhous, bhous, how damn'd bitter and Salt it is. — By the virtue (said Fryar *Jhon*) of the Blood, the Flesh, the Belly, the Head; if I hear thee again howling, thou Cuckoldly Cur, I'll maul thee worse than any Sea Wolf. Ods fish, why don't we take him up by the Lugs, and throw him over board to the bottom of the Sea? Here, Sailer, ho honest fellow. Thus, thus, my Friend, hold fast above. — In truth here is a sad Lightning and Thundering; I think that all the Devils are got loose, 'tis Holy-day with 'em, or else Madam *Preserpine* is in Child's labour, all the Devils dance a Morrice.

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

*How the Pilots were forsaking their
Ships in the greatest stress of Wea-
ther.*

OH, said *Panurge*, you sin, Fryar *Jhon*, my former Crony, former, I say, for at this time I am no more, you are no more. It goes against my Heart to tell it you; for I believe this swearing doth your spleen a great deal of good; as it is a great ease to a Wood-Cleaver to cry hem, at every blow; and as one who plays at Nine Pins, is wonderfully help'd, if, when he hath not thrown his Bowl right, and is like to make a bad cast, some ingenious stander-by leans and screws his Body half way about, on that side which the Bowl should have took to hit the Pins. Nevertheless you offend, my sweet Friend. But what do you think of eating some kind of Cabirotadoes? Would n't this secure us from this Storm? I have read that the Ministers of the Gods *Cabiri* so much celebrated by *Orpheus*, *Appollonius*, *Pherocides*, *Strabo*, *Pausanias*, and *Herodotus* were always secure in time of Storm. He doats, he raves, the poor Devil, said Fryar *Jhon*. A thousand, a million, nay, a hundred millions of Devils seize the hornily'd Doddipole. Lend's a Hand

F 3

here,

here, hoh, Tiger, wouldst thou? Here on the Starboard side; Ods me, thou Buffolo's-Head stuffed with Relicks, what Ape's *Paster Noster* art thou muttering and chattering here between thy Teeth? That Devil of a Sea Calf is the cause of all this Storm, and is the only Man who doth not lend a helping Hand. By G—— if I come near thee, I'll fetch thee out by the Head and Ears with a vengeance, and chastise thee like any Tempestative Devil. Here Mate, my Lad, hold fast till I have made a double knot. O' brave Boy! Would to Heaven thou wert Abbot of *Talemouze*, and that he that is, were Guardian of *Croullay*. Hold Brother *Ponocrates*, you will hurt your self Man. *Epistlemon*, pry-thee stand off out of the Hatch-way. Methinks I saw the Thunder fall there but just now. Con the Ship, so ho—— Mind your Steerage. Well said, thus, thus, steady, keep her thus, get the Long Boat clear.—— Steady. Ods fish, the Beakhead is stav'd to pieces. Grumble, Devils, fart, belch, shite a T——d o' the Wave. If this be Weather, the Devil's a Ram. Nay, by G—— a little more would have wash'd me clear away into the Current. I think all the Legions of Devils hold here their Provincial Chapter, or are Polling, Canvassing and Wrangling for the Election of a new Rector.—— Starboard; well said.— Take heed; have a care of your Noddle, Lad, in the Devil's Name. So ho, Star-

Starboard, Starboard. Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, cry'd *Panurge*, bous, bous, be, be, be, bous, bous, I am lost. I see neither Heaven nor Earth; of the four Elements we have here only Fire and Water left. Bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, bous. Would it were the pleasure of the worthy Divine Bounty, that I were at this present hour in the Close at *Seville*, or at *Innocent's* the Pastry-Cook, over against the painted Wine-Vault at *Chinon*, though I were to strip to my Doublet. And bake the *petty Pasties* my self.

Honest Man, could not you throw me ashoar, you can do a World of good things, they say. I give you all *Salmigondinois*, and my large Shore full of Whilks, Cockles and Periwinkles, if by your industry, I ever set Foot on firm ground. Alas, alas, I drown. Hark'ee, my Friends, since we cannot get safe into Port, let us come to an Anchor into some Road, no matter whither. Drop all your Anchors, let us be out of danger I beseech you. Here honest 'Tar get you into the Chains and heave the Lead, an'c please you. Let us how how many Fathom water we are in. Sound, Friend, in the Lord *Harry's* Name: Let us know, whether a Man might here drink easily without stooping. I am apt to believe One might. Helm a lee, hoh, cry'd the Pilot. Helm a lee, a Hand or two at the Helm, About Ships with her, Helm a lee, Helm a

lee. — Stand off from the Leech of the Sail. — Hoh, Belay, here make fast below, hoh, Helm a lee, last sure the Helm a lee, and let her drive. Is it come to that, said *Pantagruel*, our good Saviour then help us. Let her lie under the Sea, cry'd *James Brabier*, our chief Mate, let her drive. To Prayers, to Prayers, let all think on their Souls, and fall to Prayers; nor hope to scape but by a Miracle. Let us, said *Panurge*, make some good pious kind of Vow, alas, alas, alas, bou, bou, be be be bous, bous, bous, Oho, Oho, Oho, Oho, let us make a Pilgrim; come, come, let every Man club his penny towards it, come on. Here, here, on this side, said Fryar *Jhon* in the Devil's name. Let her drive, for the Lord's sake unhang the Rudder, hoh, let her drive, let her drive, and let us drink, I say of the best and most cheering, d'ye hear, Steward, produce, exhibit, for d'ye see this, and all the rest will as well go to the Devil out of hand. A pox on that Wind-broaker *Æolus* with his Flusterblusters, Sirrah, Page, bring me here my Drawer (for so he call'd his Breviary) stay a little here, hawl Friend, thus. — Odzooks here's a deal of Hail and Thunder to no purpose. Hold fast above, I pray you. When have we All-Saints day? I believe 'tis the unholy holy day of all the Devil's Crew. Alas, said *Panurge*, Fryar *Jhon* damns himself here as black as Buttermilk for the noance. Oh what a good Friend I
loie

lose in him. Alas, alas, this is another gars bout than last year's. We are falling out of *Scylla* into *Charybdis*. Oho! I drown. *Confiteor*, one poor word or two by way of Testament, Fryar *Jhon* my Ghostly Father, good Mr. Abstractor, my Crony, my *Achates*, *Xenomanes*, my All. Alas I drown, two words of Testament here upon this Ladder.

C H A P. XXI.

A Continuation of the Storm, with a short Discourse on the Subject of making Testaments at Sea.

TO make ones last Will, said *Epistemon*, at this time that we ought to bestir our selves and help our Seamen, on the penalty of being drown'd, seems to me as idle and ridiculous a Maggot as that of some of *Cæsars's* Men, who at their coming into the *Gauls*, were mightily busi'd in making Wills and Codicils, bemoan'd their Fortune, and the absence of their Spouses and Friends at *Rome*, when it was absolutely necessary for them to run to their Arms, and use their utmost strength against *Ariovistus* their Enemy.

This also is to be as silly, as that Jolt-headed Loblolly of a Carter, who, having laid his Waggon fast in a Slough, down on his

Marrow-bones, was calling on the strong-Buck'd Deity *Hercules*, might and main, to help him at a dead lift, but all the while forgot to goad on his Oxen, and lay his Shoulder to the Wheels, as it behoved him, as if a *Lord have mercy upon us*, alone, would have got his Cart out of the Mire.

What will it signifie to make your Will now? For either we shall come off, or drown for't. If we scape, it will not signifie a straw to us; for, Testaments are of no value, or Authority, but by the death of the Testators. If we are drown'd, will it not be drown'd too? Pr'ythee who will transmit it to the Executors? Some kind Wave will throw it ashoar, like *Ulysses*, reply'd *Panurge*, and some King's Daughter, going to fetch a Walk in the freico on the Evening, will find it, and take care to have it prov'd and fulfil'd; Nay, and have some stately *Cenotaph* erected to my Memory, as *Dido* had to that of her good Man *Sichæus*, *Aeneas* to *Deiphobus* upon the Trojan shoar near *Rhate*; *Andromache* to *Hector* in the City of *Butbrot*; *Aristotle* to *Hermias* and *Eubulus*; the *Athenians* to the Poet *Euripides*; the *Romans* to *Drusus* in *Germany*, and to *Alexander Severus* their Emperor in the *Gauls*; *Argentier* to *Callaischre*, *Xenocrates* to *Lisidices*; *Timares* to his Son *Teleutagoras*; *Enipolis* and *Aristodice* to their Son *Theotimus*; *Onestes* to *Timocles*; *Callimachus* to *Sopolis* the Son of *Dioclides*, *Catallius* to his Brother; *Statius* to his

his Father; *Germain* of *Brie* to *Hervé* the *Breton* Tarpawlin. Art thou mad said Fryar *Jhon*, to run on at this rate? Help here, in the name of five hundred thousand millions of Cart-loads of Devils, help; may a Shanker gnaw thy Moustachio's, and three rows of Pock Royals and Colly-flowers cover thy Bum and Turd-barrel instead of Breeches and Codpiece. Codfooks, our Ship is almost overset. Ods death, how shall we clear her? 'Tis well if she don't founder. What a Devilish Sea there runs? She'll neither try, nor hull, the Sea will overtake her, so we shall never scape, the Devil scape me. Then *Pantagrue* was heard to make a sad Exclamation, saying with a loud voice; Lord save us, we perish: Yet not as we would have it, but thy holy Will be done. The Lord, and the Blessed Virgin be with us, said *Panurge*. Holos, alas, I drown, be be be bous, be bous, bous: *In manus*. Good Heaven, send me some Dolphin to carry me safe on shoar, like a pretty little *Arion*. I shall make shift to sound the Harp if it be not unstrung. Let nineteen Legions of black Devils seize me, said Fryar *Jhon* (the Lord be with us, whisper'd *Panurge* between his chattering Teeth) If I come down to thee, I'll shew thee to some purpose, that the Badge of thy Humanity dangles at a Calves Breech, thou ragged horn'd Cuckoldy Booby; magna, mgnan, mgnan: Come hither and help us thou great weeping Calf, or

may

may thirty millions of Devils leap on thee; wilt thou come, Sea-Calf? Fye, how ugly the howling Whelp looks. What always the same Ditty? Come on now my bonny Drawer. This he said, opening his Breviary, come forward, thou and I must be somewhat serious for a while, let me peruse thee stiffly. *Beatus vir qui non abiit.* Pshaw, I know all this by Heart, let's see the Legend of Monsieur St. Nicholas.

Horrida Tempestas montem turbavit acutum.

Tempest was a mighty flogger of Lads at Mountague College. If *Pedants* be damn'd for whipping poor little innocent wretches their Scholars, he is, upon my Honour, by this time fix'd within *Ixion's* Wheel lashing the croptear bobtail'd Cur that gives it motion. If they are sav'd for having whipp'd innocent Lads, he ought to be above the—

CHAP. XXII.

An End of the Storm.

SHoar, Shoar, cry'd *Pantagruel*, Land to, my Friends, I see Land, pluck up a good spirit, Boys, 'tis within a kenning, so we are not far from a Port.— I see the Sky clearing up, to the North-wards.— Look to the South-east! Courage my Hearts, said the Pilot, now she'll bear the hullock of a Sail, the Sea is much smoother, some hands aloft, to the main Top.— Put the Helm a weather.— Steady, Steady.— Hall your aftermisen bowlines.— Hawl, Hawl, Hawl.— Thus, Thus, and no near. Mind your Steerage, bring your main Tack aboard.— Clear your Sheats; Clear your bowlines; Port: Port. Helm a Lee.— Now, to the Sheat on the star-Board-side, thou Son of a Whore. Thou art mightily pleas'd, honest Fellow, quoth Fryar *Ibon*, with hearing him make mention of thy Mother: Loff, Loff, cry'd the Quarter-master that can'd the Ship, keep her full, Loff the Helm. Loff, it is, answer'd the Steer-man; keep her thus.— Get the Bonnets fixt.— Steady, Steady.

That's well said, said Fryar *Ibon*, now this is something like a Tanzy. Come, Come, Come,

Come, Children be nimble.— Good.—
 Loff, Loff.— Thus.— helm a weather.
 That's well said and thought on. Methinks
 the Storm is almost over. It was high time,
 faith; however the Lord be thanked.—
 Our Devils begin to scamper: — Out
 with all your Sails.— Hoist your Sails.—
 Hoist.— That's spoke like a Man, Hoist,
 Hoist.— Here agod's name honest *Pono-*
crates, thou'rt a lusty fornicator, the whore-
 Son, will get none but Boys. *Eusthenes*,
 thou art a notable Fellow. — Run up to
 the fore-top Saile. — Thus, Thus.—
 Well said, I faith, Thus, Thus. I dare not
 fear any thing all this while, for it is Holy-
 day. Vea, Vea, Vea! Hufah! This shout
 of the Sea-men is not amiss, and pleases me,
 for it is Holy-day: Keep her full, Thus.—
 Good. Cheer up my merry Mates all, cry'd
 out *Epistemon*, I see already *Castor* on the Right.
 Be, Be, Bous, Bous, Bous, said *Panurge*, I am
 much atraitd it is the Bitch *Helen*. 'Tis truly
Mixarchagenas, return'd *Epistemon*, If thou likest
 better that denomination which the Argives
 give him. Ho, Ho! I see Land too; let
 her bear in with the Harbour, I see a good
 many People on the Beach: I see a light on
 an *Obeliscolychny*. Shorten your Sails, said the
 Pilot, fetch the sounding-Line, we must
 double that point of Land, and mind the
 Sands.— We are clear off them, said the
 Sailers. Soon after, away she goes, quoth
 the

the Pilot, and so dorth the rest of our Fleet: Help came in good season.

By St. *John*, said *Panurge*, This is spoke somewhat like: O the sweet Word! There's the Soul of Musick in't: *Mgna, Mgna, Mgna*, said Fryar *Ibon*, If ever thou tast a drop on't, let the Devil's-Dam tast me thou Ballocky Devil. Here honest Soul, here's a full Sneacker of the very best. Bring the Flagons, Dost hear, *Gymnast*, and that same large Pasty Jambic, Gammonic, as you will have it. — Take heed you pilot her in Right.

Cheer, up cry'd out *Pantagruel*, Cheer up, my Boys: Let's be ourselves again, do you see yonder close by our Ship, two Barks, three Sloops, five Ships, eight Pinks, four Yawls, and six Frigats, making towards us, sent by the good People of the neighbouring Island to our Relief. But who is this *Ucalegon* below, that cry's and makes such a sad moan. Were it not that I hold the Mast firmly with both my hands, and keep it streighter than two hundred tacklings. — I'd. — It is (said Fryar *Ibon*) that poor Devil *Panurge*, who is troubled with a Calf's ague; he quakes for fear when his belly's full. If, said *Pantagruel*, he hath been afraid during this dreadful Hurricane, and dangerous Storm, provided (waving that) he hath done his part like a Man, I do not value him a Jot the less for it. For as to fear
in

in all Encounters, is the mark of a heavy, and cowardly Heart, as *Agamemnon* did, who for that reason, is ignominiously tax'd by *Achilles* with having Dogs Eyes, and a Stags Heart; so, not to fear when the case is evidently dreadful, is a sign of want or smallness of apprehension.

Now if any thing ought to be feared, in this Life, next to offending God, I will not say it is death; I will not meddle with the disputes of *Socrates* and the Academics, that death of it self is neither bad nor to be fear'd: But I will affirm that this kind of death by Shipwrack is to be fear'd or nothing is. For as *Homer* saith, it is a grievous, dreadful, and an unnatural thing to perish at Sea. And indeed *Aeneas*, in the Storm that took his fleet neer *Sicily*, was griev'd that he had not dy'd by the hand of the brave *Diomedes*, and said that those were three nay four times happy who perish'd with *Troy*. No Man here hath lost his Life; the Lord our Saviour be eternally prais'd for it: But in truth here is a Ship sadly out of order. Well, we must take care to have the damage repair'd. Take heed we do not run a ground: and billage her.

C H A P. XXIII.

*How Panurge play'd the Good Fellow
when the Storm was over.*

WHAT Cheer ho? fore and aft? quoth
Panurge, Oh ho! All is well; the
 Storm is over. I beseech ye, be so kind as
 to let me be the first that is set on shoar; for
 I would by all means a little untruss a point.--
 Shall I help you still, here, let me see, I'll
 coyle this Rope; I have plenty of courage,
 and of fear as little as may be. Give it me
 yonder, honest Tar——No, no, I have not a
 bit of fear. Indeed that same Decumane Wave
 that took us fore and aft somewhat alter'd
 my Pulse.——Down with your Sails, well
 said, how now, Fryar *Jhon*, you do nothing?
 Is it time for us to drink now? Who can tell
 but Sr. *Martin's* running Footman *Belzebuth*
 may still be hatching us some further mischief?
 Shall I come and help you again? Pork and
 Pease choak me, if I do not heartily repent,
 tho' too late, not having followed the Do-
 ctrine of the good Philosopher who tells us,
That to walk by the Sea, and to navigate by the
Shoar, are very safe and pleasant things; just as
 'tis to go on foot when we hold our Horse by
 the Brid'le.——Hah, hah, hah, by G——
 all goes well.——Shall I help you here too?

Let.

Let me see, I'll do this as it should be, or the Devil's in't.

Epistemon (who had the inside of one of his Hands all fleec'd and bloody, having held a Tackling with might and main) hearing what *Pantagruel* had said, told him, You may believe my Lord, I had my share of fear, as well as *Panurge*, yet I spar'd no pains in lending my helping Hand. I consider'd, that since by fatal and unavoidable necessity, we must all die, it is the blessed Will of God that we die this or that hour, and this or that kind of death; nevertheless we ought to implore, invoke, pray, beseech, and supplicate him; but yet we must not stop there; it becometh us also to use our endeavours on our side, and, as the Holy Writ saith, to *cooperate with him*.

You know what *C. Flaminius* the Consul said, when by *Hannibal's* Policy he was penn'd up near the Lake of *Peruse* alias *Tbrasymene*, *Friends* (said he to his Soldiers) *you must not hope to get out of this place barely by Vows or Prayers to the Gods; no, 'tis by Fortitude and Strength we must escape, and cut our selves a way with the edge of our Swords, through the midst of our Enemies.*

Salust likewise makes *M. Porcius Cato* say this, *The help of the Gods is not obtain'd by idle Vows, and Womanish Complaints; 'tis by Vigilance, Labour, and repeated Endeavours that all things succeed according to our Wishes and Designs.*

If a Man in time of need and danger is negligent, heartless, and lazy, in vain he implores the Gods; they are then justly angry and incens'd against him. The Devil take me, said Fryar *Fhon* (I'll go his halves, quoth *Panurge*) if the Close of *Seville* had not been all gather'd, vintag'd, glean'd and destroy'd, if I had only sung *Contra hostium insidias* (matter of Breviary) like all the rest of the Monking Devils, and had not bestir'd my self to save the Vineyard as I did, dispatching the Truant *Piccaroons* of *Lern* with the Staff of the Cross.

Let her sink or swim a Gods Name, said *Panurge*, all's one to Fryar *Fhon*, he doth nothing; his name is Fryar *Fhon Doelittle*; for all he sees me here a sweating and puffing to help with all my might this *honest Tar* first of the Name. — Hark you me, dear Soul, a word with you — but pray be not angry; how thick do you judge the Planks of our Ship to be? Some two good inches and upwards, return'd the Pilot, don't fear. Ods-kilderkins, said *Panurge*, it seems then we are within two Fingers breadth of Damnation. Is this one of the nine Comforts of Matrimony? Ah, dear Soul, you do well to measure the danger by the Yard of fear. For my part I have none on't, my name is *William Dreadnought*. As for Heart I have more than enough on't; I mean none of your Sheeps Heart; but of Wolfs Heart, the courage of a Brave; by

100 RABELAIS's Book IV.
by the Pavilion of *Mars*, I fear nothing
but danger.

CHAP. XXIV.

*How Panurge was said to have been
afraid, without reason, during the
Storm.*

GOOD morrow, Gentlemen, said *Panurge*, Good morrow to you all, You are in very good health, thanks to Heaven, and your selves? You are all heartily well come, and in good time. Let us go on shoar— Here, *Coxen*, get the Ladder over the Gunnel, Man the sides, Man the pin-nace, and get her by the Ships side.— Shall I yet lend you a hand here? I am stark mad for want of business, and would work like any two yokes of Oxen.— Truly this is a fine Place, and these look like a very good People.— Children, do you want me still in any thing, do not spare the sweat of my Body, for godsake. *Adam* (that is *man*) was made to labour and work, as the Birds were made to fly, our Lrd's Will is that we get our bread with the sweat of our brows, not idling and doing nothing like this tatterdemallion of a *Monk* here

here, this Fryar *Jack*, who is fain to drink to hearten himself up, and dyes for fear.—
 Rare weather.— I now find the answer of *Anacharsis*, the noble *Philosopher*, very proper; being ask'd what Ship he reckon'd the safest, he reply'd that which is in the Harbour: he made a yet better repartie, said *Pantagruel*, when some body inquiring which is greater, the number of the living, or that of the dead? He ask'd them amongst which of the two they reckon'd? those that are at Sea? ingeniously implying, that they are continually in danger of death, dying live, and living dye. *Portius Cato* also said that there were but three things of which he would repent; That is, if ever he had trusted his Wife with his secret, if he had idled away a day, and if he had ever gone by Sea, to a place which he could visit by Land. By this dignified Frock of mine, said Fryar *Ibon* to *Panurge*, Friend thou hast been afraid during the Storm, without cause or reason; for thou wert not born to be drowned, but rather to be hang'd, and exalted in the Air, or to be roasted in the midst of a jolly bonfire. My Lord, would you have a good Cloak for the Rain? Leave me off your Wolf and Badger-skin mantle: Let *Panurge* but be flead, and cover your self with his hide. But do not come near the Fire, nor near your Blacksmith's Forges a God's name, for in a moment you would see it in
 altho

ashes. Yet be as long as you please in the Rain, Snow, Hail, nay, by the Devil's maker, throw your self or dive down to the very bottom of the Water, I'll ingage you'll not be wet at all. Have some winter Boots made of it, they'll never take in a drop of Water; make Bladders of it to lay under Boys, to teach them to swim, instead of Corks, and they will learn without the least danger. His Skin then, said *Pantagruel* should be like the herb called, true maidens Hair, which never takes wet nor moistness, but still keeps dry, though you lay it at the bottom of the Water as long as you please, and for that reason is call'd *Adiantos*.

Friend *Panurge*, said Fryar *Ibon*, I pray thee never be afraid of Water, thy life for mine, thou art threatn'd with a contrary Element. Ay, ay, reply'd *Panurge*, but the Devil's Cooks dote some times, and are apt to make horrid blunders as well as others, often putting to boyle in water what was design'd to be roasted on the fire, like the head Cooks of our Kitchen, who often lard Partridges, Queests and Stockdoves with intent to roast them, one wou'd think, but it happens sometimes, that they s'en turn the Partridges into the Pot to be boyl'd with Cabbages, the Queests with leek Porridge, and the Stockdoves with Turnips.

But hark you me, good Friends, I protest before this noble Company, that as for the
Chappel

Chappel which I vow'd to Monsieur St. Nicholas, between Cande, and Monforeau, I honestly mean that it shall be a Chappel, alias a Lymbeck of Rosewater, which shall be where neither Cow nor Calf shall be fed, for between you and I I intend to throw it to the bottom of the Water. Here is a rare Rogue for yee, said *Eusthenes*; here's a pure Rogue, a Rogue in grain, a Rogue enough, a Rogue and a half. He is resolv'd to make good the *Italian Proverb*, *Passato el periculo è gabato el Santo*.

*The Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk wou'd be ;
The Devil was well, and the Devil a Monk he'd
be.*

CHAP. XXV.

*How after the Storm, Pantagruel
went on Shore in the Islands of the
Macreons.*

IMmediately after, we went a shoar at the Port of an Island, which they call'd the Island of the *Macreons*; the good People of the place receiv'd us very honourably. An old *Macrobius* (so they call'd their eldest Elderman) desir'd *Pantagruel* to come to the
Town-

Town-house to refresh himself, and eat something, but he would not budge a foot, from the Mole, till all his Men were landed. After he had seen them, he gave order they should all change Cloaths, and that some of all the Stores in the Fleet, should be brought on shoar that every ships Crew might live well, which was accordingly done ; and God wot how they all top'd, and carrouz'd ; the People of the place brought them Provisions in abundance The *Pantagruelists* return'd them more: As the truth is, their's were somewhat damag'd by the late Storm. When they had well stuffed the insides of their Doublets, *Pantagruel* desired every one to lend their help to repair the damage, which they readily did. It was easy enough to refit there; for all the inhabitants of the Island were Carpenters, and all such handicrafts as are seen in the *Arsenale* at *Venice*. None but the largest Island was inhabited, having three Ports, and ten Parishes; the rest being over-run with Wood, and desert, much like the Forest of *Arden*. We entreated the old *Macrobius* to shew us what was worth seeing in the Island, which he did ; and in the desert and dark Forest, We discover'd several old ruined Temples, Obelisks, Pyramids, Monuments, and ancient Tombs, with diverse Inscriptions, and Epitaphs, some of them in hieroglyphic Characters, others in the Gothic Dialect, some in the Arabic, Agarenian, Sclavonian

Slavonian and other Tongues: Of which *Epistemon* took an exact Account. In the interim *Panurge* said to Fryar *Jhon*, is this the Island of the *Macreons*? *Macreon* signifies in Greek an old Man, or one much stricken in years. What's that to me, said Fryar *Jhon*, how can I help it? I was not in the Country when they Christen'd it. Now I think on't, quoth *Panurge*, I believe the Name of *Mackrel* [that's a *Bawd* in French] was deriv'd from it: for, procuring is the Province of the old, as Buttock-riggling is that of the young. Therefore I don't know but this may be the Bawdy or Mackrel Island, the original and Prototype of the Island of that name at *Paris*. Let's go and drudge for Cock-Oysters. Old *Macrobius* ask'd in the Ionick Tongue, how, and by what industry and labour *Pantagruel* got to their Port that day, there having been such blustering weather, and such a dreadful Storm at Sea. *Pantagruel* told him, that the Almighty preserver of mankind had regarded the Simplicity, and sincere Affection of his Servants, who did not travel for Gain or fordid Profit, the sole design of their Voyage being a studious desire to know, see, and visit the Oracle of *Bacbus*, and take the word of the Bottle upon some difficulties offer'd by one of the Company; nevertheless this had not been without great Affliction, and evident danger of Shipwrack. After that, he ask'd him what he judg'd to be

the cause of that terrible Tempest, and if the adjacent Seas were thus frequently subject to Storms, as in the Ocean are the *Ratz* of *Sammaieu*, *Maumuffon*, and in the Mediterranean Sea the Gulph of *Sataly*, *Montargentan*, *Piombino*, *Capo Melio* in the *Morea*, the *Streights* of *Gibraltar*, *Faro di Messina*, and others.

CHAP. XXVI.

How the good Macrobius gave us an Account of the Mansion, and decease of the Heroes.

THE good *Macrobius* then answer'd ; Friendly strangers, this Island is one of the *Sporades*, not of your *Sporades* that lye in the *Carpathian* Sea, but one of the *Sporades* of the Ocean ; in former times rich, frequented, wealthy, populous, full of Traffick, and in the Dominions of the Ruler of *Britain* : but now by Course of time, and in these latter Ages of the world, poor and desolate as you see. In this dark Forest above Seventy eight thousand *Persian* Leagues in Compass, is the dwelling place of the *Demons* and *Heroes*, that are grown old, and we believe that some one of them dy'd Yesterday ; since the Comet, which we saw
for

for three days before together, shines no more : and now 'tis likely, that at his Death there arose this horrible Storm ; for while they are alive all Happiness attends both this and the adjacent Islands, and a settled Calm and Serenity. At the Death of every one of them we commonly hear in the Forest loud and mournful groans, and the whole Land is infested with Pestilence, Earthquakes, Inundations and other Calamities ; the Air with Fogs and obscurity, and the Sea with Storms and Hurricanes. What you tell us, seems to me likely enough, said *Pantagruel*. For as a Torch or Candle, as long as it hath Life enough and is lighted, shines round about, disperses its Light, delights those that are near it, yields them its Service and Clearness, and never causes any pain or displeasure ; but as soon as 'tis extinguished, its Smoak and Evaporation infects the Air, offends the By-standers, and is noisome to all ; so, as long as those noble and renowned Souls inhabit their Bodies, Peace, Profit, Pleasure, and Honour never leave the places where they abide ; but as soon as they leave them, both the Continent and adjacent Islands are annoy'd with great Commotions ; in the Air, Fogs, Darkness, Thunder, Hail, Tremblings, Pulsations, Arietations of the Earth, Storms and Hurricanes at Sea, together with sad Complaints amongst the People, Broaching of Regions, Changes in Governments, and Ruins of Commonwealths.

We had a sad instance of this lately, said *Eustemon*, at the Death of that valiant and learned Knight *William du Bellay*, during whose Life *France* enjoy'd so much Happiness, that all the rest of the world look'd upon it with Envy, sought Friendship with it, and stood in awe of its Power; but soon after his decease it hath for a considerable time been the Scorn of the rest of the world.

Thus, said *Pantagruel*, *Anchises* being dead at *Drepany* in *Sicily*, *Aeneas* was dreadfully tost and endanger'd by a Storm, and perhaps for the same reason *Herod*, that Tyrant and cruel King of *Judea*, finding himself near the Pangs of a horrid kind of Death, (for he dy'd of a *Phthiriasis*, devour'd by Vermin and Lice; as before him dy'd *L. Sylla*, *Phercides* the Syrian Preceptor, *Pythagoras*, the Greek Poet *Alcmaeon* and others) and foreseeing that the *Jews* would make Bonfires at his Death, caus'd all the Nobles and Magistrates to be Summoned to his *Seraglio* out of all the Cities, Towns, and Castles of *Judea*, fraudulently pretending that he had some things of moment to impart to them. They made their personal Appearance; whereupon he caus'd them all to be shut up in the *Hippodrome* of the *Seraglio*; then said to his Sister *Salome*, and *Alexander* her Husband; I am certain that the *Jews* will rejoyce at my Death, but, if you will observe and perform what I will tell you, my Funeral shall be honourable, and

and there will be a general Mourning; As soon as you see me dead, let my Guards, to whom I have already given strict Commis- sion to that purpose, kill all the Noblemen and Magistrates that are secur'd in the *Hippo- drome*. By these means all *Jewry* shall in spite of themselves be oblig'd to mourn and la- ment, and Foreigners will imagine it to be for my Death, as if some Heroic Soul had left her Body. A desperate Tyrant wish'd as much, when he said; *When I dye, let Earth and Fire be mix'd together*, which was as good as to say, let the whole world perish: Which saying the Tyrant *Nero* alter'd, saying, *While I live*, as *Suetonius* affirms it. This detestable saying, of which *Cicero lib. 3. de finib.* and *Seneca, lib. 2. de Clementia* make mention, is ascrib'd to the Emperour *Tiberius*, by *Dion Ni- ceus* and *Suidas*.

C H A P. XXVII.

Pantagruel's Discourse of the Decease of Heroic Souls; and of the dreadful Prodigies that happen'd before the Death of the late Lord de Langey.

I Would not, continu'd *Pantagruel*, have mis'd the Storm that hath thus disorder'd us, were I also to have mis'd the relation of these things told us by this good *Macrobius*. Neither am I unwilling to believe what he said of a Comet that appears in the Sky some days before such a Decease. For some of those Souls are so Noble, so Pretious, and so Heroic, that Heaven gives us notice of their departing, some days before it happens. And as a Prudent Physician seeing by some Symptoms that his Patient draws towards his end, some days before, gives notice of it to his Wife, Children, Kindred, and Friends, that, in that little time he hath yet to live, they may admonish him to settle all things in his Family, to tutor and instruct his Children as much as he can, recommend his Relict to his Friends, in her Widowhood, declare what he knows to be necessary about a Provision for the Orphans, that he may not be

Chap. XXVII. WORKS. III

be surpris'd by Death without making his Will, and may take care of his Soul and Family ; In the same manner the Heavens, as it were, joyful for the approaching reception of those blessed Souls, seem to make Bonfires by those Comets and blazing Meteors, which they at the same time kindly design should Prognosticate to us here, that in few days one of those venerable Souls is to leave her Body, and this Terrestrial Globe. Not altogether unlike this was what was formerly done at *Atkens* by the Judges of the *Areopagus*. For when they gave their Verdict to cast or clear the Culprits that were try'd before them, they us'd certain notes according to the substance of the Sentences ; by *Θ.* signifying Condemnation to Death ; by *T.* Absolution ; by *A.* Ampliation or a Demur, when the case was not sufficiently examin'd. Thus having publicly set up those Letters, they eas'd the Relations and Friends of the Prisoners, and such others as desir'd to know their Doom, of their doubts. Likewise by these Comets, as in ethereal Characters, the Heavens silently say to us, Make haste, Mortals, if you would know or learn of these blessed Souls any thing concerning the publick good, or your private Interest ; for, their Catastrophe is near, which being past, you will vainly wish for them afterwards.

The good natur'd Heavens still do more ;
and, that Mankind may be declar'd unwor-
thy of the injoyment of those Renown'd
Souls, they fright and astonish us with Pro-
digies, Monsters, and other foreboding Signs,
that thwart the Order of Nature.

Of this we had an instance several days be-
fore the decease of the Heroick Soul of the
Learned and Valiant *Chevalier de Langey*, of
whom you have already spoken. I remem-
ber it, said *Epistemon*, and my Heart still
trembles within me, when I think on the ma-
ny dreadful Prodigies that we saw five or six
days before he dy'd. For the Lords of *D'as-
fier*, *Chemant*, one-ey'd *Mailly*, *St. Ayl*, *Villeneu-
jue-la Guyart*, Master *Gabriel*, Physician of *Sa-
villan*, *Rabelais*, *Cobuan*, *Massuan*, *Majoriei*,
Bullou, *Cercu* alias *Bourgmaistre*, *Francis Proust*,
Ferron, *Charles Girard*, *Francis Bourré*, and
many other Friends and Servants to the De-
ceased, all dismay'd, gaz'd on each other with-
out uttering one word ; yet not without
foreseeing that *France* would in a short time
be depriv'd of a Knight so accomplish'd and
necessary for its Glory and Protection, and
that Heaven claim'd him again as its due.
By the rusted Tip of my Cowle, cry'd Fryar
Jhon, I am e'en resolv'd to become a Scho-
lar before I die. I have a pretty good Head-
piece of my own, you must own. Now
pray give me leave to ask you a civil Que-
stion ; Can these same Herots and Demigods
you

you talk of die? May I never be damn'd, if I was not so much a Lobcock as to believe they had been Immortal like so many fine Angels; Heaven forgive me! but this most Reverend Father *Macroby* tells us, *They die at last*. We all must, return'd *Pantagruel*.

The *Stoicks* held them all to be Mortal, except one, who alone is Immortal, Impassible, Invisible. *Pindar* plainly saith, That there is no more Thread, that is to say, no more Life spun from the Distaff and Flax of the hard-hearted Fates for the Goddesses *Hamadryades*, than there is for those Trees that are preserv'd by them, which are good sturdy downright Oaks, whence they deriv'd their Original according to the Opinion of *Calimachus* and *Pausanias* in *Phocis*; with whom concurs *Martianus Capella*. As for the Demigods, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Sylvans*, *Hobgoblins*, *Ægpanes*, *Nymphs*, *Heroes*, and *Demons*, several Men have, from the total Sum, which is the result of the divers Ages Calculated by *Hesiod*, reckon'd their life to be 9720 years, that sum consisting of four special numbers orderly arising from one, the same added together and multiplied by four every way, amounts to forty; these forties being reduc'd into Triangles by five times, make up the total of the aforesaid number. See *Plutarch* in his Book about the Cessation of Oracles.

This, said Fryar *Jhon*, is not matter of Ereviary, I may believe as little or as much

of it as you and I please. I believe, said *Pantagruel*, that all Intellectual Souls are exempted from *Atropos's Scissers*. They are all immortal whether they be of Angels, of Demons, or Human: Yet I'll tell you a story concerning this, that's very strange, but is written and affirm'd by several learned Historians.

CHAP. XXVIII.

How Pantagruel related a very sad story of the Death of the Heroes.

EPITHERSES the Father of *Emilian* the *Rhetorician*, sailing from Greece to Italy, in a Ship freighted with divers Goods, and Passengers, at night, the wind fail'd 'em near the *Echinades*, some Islands that lye between the *Morea* and *Tunis*, and the Vessel was driven near *Paxos*. When they were got thither, some of the passengers being asleep, others awake, the rest eating and drinking, a voice was heard that call'd aloud, *Thamous*; which cry surpris'd them all. This same *Thamow* was their Pilot, an *Egyptian* by birth, but known by name only to some few Travelers. The voice was heard a second time calling *Thamous*, in a frightful Tone, and none making answer but trembling and remaining silent, the

the Voice was heard a third time, more dreadfull than before.

This caus'd *Thamons* to answer; here am I, What dost thou call me for? What wilt thou have me do? Then the Voice louder than before, bad him publish when he should come to *Paloda*, That the great God *Pan* was dead.

Epitherses related, that all the Mariners, and Passengers, having heard this were extremely amaz'd and frighted; and that consulting among themselves, whether they had best conceal or divulge what the Voice had enjoyn'd, *Thamons* said, his advice was, That if they happen'd to have a fair wind, they should proceed without mentioning a word on't, but if they chanc'd to be becalm'd, he would publish what he had heard: Now when they were near *Paloda* they had no Wind, neither were they in any Current. *Thamons* then getting up on the top of the Ship's fore-castle, and casting his Eyes on the shoar, said that he had been commanded to proclaim, that the great God *Pan* was dead. The words were hardly out of his Mouth, when deep Groans, great Lamentations, and Shrieks, not of one Person but of many together, were heard from the Land.

The News of this, (many being present then) was soon spread at *Rome*; insomuch that *Tiberius*, who was then Emperor, sent
for

for this *Thamou*s, and having heard him, gave credit to his words, and inquiring of the Learned in his Court and at *Rome*, who was that *Pan*? He found by their relation that he was the Son of *Mercury* and *Penelope*, as *Herodotus*, and *Cicero* in his third book of the nature of the Gods, had written before.

For my part, I understand it of that great Saviour of the Faithfull, who was shamefully put to Death at *Jerusalem* by the envy and wickedness of the Doctors, Priests, and Monks of the *Mosaic* Law. And methinks, my Interpretation is not improper, for he may lawfully be said in the *Greek* Tongue to be *Pan*, since he is our *All*. For all that we are, all that we live, all that we have, all that we hope, is him, by him, from him, and in him. He is the good *Pan*, the great Shepherd, who as the loving Shepherd *Corydon* affirms, hath not only a tender Love and Affection for his Sheep, but also for their Shepherds. At his death complaints, sighs, fears and lamentations were spread through the whole *Fabric* of the universe, whether Heavens, Land, Sea, or Hell.

The time also concurs with this interpretation of mine; for this most good, most mighty *Pan*, our only Saviour, dyed near *Jerusalem* during the Reign of *Tiberius Caesar*.

Pantagruel having ended this discourse, remain'd silent, and full of Contemplation;

tion; a little while after, we saw the tears flow out of his eyes as big as Ostridge's Eggs. God take me presently if I tell you one single syllable of a Lye in the matter.

C H A P. XXIX.

How Pantagruel sail'd by the Sneaking Island where Shrove-tide reign'd.

THE Jovial Fleet being ~~repaired~~ and repaired, new Stores ~~taken~~ in, the *Macreons* over and ~~above~~ satisfy'd, and pleased with the Money ~~spent~~ there by *Pantagruel*, our Men in better humour yet then they us'd to be if possible, we merrily put to sea the next day near Sun-set, with a delicious fresh Gale.

Xenomanes show'd us afar off the Sneaking Island where reign'd *Shrovetide*, of whom *Pantagruel* had heard much talk formerly; for that Reason, he would gladly have seen him in Person, had not *Xenomanes* advis'd him to the contrary: First because this would have been much out of our way, and then for the lean Cheer, which he told us, was to be found at that Prince's Court, and indeed all over the Island.

You

You can see nothing there for your Money (said he) but a huge Greedy-Guts, a tall woundy swallower of hot Wardens and Muscles, a Longshank'd Mole-catcher, an over grown Bottler of hay, a Mossy-chin'd, Demy-giant, with a double shaven Crown, of Lantern Breed, a very great Loytering Noddy-peak'd youngster, Banner-bearer to the Fish-eating Tribe, Dictator of Mustard-land, Flogger of little Children, Calciner of Ashes, Father and Foster-father to Physicians, swarming with Pardons, Indulgencies, and Stations; a very honest Man; a good Catholic and as brim full of Devotion as ever he can hold.

He weeps the Three fourth parts of the day, and never ~~smiles~~ ^{laughs} at any Weddings; but give the Devil his due, he's the most industrious Larding-stick, and Scure-maker in forty Kingdoms.

About Six years ago, as I pass'd by Sneaking Land, I brought home a large Scure from thence and made a Present of it to the Butchers of *Quande*, who set a great value upon them, and that for a Cause: sometime or other, if ever we live to come back to our own Country, I will shew you two of them fastned on the great Church-Porch. His usual Food is pickled Coats of Mail, salt Helmets and Head-pieces, and salt Sallads; which sometimes makes him piss Pins and Needles. As for his Cloathing 'tis Comical enough o' Conscience, both for make and colour;

for he wears Grey and Cold, nothing before, and nought behind, with the Sleeves of the same.

You will do me a kindness, said *Pantagruel*, if as you have described his Cloths, Food, Actions, and Pastimes, you will also give me an Account of his Shape, and Disposition in all his Parts; Prethee do, dear Cod, said Fryar *Ibon*, for I have found him in my Breviary, and then follow the moveable Holy-days? With all my heart, answer'd *Xenomanes*, We may chance to hear more of him as we touch at the Wild Island, the Dominion of the Squob *Chitterlings*-his Enemies; against whom he is eternally at odds, and were it not for the help of the noble *Carnaval* their Protector, and good Neighbour, this Meagre-look'd *Lozelly Shrovetide* would long before this have made sad work among them, and rooted them out of their Habitation. Are these same *Chitterlings*, said Fryar *Ibon*, Male or Female, Angels or Mortals, Women or Maids? They are, reply'd *Xenomanes*, Female in Sex, Mortal in kind, some of them Maids, others not. The Devil have me, said Fryar *Ibon*, if I been't for them. What a shameful disorder in Nature is it not, to make War against Women. Let's go back, and hack the Villain to pieces.—— What! meddle with *Shrovetide*, cry'd *Panurge*, in the name of *Belzebub*, I am not yet so weary of my Life. No, I'm not yet so mad as
that

that comes to. *Quid juris?* Suppose we should find our selves pent up between the *Chitterlings* and *Shrovetide*? between the Anvil and the Hammers? Shankers, and Buboës; stand off; Godzooks let's make the best of our way. I bid you good Night, sweet Mr. *Shrovetide*, I recommend to you the *Chitterlings*, and pray don't forget the Puddings.

CHAP. XXX.

How Shrovetide is anatomiz'd and describ'd by Xenomanes.

AS for the inward Parts of *Shrovetide*, said *Xenomanes*, his *Brain*, is (at least it was in my time) in Bigness, Colour, Substance and Strength, much like the left Cod of a He-hand-worm.

The *Ventricles* of his said Brain, like an Augre.

The Worm-like *Excrecence*, like a Christmas-Box.

The *Membranes*, like a Monk's Cowle.

The *Funnel*, like a Mason's Chissel.

The *Fornix*, like a Casket.

The *Glandula pinealis*, like a Bag-pipe.

The *Rete Admirabile*, like a Gutter.

The *Dug-like Proccesses*, like a Patch.

The *Tympanums*, like a Whirly Gig.

The

The *Rocky bones*, like a Goose-wing.

The *Nape* of the *Neck*, like a Paper Lantern.

The *Nerves*, like a Pipkin.

The *Ovula*, like a Sack butt.

The *Palate*, like a Mittain.

The *Spittle*, like a Shuttle.

The *Almonds*, like a Telescope.

The *Bridge* of his *Nose*, like a Wheel barrow.

The *Head* of the *Larynx*, like a Vintage Basket.

The *Stomach*, like a Belt.

The *Pylorus*, like a Pitchfork.

The *Windpipe*, like an Oyster-knife.

The *Throat*, like a Pincushion stuff'd with Oakham.

The *Lungs*, like a Prebend's Fur-gown.

The *Heart*, like a Cope.

The *Mediaſtin*, like an earthen Cup.

The *Pleura*, like a Crows-bill.

The *Arteries*, like a Watch-coat.

The *Midriff*, like a Mounteer-Cap.

The *Liver*, like a double Tongu'd Mattock.

The *Veins*, like a Sash-window.

The *Spleen*, like a Catcal.

The *Guts*, like a Trammel.

The *Gall*, like a Coopers Ads.

The *Entrails*, like a Gantlet.

The *Mefentery*, like an Abbot's Myter.

The *Hungry Gut*, like a Button.

The *Blind Gut*, like a Breast-plate.

The *Colon*, like a Bridle.

The *Arſe-Gut*, like a Monk's leathern Bottle.

The

that comes to. *Quid juris?* Suppose we should find our selves pent up between the *Chitterlings* and *Shrovetide*? between the Anvil and the Hammers? Shankers, and Buboes; stand off; Godzooks let's make the best of our way. I bid you good Night, sweet Mr. *Shrovetide*, I recommend to you the *Chitterlings*, and pray don't forget the Puddings.

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The *Blind Gut*, like a Breast-plate.

The *Colon*, like a Bridle.

The *Arſe-Gut*, like a Monk's leathern Bottle.

The

- The *Kidneys*, like a Trowel.
 The *Loyns* like a Padlock.
 The *Ureters* like a Pot-hook.
 The *Emulgent Veins*, like two Gilly-flowers.
 The *Spermatick Vessels*; like a Cully-mully-puff.
 The *Parastata's*, like an Ink-pot.
 The *Bladder*, like a Stone-bow.
 Its *Neck*, like a Mill-Clapper.
 The *Mirach*, or lower parts of the *Belly*, like a High crown'd Hat.
 The *Siphach*, or its *Inner Rind*, like a Wooden Cuff.
 The *Muscles* like a pair of Bellows.
 The *Tendons*, like a Hawking Glove.
 The *Ligaments*, like a Tinker's Budget.
 The *Bones*, like three corner'd Cheese-Cakes.
 The *Marrow*, like a Wallet.
 The *Cartilages*, like a Field Tortoise, *alias* a Mole.
 The *Glandules* in the *Mouth*, like a Pruning-Knife.
 The *Animal Spirits*, like swindging Fifty-cuffs.
 The *Blood* fermenting, like a multiplication of flurts on the Nose.
 The *Urin*, like a Fig-pecker.
 The *Sperm*, like a hundred of Tenpenny-Nails.

And his Nurse told me, That being Married to *Mid-Lent*, he only begot a good number of *Local Adverbs*, and certain double *Fasts*.

His

His *Memory* he had like a Scarf.
 His *Common Sense*, like a buzzing of Bees.
 His *Imagination*, like the Chime of a Set of Bells.
 His *Thoughts*, like a flight of Starlings.
 His *Conscience*, like the unnestling of a parcel of young Hens.
 His *Deliberations*, like a set of Organs.
 His *Repentance*, like the Carriage of a double Canon.
 His *Undertakings*, like the Ballast of a Galion.
 His *Understanding*, like a torn Breviary.
 His *Notions*, like Snails crawling out of Strawberries.
 His *Will*, like three Filberts in a Porringer.
 His *Desire*, like six Truffles of Hay.
 His *Judgment*, like a Shoing-horn.
 His *Discretion*, like the truckle of a Pully.
 His *Reason*, like a Cricket.

C H A P. XXXI.

Shrovetide's outward parts Anatomiz'd.

S*hrovetide*, continued *Xenomanes*, is somewhat better proportion'd in his outward Parts, excepting the seven Ribs which he had over and above the common shape of Men.

His Toes were like a Viginal on an Organ.

His Nails, like a Gimlet.

His Feet, like a Guitar.

His

His Heels, like a Club.

The Soles of his Feet, like a Crucible.

His Legs like a Hawk's Lure.

His Knees, like a Joynt-Stool.

His Thighs, like a Steel Cap.

His Hips, like a Wimble.

*His Belly, as big as a Tun, button'd after the old
Fashion, with a Girdle riding over the middle
of his Bosom.*

His Navel, like a Cymbal.

His Groyn, like a Mine'd Pye.

His Member, like a Slipper.

His Purse, like an Oyl-Cruet.

His Genitals, like a Joyners Plainer.

Their Erecting Muscles, like a Racket.

The Perineum, like a Flageolet.

His Arse-hole, like a Crystal-Looking Glass.

His Bum, like a Harrow.

His Loyns, like a Butter-pot.

*The Peritonæum, or Caul wherein his Bowels
were wrap'd, like a Billiard-Table.*

His Back, like an overgrown rack-bent Cross-Bow.

*The Vertebrae, or Joynts of his Back-bone,
like a Bag-pipe.*

His Ribs, like a Spinning-Wheel.

His Brisket, like a Canopy.

His Shoulder-Blades, like a Mortar.

His Breast, like a Game at Nine-pins.

His Paps, like a Horn-Pipe.

His Arm-pits, like a Chequer.

His Shoulders, like a Hand-barrow.

His Arms, like a Riding-Hood.

His

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His Fingers, like a Brotherhood's Andirons.

The Fibulæ, or lesser Bones of his Legs, like a pair of Stilts.

His Shin-bones, like Sickles.

His Elbows, like a Mouse-Trap.

His Hands, like a Curry-Comb.

His Neck, like a Talboy.

His Throat, like a Felt to distil Hippocras.

The Knob in his Throat, like a Barrel, where hang'd two brazen Wens, very fine and harmonious, in the shape of an Hour-glass.

His Beard, like a Lanthorn.

His Chin, like a Mushroom.

His Ears, like a pair of Gloves.

His Nose, like a Buckin.

His Nostrils, like a Forehead-Cloth.

His Eye-brows like a Dripping-pan.

On his left Brow, was a mark of the shape and bigness of an Urinal.

His Eye-lids, like a Fiddle.

His Eyes, like a Comb-box.

His Optick Nerves, like a Tinder box.

His Forehead, like a false Cup.

His Temples, like the Cock of a Cistern.

His Cheeks, like a pair of Wooden Shoes.

His Jaws, like a Cawdle Cup.

His Teeth, like a Hunter's Staff. Of such Colts Teeth as his, you will find one at Colonges les Royaux in Poictou, and two at la Brosse in Xaintonge, on the Celler-door.

His Tongue, like a Jews-Harp.

His Mouth, like a Horse-Cloth.

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His Face imbroider'd like a Mule's Pack Saddle.

His Head contriv'd like a Still.

His Skull, like a Pouch.

The Suture, or Seams of his Skull, like the Annulus Piscatoris, or the Fisher's Signet.

His Skin, like a Gabardine.

His Epidermis, or outward Skin, like a Boulting-Cloth.

His Hair, like a Scrubbing-Brush.

His Fur, such as abovesaid.

CHAP. XXXII.

A Continuation of Shrovetide's Countenance.

TIs a wonderful thing, continu'd Xenomanes, to hear and see the State of Shrovetide.

If he chanc'd to Spit, it was whole Baskets full of Goldfinches.

If he blow'd his Nose, it was pick'd Grigs.

When he Wept, it was Ducks with Onion Sauce.

When he Trembl'd, it was large Venison Pasties.

When he did Sweat, it was Old Ling with Butter Sauce.

When he Belch'd, it was Bushels of Oysters.

When he Sneez'd, it was whole Tubs full of Mustard.

Wlen

When he Cough'd, it was Boxes of Marmalade.

When he Sob'd, it was Water-Cresses.

When he Tawn'd, it was Pots full of Pickl'd Pease.

When he Sigh'd, it was dry'd Neats Tongues.

When he Whistled, it was a whole Scuttle full of green Apes.

When he Snear'd, it was a whole Pan-full of fry'd Beans.

When he Frown'd, it was Sows'd-Hogs-Feet.

When he spoke, it was course brown Russet Cloth ; so little it was like Crimson Silk with which Parisatis desir'd that the words of such as spoke to her Son Cyrus King of Persia, should be interwoven.

When he Blow'd, it was Indulgence-Money boxes.

When he Wink'd, it was Butter'd Buns.

When he Grumbled, it was March Cats.

When he Nodded, 'twas Iron-bound Waggon.

When he made Mouths, it was broken Staves.

When he Mutter'd, it was Lawyers Revels.

When he Hopp'd about, it was Letters of Licence and Protections.

When he step'd back, it was Sea Cockle shells.

When he Slabber'd, it was common Ovens.

When he was Hoarse, it was an entry of Morrice-Dancers.

When he broke Wind, it was Dun-Cows-Leather Spatter dashes.

When he Funk'd, it was Wash'd Leather Boots.

When he scratch'd himself, it was new Proclamations.

When he sung, it was Pease in Coats.

When.

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*When he Evacuated, it was Muscrooms and Mo-
villes.*

*When he Puffed, it was Cabbages with Oyl, alias
Caules Ambolif.*

When he Talk'd, it was the last years Snow.

When he Dreamt, it was of a Cock and a Bidd.

When he gave nothing, so much for the Beaver.

*If he Thought to himself, it was Whimfies and
Maggots.*

If he Doꝝ'd, it was Leases of Lands.

What is yet more strange, he us'd to
work doing Nothing, and did nothing, tho'
he work'd; Carous'd Sleeping, and slept
carousing, with his Eyes open like the Hares
in our Country, for fear of being taken
Napping by the Chitterlings his inveterate
Enemies; Biting he Laugh'd, and laughing
bit; Eat nothing Fasting, and fasted eating
nothing; mumbled upon Suspicion, drank by
Imagination; Swam on the tops of high
Steeple, dry'd his Clothes in Ponds and Rivers;
Fish'd in the Air, and there us'd to catch
Décumane Lobsters; Hunted at the bottom
of the Herring-Pond, and caught there *Ibi-
ces*, *Stamboucs*, *Shamois* and other wild Goats;
us'd to put out the Eyes of all the Crows
which he took sneakingly; fear'd nothing
but his own shadow, and the cries of fat
Kids; us'd to gad abroad some days like a
Truant School-boy; play'd with the Ropes
ot Bells on Festival days of Saints; made a
Mallet

Mallet of his fist, and writ on hairy Parchment
Prognostications and Almanacks with his huge
Pincase.

Is that the Gentleman, said Fryar *Jhon*, he
is my Man: this is the very fellow I lookt for;
I'll send him a Challenge immediately. This
is, said *Pantagruel*, a strange and monstrous
sort of a Man, if I may call him a Man.
You put me mind of the form and looks of
Amodunt and *Dissonance*. How were they made
said Fryar *Jhon*? may I be peel'd like a raw
Onion if ever I heard a word of them. I'll
tell you what I read of them in some ancient
Apologues, reply'd *Pantagruel*.

Physis (that is to say Nature) at her first
Burthen, begat Beauty, and Harmony, with-
out Carnal Copulation, being of her self ve-
ry Fruitful and Prolifick: *Antiphysis*, who
ever was the Counter part of Nature, im-
mediately out of a Malicious spight against
her for Beatiful and Honourable Productions,
in opposition, begot *Amodunt* and *Dissonance*,
by Copulation with *Tellumon*. Their Heads
were round like a Football, and not gently
flatted on both sides like the common shape
of Men. Their Ears stood prick'd up like
those of Asses; their Eyes, as hard as those of
Crabs, and without Brows, star'd out of their
Heads, fix'd on Bones like those of our Heels;
their Feet were round like Tennis-Balls; their
Arms and Hands turn'd backwards towards
their Shoulders; and they walk'd on their
H Heads,

Heads, continually turning round like a Ball, topsie-turvy Heels over Head.

Yet (as you know that Apes esteem their Young the handsomest in the World) *Antiphysis* extoll'd her off-spring and strove to prove, that their shape was handsomer and neater, than that of the Children of *Physis*; saying that thus to have *Spherical* Heads, and Feet, and walk in a circular Manner, wheeling round, had something in it of the perfection of the divine Power, which makes all beings eternally turn in that fashion; and that to have our Feet uppermost and the Head below them, was to imitate the Creator of the universe, the Hair being like the roots, and the Legs like the branches of Man; for Trees are better planted in the Earth by the roots, than they could be by their branches. By this demonstration, she imply'd that her Children were much more to be prais'd, for being like a standing Tree, than those of *Physis* that made the figure of a Tree upside down: As for the Arms and Hands, she pretended to prove that they were more justly turn'd towards the shoulders, because that part of the Body ought not to be without a defence, while the fore part is duly fence'd with Teeth, which a Man cannot only use to chew, but also to defend himself against those things that offend him. Thus by the testimony, and stipulation of the brute Beasts, she

she drew all the witless herd, and mob of Fools into her opinion, and was admir'd by all brainless and nonsensical People.

Since that, she begot the hypocritical Tribes of eves-dropping dissemblers, superstitious Popemongers and Priestridden Biggots, the Frantic Pistolets, the Scrapers of Benefices, Apparitors with the Devil in them, and other Grinders and Squeezers of Livings, your mad Herb-flinking Hermits, gulligutted dunces of the Cowl, Church-vermin, false zealors, devourers of the Substance of Men, and many more other deform'd and ill favour'd Monsters, made in spite of Nature.

C H A P. XXXIII.

How Pantagruel discover'd a Monstrous Physetere, or Whirlpool near the Wild Island.

ABOUT Sun set coming near the Wild Island, *Pantagruel* spy'd afar off a huge monstrous *Physetere*, a sort of a Whale (which some call a Whirl pool,) that came right upon us neighing, snorting, rais'd above the Waves higher than our main Tops, and spouting Water all the way into the Air, before it self, like a large River falling

from a Mountain: *Pantagruel* show'd it to the Pilot, and to *Xenomanes*.

By the Pilot's advice the Trumpets of the *Thalamege* were sounded, to warn all the Fleet to stand close and look to themselves; This Alarm being given, all the Ships, Gallions, Frigats, Brigantines, (according to their Naval discipline) placed themselves in the Order and figure of an Y. [*Upsilon*,] the Letter of *Pythagoras*, as Cranes do in their flight, and like an Angle, in whose Cone and Basis the *Thalamege* plac'd her self ready to fight smartly: Fryar *Ihon* with the *Granadeers*, got on the Forecastle.

Poor *Panurge* began to Cry and Howl worse then ever *Babilababou*, said he, shrugging up his shoulders, quivering all over with fear, There will be the Devil upon Dun. This is a worse business than That t'other Day; let us fly, let us fly; old Nick take me if it is not *Leviathan*, describ'd by the noble Prophet *Moses*, in the life of Patient *Job*. It will swallow us all, Ships and Men, Shag, Rag, and Bobtail, like a dose of Pills. Alas, it will make no more of us, and we shall hold no more room in its hellish Jaws, than a Sugar-plum in an Asses Throat. Look, Look, 'tis upon us, let's wheel off, whip it away and get ashoar. I believe 'tis the very individual Sea Monster, that was formerly design'd to devour *Andromeda*; we are all undone.

Oh!

Oh ! for some valiant *Perseus* here now to kill the Dog.

I'll do it's business presently, said *Pantagruel* ; fear nothing. Odds-belly, said *Panurge*, remove the cause of my fear then ; when, the Devil, would you have a Man be afraid, but when there is so much Cause ? If your Destiny be such as Fryar *Ihon* was saying a while ago (reply'd *Pantagruel*) you ought to be afraid of *Pyrois*, *Eöus*, *Æthon* and *Phlegon* the Suns Coach-horses, that breath Fire at the Nostrils, and not of Physickers, that spout nothing but water at the Snout and Mouth. Their water will not endanger your Life ; and that Element will rather save and preserve, than hurt or endanger you.

Ay, ay, trust to that, and hang me, quoth *Panurge*, yours is a very pretty Fancy ; Od's Fish, did I not give you a sufficient account of the Elements Transmutation, and the Blunders that are made of Roast for Boyld, and Boyld for Roast ? Alas here 'tis : I'll go hide my self below. We are dead Men every Mother's Son of us ; I see upon our main Top that merciless Hagg Atropos with her Scizzers new ground, ready to cut our Threads all at one Snip. Oh ! how dreadful and abominable thou art ; Thou hast drown'd a good many, besides us, who never made their Brags of it. Did it but spout good brisk, dainty, delicious White-wine, instead of this damn'd bitter Salt-

H. 3.

water,

water, one might better bear with it, and there would be some cause to be Patient, like that English Lord who being doom'd to dye, and had leave to choose what kind of Death he would, chose to be drown'd in a Butt of Malmsey. Here it is. — Oh, oh, Devil, Sathanas, Leviathan, I can't abide to look upon thee, thou art so abominable Ugly. — Go to the Bar, go take the Pettifoggers.

C H A P. XXXIV.

How the monstrous Physetere was slain by Pantagruel.

THE *Physetere* coming between the Ships and the Gallions, threw water by whole Tuns upon them, as if it had been the *Catadupes* of the Nile in *Ethiopia*. On the other side, Arrows, Darts, Gleaves, Javelins, Spears, Harping Irons, and Partizans flew upon it like Hail. Fryar *Ibon* did not spare himself in it. *Panurge* was half dead for fear. The Artillery roar'd and thunder'd like mad, and seem'd to gawl it in good earnest, but did but little good; for, the great Iron and Brass-Cannon-shot entring it's Skin, seem'd to melt like Tiles in the Sun.

Pantagruel then considering the weight and Exigency of the matter, stretched out his Arms, and shew'd what he could do. You tell

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us, and it is recorded that *Commodus* the Roman Emperour could shoot with a Bow so dextrously that at a good distance he would let fly an Arrow through a Child's fingers, and never touch them. You also tell us of an *Indian* Archer, who liv'd when *Alexander* the Great conquer'd *India*, and was so skilful in drawing the Bow, that at a considerable distance he would shoot his Arrows thro' a Ring, though they were three Cubits long, and their Iron so large and weighty that with them he us'd to pierce steel Cutlasses, thick Shields, steel Breast-plates, and generally what he did hit, how firm, resisting, hard and strong soever it were. You also tell us wonders off the Industry of the ancient *Francks*, who were preferred to all others in point of Archery, and when they hunted either Black or Dun Beasts, us'd to rub the head of their Arrows with Hellebore, because the flesh of the Venison struck with such an Arrow, was more tender, dainty, wholsome and delicious, (paring off nevertheless the part that was touch'd, round about.) You also talk of the *Parthians* who us'd to shoot backwards more dextrously than other Nations forwards; and also celebrate the Skill of the *Scythians* in that Art, who sent once to *Darius* King of *Persia* an Embassador that made him a present of a Bird, a Frog, a Mouse and five Arrows, without speaking one word; and being ask'd, what those Presents meant, and if he had

Commission to say any thing, answer'd that he had not ; Which puzzled and gravell'd *Darius* very much ; till *Gobrias* one of the seven Captains that had kill'd the *Magi* explain'd it, saying to *Darius*, By these Gifts and Offerings the *Scythians* silently tell you, that except the *Persians* like Birds fly up to Heaven, like Mice hide themselves near the Centre of the Earth, or like Frogs dive to the very bottom of Ponds and Lakes, they shall be destroyed by the Power and Arrows of the *Scythians*.

The Noble *Pantagruel* was without Comparison, more admirable yet in the Art of Shooting and Darting ; for with his dreadful Piles and Darts, nearly resembling the huge Beams that support the Bridges of *Nantes*, *Saumur*, *Bergerac*, and at *Paris* the Millers and the Changers Bridges, in length, size, weight, and Ironwork, he at a Mile's distance would open an Oyster and never touch the edges ; he would snuff a Candle without putting it out, would shoot a Magpy in the Eye, take off a Boot's under-sole, or a Riding-hood's lining without soylling them a bit, turn over every leaf of Fryar *Jhon's* Breviary one after another, and not tear one.

With such Darts, of which there was good store in his Ship, at the first blow he ran the *Physetere* in at the Forehead so furiously, that he pierc'd both its Jaws and Tongue, so that from that time to this it no more open'd its Guttural Trap-door, nor drew and spouted

spouted water. At the second blow he put out its right Eye, and at the third its left; and we had All the pleasure to see the *Physetere* bearing those three Horns in its Forehead, somewhat leaning forwards in an equilateral Triangle.

Mean while it turn'd about to and fro staggering and straying like one stunn'd, blinded, and taking his leave of the World. *Pantagruel* not satisfy'd with this, let fly another Dart, which took the Monster under the Tail likewise sloping; then with three other on the Chyne in a perpendicular line divided its Flank from the Tail to the Snout at an equal distance; then he larded it with fifty on one side, and after that to make even work, he darted as many on its other side; so that the Body of the *Physetere* seem'd like the hulk of a Gallion with three Masts, joyn'd by a competent dimension of its Beams, as if they had been the Ribs and chainwales of the Keel, which was a pleasant sight. The *Physetere* then giving up the Ghost, turn'd it self upon its back, as all dead Fishes do, and being thus overturn'd with the Beams and Darts upside down in the Sea, it seem'd a *Scolopendria* or *Centipede*, as that Serpent is describ'd by the ancient Sage *Nicander*.

C H A P. XXXV.

How Pantagruel went on shoar in the Wild Island, the ancient abode of the Chitterlings.

THE Boat's Crew of the Ship *Lantern* row'd the *Physetere* ashoar on the Neighbouring shoar (which happened to be the Wild Island) to make an Anatomical Dissection of its Body, and save the fat of its Kidneys, which, they said, was very useful and necessary for the cure of a certain Distemper which they call'd want of Money. As for *Pantagruel* he took no manner of notice of the Monster, for he had seen many such, nay bigger in the *Gallick Ocean*. Yet he condescended to land in the Wild Island, to dry and refresh some of his Men (whom the *Physetere* had wetted and bedawb'd) at a small Desert Sea-port towards the South, seated near a fine pleasant Grove, out of which flow'd a delicious Brook of fresh, clear, and purling water. Here they pitch'd their Tents, and set up their Kitchens, nor did they spare Fewel.

Every one having shifted, as they thought fit, Fryar *Jhon* rang the Bell, and the Cloth was immediately laid, and Supper brought in. *Pantagruel* eating chearfully with his Men, much about the second Course, perceived certain

tain little fly Chitterlings clammering up a high Tree near the Pantry as still as so many Mice. Which made him ask *Xenomanes*, what kind of Creatures these were, taking them for Squirrels, Weefels, Martins, or Hermins. They are Chitterlings, reply'd *Xenomanes*. This is the Wild Island, of which I spoke to you this morning: There hath been an irreconcilable War this long time between them and *Shrove-tide* their malicious and ancient Enemy. I believe that the noise of the Guns which we fir'd at the *Physetere* hath alarm'd 'em, and made them fear their Enemy was come with his Forces to surprisè them, or lay the Island waste, as he hath often attempted to do, though he still came off but blewly; by reason of the care and vigilance of the Chitterlings, who (as *Dido* said to *Aeneas's* Companions that would have landed at *Carthage* without her Leave or Knowledge) were forc'd to watch and stand upon their Guard, considering the malice of their Enemy and the Neighbourhood of his Territories.

Pray, dear Friend, said *Pantagruel*, if you find that by some honest means we may bring this War to an end, and reconcile them together, give me notice of it, I will use my endeavours in it, with all my Heart, and spare nothing on my side to moderate and accommodate the points in dispute between both Parties.

That's impossible at this time, answer'd

Xenomanes.

Xenomanes. About four years ago passing Incognito by this Country, I endeavour'd to make a Peace, or at least a long Truce among them, and I had certainly brought them to be good Friends and Neighbours, if both one and the other Parties would have yielded to one single Article. *Shrovetide* would not include in the Treaty of Peace the Wild Puddings, nor the Highland Sawfages their ancient Gossips and Confederates. The Chitterlings demanded that the Fort of *Caques* might be under their Government, as is the Castle of *Sullonoir*, and that a parcel of I don't know what stinking Villains, Murderers, Robbers, that held it then, should be expell'd. But they could not agree in this, and the terms that were offer'd seem'd too hard to either Party. So the Treaty broke off, and nothing was done. Nevertheless, they became less severe, and gentler Enemies than they were before: But since the denunciation of the National Council of *Chefil*, whereby they were roughly handled, hamper'd, and cited, whereby also *Shrovetide* was declar'd filthy, bespitten, and beray'd, in case he made any League, or Agreement with them, they are grown wonderfully inveterate, Incens'd, and Obstinate against one another, and there is no way to remedy it. You might sooner reconcile Cats and Rats, or Hounds and Hares together:

C H A P. XXXVI.

How the Wild Chitterlings layd an Ambuscado for Pantagruel.

WHile *Xenomenes* was saying this, Fryar *Iben* spy'd twenty five or thirty young slender-shap'd Chitterlings posting as fast as they could towards their Town, Citadel, Castle and Fort of *Chimney*, and said to *Pantagruel*, I smell a Rat, there will be here the Devil upon two sticks, or I am much out. These Worshipful Chitterlings may chance to mistake you for *Shrovetide*, though you are not a bit like him. Let us once in our lives leave our Junketing for a while, and put our selves in a posture to give 'em a Belly full of fighting, if they would be at that sport. There can be no false Latin in this, said *Xenomenes*, Chitterlings are still Chitterlings, always double hearted, and treacherous.

Pantagruel then arose from Table, to visit and scoure the Thicket, and return'd presently, having discover'd on the left an Ambuscade of squob Chitterlings, and on the right about half a League from thence, a large Body of huge Giant-like arm'd Chitterlings rang'd in Battalia along a little Hill, and marching furiously towards us at the sound of Bagpipes, Sheep's-Paunches and Bladders, the merry Fifes and Drums, Trumpets and Clarions,

Clarions, hoping to catch us as *Moss* caught his Mare. By the conjecture of seventy eight Standards which we told, we guess'd their number to be two and forty thousand at a modest computation.

Their Order, proud Gate, and resolute Looks, made us judge that they were none of your raw paultry Links, but old Warlike Chitterlings and Sawfages. From the foremost Ranks to the Colours they were all arm'd *Cap a pié* with small Arms as we reckoned them at a distance, yet very sharp, and case-harden'd. Their right and left Wings were lin'd with a great number of Forrest-Puddings, heavy Patti-pans, and Horse Sawfages, all of them tall and proper Islanders, Banditti, and Wild.

Pantagruel was very much daunted, and not without cause, tho' *Epistemon* told him that it might be the use and custom of the *Chitterlingonians* to welcom and receive thus in Arms their foreign Friends, as the Noble Kings of *France* are received and saluted at their first coming into the chief Cities of the Kingdom, after their advancement to the Crown. Perhaps, said he, it may be the usual Guard of the Queen of the place; who having notice given her, by the Junior Chitterlings of the Forlorn-hope, whom you saw on the Tree, of the arrival of your fine and pompous Fleet, hath judg'd that it was without doubt some rich and potent Prince, and is come to visit you in Person. *Panta-*

Pantagruel little trusting to this; call'd a Council to have their advice at large in this doubtful case. He briefly shew'd them how this way of reception with Arms had often under colour of Complement and Friendship been fatal to the Parties so receiv'd. Thus, said he, the Emperor *Antonius Caracalla* at one time destroy'd the Citizens of *Alexandria*, and at another time cut off the Attendants of *Artabanus* King of *Persia*, under color of Marrying his Daughter; which by the way did not pass unpunished, for a while after, this cost him his life.

Thus *Jacob's* Children destroy'd the *Sichemites*, to revenge the Rape of their Sister *Dina*. By such another hypocritical trick, *Galienus* the Roman Emperour put to death the Military Men in *Constantinople*. Thus under colour of Friendship, *Antonius* inticed *Artavasdes* King of *Armenia*, then having caused him to be bound in heavy Chains, and shackled, at last put him to death.

We find a thousand such instances in History; and *K. Charles* the 6th is justly commended for his Prudence to this day, in that, coming back Victorious over the *Ghenters* and other *Flemmings* to his good City of *Paris*, and when he came to *Bourget*, (a League from thence) hearing that the Citizens with their Mallets (whence they got the name of *Maitlains*) were March'd out of Town in Battalia twenty thousand strong, he would not go into
the

the Town till they had laid down their Arms, and retir'd to their respective homes, tho' they protested to him, that they had taken Arms with no other design, than to receive him with the greater demonstration of Honour and Respect.

CHAP. XXXVII.

How Pantagruel sent for Colonel Mawl-Chitterling, and Colonel Cut-Pudding, with a discourse well worth your hearing, about the Names of places and persons.

THE resolution of the Councill was, that let things be how they would, it behov'd the *Pantagruelists* to stand upon their Guard. Therefore *Carpalim* and *Gymnast* were order'd by *Pantagruel*, to go for the Soldiers that were on board the *Cup-Gally*, under the Command of Colonel *Mawl-Chitterling*, and those on board the *Vine-Tub-Frigat*, under the command of Colonel *Cut-pudding* the younger. I'll ease *Gymnast* of that trouble, said *Panurge* who wanted to be upon the Run: You may have occasion for him here. By this worthy Frock of mine, quoth Fryer *Jhon*, thou hast a mind to slip thy neck out of the Collar, and absent thy self from the Fight, thou white liver'd Son of a Dunghill; upon my virginity thou'lt never come back. Well, there can be no great loss in thee; for thou wouldst do nothing here but Howl, Bray, Weep,

Weep, and dishearten the good Sholdiers. I'll certainly come back, said *Panturge*, Fryar *Ibon*, my Ghostly Father, and speedily too ; do but take care that these Plaguy *Chisterlings* don't board our Ships ; all the while you'll be a Fighting, I'll pray heartily for your Victory after the example of the valiant Captain and guide of the People of *Israel*, *Moses* ; having said this he wheel'd off.

Then said *Epistemon* to *Pantagruel*, the Denomination of these two Colonels of yours, *Mawl-Chisterling* and *Cut-pudding* promiseth us Assurance, Success and Victory, if those *Chisterlings* should chance to set upon us. You take it rightly, said *Pantagruel*, and it pleaseth me to see you foresee and prognosticate our Victory by the Names of our Colonels.

This Way of foretelling by Names is not new, it was in Old times celebrated, and religiously observ'd by the *Pythagoreans*. Several great Princes and Emperors have formerly made good use of it, *Octavianus Augustus* Emperor of the *Romans* meeting on a day a Country Fellow nam'd *Eutychius*, (that is, fortunate) driving an Ass nam'd *Nicon* (that is in Greeke *Victorian*) mov'd by the Signification of the Ass's, and Ass driver's Names, remain'd assur'd of all Prosperity and Victory.

The Emperour *Vespasian*, being once all alone at Prayers in the Temple of *Serapis*, at the sight and unexpected coming of a certain Servant of his nam'd *Basilides* (that is
Royal)

Royal) whom he had left Sick a great way behind, took hopes and assurance of obtaining the Empire of the *Romans*. *Regilian* was chosen Emperour by the Soldiers for no other reason, but the Signification of his Name. See the *Cratyle* of the Divine *Plato* (By my Thirst I will read it, said *Rhizotome*; I hear you so often quote it) see how the *Pythagoreans* by reason of the names and numbers conclude that *Patroclus* was to fall by the hand of *Hector*, *Hector* by *Achilles*, *Achilles* by *Paris*, *Paris* by *Philætes*. I am quite lost in my understanding, when I reflect upon the admirable Invention of *Pythagoras*, who by the number, either even or odd, of the Syllables of every Noun would tell you of what side a Man was Lame, Hunch-back'd, Blind, Gouty, troubled with the Palsie, Pleurisie, or any other Distemper incident to humane kind, allotting even numbers to the Right, and odd ones to the Left side of the Body.

Indeed, said *Epistemon*. I saw this way of Syllabifing, try'd at *Xaintes* at a general Procession in the Presence of that Good, Vertuous, Learned and just President *Brian Valée* Lord of *Doubait*. When there went by a Man or Woman that was either Lame, Blind of one Eye, or Hump-back'd, he had an Account brought him of his or her Name, and if the Syllables of the Name were of an odd number, immediately without seeing the Persons he declar'd them to be deform'd, Blind, Lame,

Lame, or crooked of the Right side ; and of the Left, if they were even in number : and such indeed we ever found them.

By this Syllabical invention, said *Pantagruel*, the Learned have affirm'd, that *Achilles* kneeling was wounded by the Arrow of *Paris* in the Right heel, for his name is of odd Syllables : (here we ought to observe that the Ancients us'd to kneel the Right foot.) And that *Venus* was also wounded before *Troy* in the Left hand; for her Name in Greek is ἀρροστρη, of four Syllables; *Vulcan* lam'd of his Left foot for the same reason ; *Phillip* King of *Macedon* and *Hannibal* blind of the Right eye; not to speak of *Sciatica's*, broken Bellies, and *Hemicrania's*, which may be distinguish'd by this *Pythagorean* reason.

But returning to Names, Do but consider how *Alexander* the Great, Son to King *Philip*, of whom we spoke just now, compass'd his Undertaking, meerly by the Interpretation of a Name. He had besieged the strong City of *Tyre*, and for several Weeks battered it with all his Power ; but all in vain ; his Engines and Attempts were still baffled by the *Tyrians*. Which made him finally resolve to raise the Siege to his great Grief, foreseeing the great Stain, which such a shameful Retreat would be to his Reputation. In this Anxiety and Agitation of mind he fell asleep, and dream't that a Satyr was come into his Tent capering skipping, and tripping it up and down,

with

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with his Goatish hoofs, and that he strove to lay hold on him. But the Satyr still slip'd from him, till at last having pen'd him up into a Corner, he took him: With this he awak'd, and telling his Dream to the Philosophers, and Sages of his Court, they let him know, that it was a Promise of Victory from the Gods, and that he should soon be Master of Tyre; the word *Saturos* divided in two being *Sa Tyros*, and signifying, *Tyre* is thine; and in truth, at the next Onset he took the Town by Storm, and by a compleat Victory, reduc'd that stubborn People to Subjection.

On the other hand, see how by the Signification of one word, *Pompey* fell into despair. Being overcome by *Cæsar* at the Battel of *Pharsalia*, he had no other way left to escape but by flight; which attempting by Sea, he arrived near the Island of *Cyprus*, and perceiv'd on the shoar near the City of *Paphos* a beautiful and stately Palace; now asking the Pilot what was the name of it, he told him, that it was call'd *κακὴ βασιλεία*, that is, *Evil-King*, which struck such a dread and terror in him, that he fell into Despair, as being assured of loosing shortly his Life; insomuch that his Complaints, Sighs, and Groans were heard by the Marriners and other Passengers. And indeed a while after a certain strange Peasant call'd *Achillas* cut off his Head.

Chap. XXXVII. W O R K S. 149

To all these Examples might he added what happen'd to *L. Paulus Emilius*, when the Senate elected him Emperour, that is, Chief of the Army which they sent against *Perfes* King of *Macedon*; that Evening returning home to prepare for his Expedition, and kissing a little Daughter of his call'd *Trafia*, she seem'd somewhat sad to him. What is the matter, said he, my Chicken, why is my *Trafia* thus sad and Melancholly? Daddy, (reply'd the Child) *Perfa* is dead; this was the Name of a little Bitch which she lov'd mightily: hearing this, *Paulus* took assurance of a Victory over *Perfes*.

If time would permit us to discourse of the Sacred Hebrew writ, we might find a hundred noted Passages evidently shewing how religiously they observed Proper names, and their Significations. He had hardly ended this Discourse, when the two Colonels arrived with their Soldiers, all well arm'd and resolute. *Pantagruel* made them a short Speech, intreating them to behave themselves bravely, in case they were attackt; for he cou'd not yet believe that the *Chitterlings* were so treacherous, but he bad them by no means to give the first offence; giving them *Car-naval* for the watch word.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

*How Chitterlings are not to be slight-
ed by Men.*

YOU shake your empty Noddles now, jolly Topers, and don't believe what I tell you here any more than if it were some Tale of a Tub: Well, well, I can't help it. Believe it if you will; if you won't, let it alone. For my part, I very well know what I saw. It was in the wild Island, in our Voyage to the Holy Bottle, I tell you the Time and Place, what would you have more? I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient Giants that undertook to lay the high Mountain *Pelion* on the top of *Ossa*, and set among those the shady *Olympus*, to dash out the Gods Brains, unneſtle them, and ſcour their Heavenly Lodgings. Their's was no ſmall ſtrength, you may well think, and yet they were nothing but *Chitterlings* from the Waſte downwards, or at leaſt, Serpents, not to tell a Lye for the matter.

The Serpent that tempted *Eve* too was of the *Chitterling* kind, and yet it is recorded of him, that he was more ſubtle than any Beaſt of the Field. Even ſo are *Chitterlings*: Nay, to this very hour they hold in ſome Univerſities that this ſame Tempter was the *Chitterling* call'd *Ichyphallus*, or *Standing*, into which was transform'd

form'd bawdy *Priapus* Arch seducer of Females in Paradise, that is, a Garden in Greek.

Pray now tell me, Who can tell but that the *Switzers* now so bold and warlike were formerly *Chitterlings*? For my part, I would not take my Oath to the contrary. The *Himantopodes*, a Nation very famous in *Ethiopia*, according to *Pliny's* Description, are *Chitterlings*, and nothing else. If all this will not satisfy your Worships, or remove your Incredulity, I would have you forthwith (I mean drinking first, that nothing be done rashly) visit *Lusignan*, *Parthenay*, *Vouant*, *Mervant*, and *Penzances* in *Poitou*. There you will find a Cloud of Witnesses, not of your Affidavit-Men of the right stamp, but Credible, time out of mind, that will take their Corporal Oath, on *Rigome's* Knuckle-bone, that *Mellusine* their first Founder, or Foundress, which you please, was Woman from the Head to the Prick-purse, and thence downwards was a Serpentine *Chitterling*; or if you'll have it otherwise, a *Chitterlingdix'd* Serpent. She nevertheless had a Genteel and noble Gate, imitated to this very day by your Hop-Merchants of *Britanny* in their *Paspié* and Country Dances!

What do you think was the cause of *Erichthonius's* being the first Inventor of Coaches, Litters, and Chariots? Nothing but because *Vulcan* had begot him with *Chitterlingdix'd*
Legs

Legs, which to hide, he chose to ride in a Litter rather than on Horse-back; for *Chitterlings* were not yet in esteem at that time.

The *Scythian* Nymph *Ora* was likewise half Woman, and half *Chitterling*; and yet seem'd so beautiful to *Jupiter*, that nothing could serve him but he must give her a touch of his Godship's kindness; and accordingly had a brave Boy by her call'd *Colaxes*, and therefore, I would have you leave off shaking your empty Noddles at this, as if it were a Story, and firmly believe that nothing is truer than the Gospel.

C H A P. XXXIX.

*How Fryar Ihon joyn'd with the
Cooks to fight the Chitterlings.*

FRyAR *Ihon*, seeing these furlous *Chitterlings* thus boldly march up, said to *Pantagruel*, here will be a rare Battel of Hobby-horses, a pretty kind of Puppet-show Fight for ought I see; Oh! What mighty Honour and wonderful Glory will attend our Victory? I would have you only be a bare Spectator of this Fight, and for any thing else leave me and my men to deal with them. What men? said *Pantagruel*. Matter of Breviary, reply'd Fryar *Ihon*: How came *Potiphar* who was Head Cook of *Pharoah's* Kitchens, he that bought

Je cep

Joseph, and whom the said *Joseph* might have made a Cuckold, if he had not been a *Joseph*; how came he I say, to be made General of all the Horse in the Kingdom of *Egypt*? Why was *Nabuzardan*, King *Nebuchadonozor*'s Head-Cook chosen, to the Exclusion of all other Captains, to besiege and destroy *Jerusalem*? I hear you, reply'd *Pantagruel*; By *St. Christopher*'s Whiskers, said Fryar *Ihon*, I dare lay a Wager that it was because they had formerly engaged *Chitterlings*, or Men as little valu'd; whom to rout, conquer, and destroy, Cooks are without comparison, more fit than *Cuirassiers* and *Gens d'Armes* arm'd at all Points, or all the Horse and Foot in the world.

You put me in mind said *Pantagruel*, of what is written amongst the Facetious and merry Sayings of *Cicero*. During the more than Civil Wars between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, tho' he was much Courted by the first he naturally lean'd more to the side of the latter; now one day, hearing that the *Pompejans* in a certain *Rencontre* had lost a great many Men, he took a Fancy to visit their Camp. There he perceiv'd little Strength, less Courage, but much disorder. From that time, foreseeing that things would go ill with them, as it since happen'd, he began to Banter now one and then another, and be very Free of his cutting Jest: so some of *Pompey*'s Captains playing the good Fellows to shew their assurance, told him, Do you see how

1

many

many Eagles we have yet ? (They were then the Devise of the *Romans* in War) They might be of use to you, reply'd *Cicero*, if you had to do with Magpies.

Thus seeing we are to fight *Chitterlings*, pursued *Pantagruel*, you infer thence that it is a Culinary War, and have a mind to joyn with the Cooks. Well, do as you please. I'll stay here in the mean time, and wait for the event of the Battel.

Fryar *Ihon* went that very moment among the Sutlers into the Cooks Tents, and told them in a pleasing manner, I must see you Crown'd with Honour and Triumph this day, my Lads; To your Arms are reserv'd such Atchievements, as never yet were perform'd within the Memory of Man. Od's Belly, do they make nothing of the valiant Cooks ? Let us go fight yonder fornicating *Chitterlings*, I'll be your Captain : But first let's drink, Boys-- come on—— Let us be of good Cheer. Noble Captain, return'd the Kitchen Tribe, this was spoken like your self, bravely offer'd : Huzza ! we are all at your Excellency's Command, and will live and dye by you. Live, live, said Fryar *Ihon*, a God's Name ; but dye by no means. That's the *Chitterlings* lot, they shall have their Belly full on't : Come on then, let us put our selves in Order ; *Nabuzardan's* the word.

CHAP. XL.

How Fryar Jhon fitted up the Sow; and of the Valiant Cooks that went into it.

THen by Fryar Jhon's Order the Engineers and their Work-men fitted up the great Sow that was in the Ship *Leathern-Bottle*. It was a wonderful Machine, so contriv'd, that by the means of large Engines that were round about it in Rows, it throw'd forked Iron Bars, and four squar'd Steel Boults; and in its Hold two hundred Men at least could easily fight, and be shelter'd. It was made after the Model of the Sow of *Riole*, by the means of which *Bergerac* was retaken from the *English* in the Reign of *Charles* the sixth.

Here are the Names of the Noble and Valiant Cooks who went into the Sow, as the *Greeks* did into the *Trojan Horse*.

Sowre Sawoe.

Sweet Meat.

Greedy Gut.

Licorish Chops.

Sows'd Pork.

Slap Sawce.

Cock-Broth.

Slapstap.

Crisp Pig.

Greasy Slouch.

Fatgut.

Bray-mortar.

Lick-sawce.

Hog's Foot.

Hodgepodge.

Carlondrie.

1 2

Sop

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Sop in Pan.
Pick-foul.
Mustard-pot.

Calfs Pluck.
Hogs Haslet.
Chopt-phiz.

Gallymaufrey.

All these Noble Cooks in their Coat of Arms did bear in a Field Gules, a Larding-pin Vert, charg'd with a Chevron Argent.

Lard, Hogs Lard.
Nible Lard.
Filch Lard.
Fat Lard.
Pin chLard.
Top Lard.

Pick Lard.
Save Lard.
Snatch Lard.
Gnaw Lard.
Scrape Lard.
Chew Lard.

Gaillard (by *Syncope*) born near *Rambioullet* : The said Culinary Doctor's name was *Gaillard-lard* ; in the same manner as you use to *Idolatrous* for *Idololatrous*.

Stiff Lard.
Watch Lard.
Sweet Lard.
Eat Lard.
Snap Lard.
Catch Lard.
Cut Lard.
Mince Lard.

Dainty Lard.
Fresh Lard.
Rusty Lard.
Waste Lard.
Ogl-Lard.
Weigh Lard.
Gulch Lard.
Eye Lard.

Names unknown among the *Marranes* and *Jews*.

Balloky.

Balloky.
Pick Sallat.
Broyl Rasber.
Conny Skin.
Dainty Chops.
Pye Wright.
Pudding-pan.
Toss-pot.
Mustard Sauce.
Claret Sauce.
Swill Broth.
Thirsty.
Kitchin Stuff.
Verjuice.
Save Dripping.
Water-Creese.

Scrape Turnip.
Trivet.
Monsieur Ragoust.
Crack Pipkin.
Scrape Pot.
Porridge Pot.
Lick Dish.
Salt Gullet.
Snail Dresser.
Sope-Monger.
Browis Belly.
Chine Picker.
Suck Gravy.
Macaveon.
Scure Maker.

Smell-Smock, he was afterwards taken from the *Kitchin* and remov'd to Chamber Practice, for the Service of the Noble Cardinal *Hunt Venison*.

Rot Rost.
Dishclout.
Save Sewet.
Fire Fumbler.
Pillicock.
Long Tool.
Prick Pride.
Prick-Madam.
Pricket.

Hogs Gullet.
Sir Loyne.
Spit Mutton.
Friter Fryer.
Flesh Smith.
Cram Gut.
Tuzzymussy.
Jacket Liner.
Guzzle Drink.

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<i>Fox Tail.</i>	<i>Saffron Sawce.</i>
<i>Fly Flap.</i>	<i>Strutting Tom.</i>
<i>Old Griz'e.</i>	<i>Slash'd Snout.</i>
<i>Ruff Belly.</i>	<i>Sinutty Face.</i>

Mandam that first invented *Madam's Sawce*, and for that discovery, was thus call'd in the *Scotch-French Dialect*.

<i>Loblolly</i>	<i>Waser-Monger.</i>
<i>Slabber Chops.</i>	<i>Snap Gobber.</i>
<i>Scum Pot.</i>	<i>Scurvy Phiz.</i>
<i>Gully Guts.</i>	<i>Trencher-man.</i>
<i>Rinse Pot.</i>	<i>Goodman Goosecap.</i>
<i>Drink Spiller.</i>	<i>Munch Turnip.</i>
<i>Sloven.</i>	<i>Pudding-bag.</i>
<i>Swallow pitcher.</i>	<i>Pig-sticker.</i>

Robert, he invented *Robert's Sawce*, so good and necessary for Roasted Coneyes, Ducks, Fresh Pork, Poach'd Eggs, Salt Fish, and a thousand other such Dishes.

<i>Cold Eel.</i>	<i>Powdering-tub.</i>
<i>Thornback.</i>	<i>Frying-pan.</i>
<i>Gurnard.</i>	<i>Man-of Dough.</i>
<i>Grumbling Gut.</i>	<i>Sawce-Doctor.</i>
<i>Alms-scrip.</i>	<i>Waste Butter.</i>
<i>Taste all.</i>	<i>Shitbreech.</i>
<i>Scrap Merchant.</i>	<i>Thick Brawn.</i>
<i>Belly timberman.</i>	<i>Tom T——d.</i>
<i>Hissce.</i>	<i>Mouldy Crust.</i>
<i>Frig palat.</i>	<i>Hasty.</i>

Red

*Red Herring.**All Fours.**Cheese Cake.**Whimwham.**Big Snout.**Basterost.**Lick-finger.**Gaping Heyden.**Titt Bit.**Ca's Pluck.**Sauce box.**Leather Breeches.*

All these Noble Cooks went into the Sow,
Merry, Cheery, Hale, Brisk, old Dogs at
Mischief, and ready to fight stoutly; Fryar
Jhon, ever and anon waving his huge Scimiter,
brought up the Reer, and double-lock'd
the Doors on the inside.

CHAP. XLI.

*How Pantagruel broke the Chitter-
lings at the Knees.*

THe Chitterlings advanc'd so near, that
Pantagruel perceiv'd that they stretched
their Arms, and already began to charge
their Lances, which caus'd him to send *Gym-
nast* to know what they meant, and why
they thus, without the least provocation,
came to fall upon their old trusty Friends,
who had neither said nor done the least ill
thing to them. *Gymnast* being advanc'd near
their Front, bow'd very low, and said to
them as loud as ever he could; We are
Friends, we are Friends; all, all of us your
I 4 Friends,

Friends, yours, and at your command, we are for *Carnaval* your old Confederate. Some have since told me, that he mistook and said *Cavernal* instead of *Carnaval*.

Whatever it was, that word was no sooner out of his Mouth, but a huge wild Squob-Sawfage, starting out of the Front of their main Body, would have grip'd him by the Collar. By the Helmet of *Mars*, said *Gymnast*, I'll swallow thee, but thou shalt only come in in chips and slices; for, big as thou art, thou could'st never come in whole. This spoke, he lugs out his trusty Sword, *Kiss-mine-Arse*, (so he call'd it) with both his Fists, and cut the Sawfage in twain. Bless me, how fat the foul Thief was! It puts me in mind of the huge Bull of *Berne* that was slain at *Marignan* when the drunken *Switzers* were so mawl'd there. Believe me, it had little less than four inches Lard on its Paunch.

The Sawfage's job being done, a Crowd of others flew upon *Gymnast*, and had most scurvily drag'd him down, when *Pantagruel* with his Men came up to his relief. Then began the Martial Fray, higledy pickledy. *Mawl Chitterling* did mawl Chitterlings, *Cut Pudding* did cut Puddings; *Pantagruel* did break the Chitterlings at the Knees; *Fryar Jhon* play'd at least in sight within his Sow, viewing and observing all things; when the the *Patty-pans* that lay in Ambuscado, most furiously sallied out upon *Pantagruel*.

Fryar

Fryar *Jhon*, who lay snug all this while, by that time perceiving the Rout and Hurly-burly, set open the doors of his Sow, and sallied out with his merry Greeks, some of them arm'd with Iron Spits, others with Andirons, Racks, Fire-Slovels, Frying-pans, Kettles, Grid Irons, Oven-Forks, Tongs, Dripping-pans, Brooms, Iron-pots, Mortars, Pestles, all in Battle array like so many House breakers, hollowing and roaring out all together most frightfully, *Nabuzardan, nabuzardan, nabuzardan*. Thus shouting and hooting they fought like Dragons, and charg'd through the *Patty-pans*, and *Saw-fages*. The *Chitterlings* perceiving this fresh reinforcement, and that the others would be too hard for 'em, betook themselves to their Heels, scampering off with full speed, as if the Devil had been come for them. Fryar *Jhon* with an Iron Crow knock'd them down as fast as Hops; his Men too were not sparing on their side. O! What a woeful sight it was! The field was all over strow'd with heaps of dead or wounded *Chitterlings*; and History relates, that had not Heaven had a hand in it, the *Chitterling* Tribe had been totally routed out of the World, by the Culinary Champions. But there happened a wonderful thing, you may believe as little or as much of it as you please.

From the North flew towards us a huge fat, thick, grizly Swine, with long and large

Wings like those of a Windmil, its Plumage red Crimson, like those of a *Phenicoptere* (which in *Languedoc* they call *Flaman*) its Eyes were red and flaming like a Carbuncle, its Ears green like a *Prafin* Emerald, its Teeth like a Topaze, its Tail long and black like Jet, its Feet white, diaphanous, and transparent like a Diamond, somewhat broad and of the splay-kind, like those of Geese, and as Queen *Dick*'s us'd to be at *Tholose* in the days of Yore. About its Neck it wore a Gold Collar round which were some *Ionian* Characters, whereof I could pick out but two words ΣΤΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΝ: *Hog teaching Minerva.*

The Sky was clear before, but at that Monster's appearance, it chang'd so mightily for the worse, that we were all amaz'd at it. As soon as the *Chitterlings* perceiv'd the flying Hog, down they all threw their Weapons and fell on their Knees, lifting up their Hands join'd together, without speaking one word, in a posture of Adoration. Fryar *John* and his Party kept on mincing, felling, braining, mangling, and spitting the *Chitterlings* like mad; But *Pantagruel* sounded a Retreat, and all Hostility ceas'd.

The Monster, having several times hover'd backwards and forwards between the two Armies, with a Tail-shot voided above twenty seven Burs of Mustard on the ground; then flew away through the Air, crying all the while, *Carnaval, Carnaval, Carnaval.*

C H A P. XLII.

*How Pantagruel held a treaty with
Niphleseth Queen of the Chitter-
lings.*

THE Monster being out of sight, and the two Armies remaining silent, *Pantagruel* demanded a parly with the Lady *Niphleseth*, Queen of the Chitterlings who was in her Chariot by the Standards, and it was easily granted. The Queen alighted, courteously receiv'd *Pantagruel*, and was glad to see him. *Pantagruel* complain'd to her of this Breach of Peace: But she civilly made her excuse, telling him that a false information had caused all this mischief, her Spies having brought her word, that *Shrevetide* their mortal foe was landed, and spent his time in examining the Urin of *Physeteres*.

She therefore intreated him to pardon them their offence, telling him, that *Sirreverence* was sooner found in Chitterlings than Gall, and offering, for her self and all her successors, to hold of him, and his, the whole Island and Country, to obey him in all his Commands, be friends to his friends, and foes to his foes: And also to send every Year, as an acknowledgment of their homage,

mage, a tribute of seventy eight thousand Royal Chitterlings, to serve him at his first Course at Table, six months in the Year; which was punctually perform'd. For, the next day, she sent the afore said quantity of Royal Chitterlings, to the good *Gargantua*, under the Conduct of young *Nipbleseth*, Infanta of the Island.

The good *Gargantua* made a Present of them to the great King of *Paris*. But by change of Air, and for want of Mustard (the natural Balsam and restorer of Chitterlings) most of them dyed. By the great Kings particular Grant they were buried in heaps, in a part of *Paris*, to this day call'd *La Rue parée d' Andouilles*, The Streets pav'd with Chitterlings. At the request of the Ladies at his Court, young *Nipbleseth* was preserv'd, honourably us'd, and since that married to heart's content; and was the Mother of many Children, for which heaven be prais'd.

Pantagruel civilly thank'd the Queen, forgave all Offences, refus'd the offer she had made of her Country, and gave her a pretty little Knife; after that, he ask'd several nice Questions concerning the Apparition of that flying Hog? she answer'd that it was the Idea of *Carnaval* their Tutelary God in time of War, first Founder, and Original of all the Chitterling race, for which Reason he resembled

resembled a Hog, for Chiterlings drew their extraction from Hogs.

Pantagruel asking to what purpose, and curative Indication he had voided so much Mustard on the Earth? The Queen reply'd, that Mustard was their *Sang-real*, and celestial Balsam, of which laying but a little in the wounds of the fallen Chitterlings, in a very short time the wounded were heal'd, and the dead restor'd to life. *Pantagruel* held no further discourse with the Queen, but retir'd a ship board. The like did all the Bon Companions with their Implements of Destruction and their huge Sow.

CHAP. XLIII.

*How Pantagruel went into the
Island of Ruach.*

TWO days after, we arriv'd at the Island of *Ruach*; and I swear to you by the Celestial Hen and Chickens that I found the way of living of the People so strange and wonderfull, that I can't for the hearts Blood of me half tell it you. They live on nothing but Wind, eat nothing but Wind, and drink nothing but Wind. They have

no other Houses but weather-cocks. They sow no other seeds but the three sorts of Wind-flowers, Rue, and herbs that may make One break wind to the purpose, these scowre them off carefully. The common sort of People to feed themselves, make use of feather, paper, or linnen Fans, according to their Abilities; as for the Rich they live by the means of Wind-mills.

When they would have some noble Treat, the Tables are spread under one or two Wind-mills. There they feast as merry as beggars, and during the Meal, their whole talk is commonly of the goodness, excellency salubrity and rarity of Winds, as you, jolly Topers, in your cups Philosophize and Argue upon Wines. The one praises the South-east, the other the South-west. This the West and by South, and this the East and by North; another the West, and another the East, and so of the rest. As for Lovers, and amorous Sparks, no Gale for them like a smock Gale: For the sick, they use Bellows, as we use Clysters among us.

Oh! (said to me a little diminutive swain Bubble) that I had now but a bladderfull of that same good *Languedoc* Wind, which they call *Cierce*: The famous Physician *Scurron* passing one day by this Country, was telling us that it is so strong that it will make nothing of overturning a loaded Waggon: Oh! What good would it not do

do my oedipodic Legg. The biggest are not the best, but, said *Panurge*, rather would I had here a large Butt of that same good *Languedoc* Wine that grows at *Mireveux*, *Canteperdrix*, and *Frontignan*.

I saw a good likely sort of a Man there, much resembling *Ventreuse*, tearing and fuming in a grievous Fret, with a tall burly Groom, and a pimping little Page of his laying them on, like the Devil, with a buskin: Not knowing the cause of his anger, at first I thought that all this was by the Doctor's advice, as being a thing very healthy to the Master to be in a Passion, and to his Man to be bang'd for't. But at last I heard him taxing his Man with stealing from him, like a Rogue as he was, the better half of a large leathern Bag of an excellent southerly Wind, which he had carefully lay'd up, like a hidden Reserve, against the cold weather.

They neither Exonerate, Piss, nor Spit in that Island, but to make amends they belch, fizzle, funk, and give Tailshots in abundance. They are troubled with all manner of distempers: And indeed all distempers are engendred and proceed from Ventosities, as *Hippocrates* demonstrates, *lib. de Flatibus*. But the most epidemical among them, is the wind-Colick. The remedies which they use are large Blisters, whereby they void store of Windiness. They all dye
of

of Dropsies, and Tympanics, the Men farting, and the Women fizling, so that their Soul takes her leave at the back door.

Some time after, walking in the Island, we met Three hare-brain'd airy Fellows, who seem'd mightily puff'd up, and went to take their pastime, and view the *Pluvers* who live on the same diet as themselves, and abound in the Island. I observ'd that, as you, true Topers, when you travell carry flasks, leathern bottles, and small runlets along with you, so each of them had at his girdle a pretty little pair of bellows. If they happen'd to want wind, by the help of those pretty bellows they immediately drew some fresh and cool by Attraction and Reciprocal Expulsion: For, as you well know, Wind, essentially defin'd, is nothing but fluctuating and agitated Air.

A while after we were commanded in the King's name not to receive for three hours any Man or Women of the Country on board our ships. Some having stole from him a rousing fart of the very individual Wind which old Goodman *Aeolus* the Snoarer gave *Ulysses*, to Conduct his Ship, when ever it should happen to be becalm'd; which fart the King kept religiously like another *Sangreal*, and perform'd a world of wonderfull cures with it, in many dangerous diseases, letting loose and distributing to the Patient only as much of it as might

same

frame a Virginal Fart. That is, if you must know, what our *Sanctimonials* alias *Nuns* in their Dialect call ringing backwards.

C H A P. XLIV.

How a small Rain lays a high Wind.

P*Antagruel* commended their Government and way of living, and said to their *Hypenemian* Mayor, If you approve *Epicurus's* Opinion, placing the *summum bonum* in pleasure (I mean pleasure that's easie and free from toil) I esteem you happy; for your Food being Wind, costs you little or nothing; since you need but blow. True, Sir, return'd the Mayor, but alas, nothing is perfect here below: For too often when we are at Table feeding on some good blessed Wind of God, as on Celestial Manna, merry as so many Fryars, down drops on a sudden some small Rain, which lays our Wind, and so robs us of it; thus many a Meal lost for want of Meat.

Just so, quoth *Panurge*, *Jenin Toss-pot* of *Quinquenois* evacuating some Wine of his own burning on his Wife's Posteriors, laid the ill fum'd Wind that blow'd out of their Centre as out of some Magisterial *Æolipyle*. Here's a kind of a Whim on that Subject which I made formerly.

One

*One Evening, when Toss-pot had been at his
 Buts,
 And Joane his fat Spouse cram'd with Turnips
 her Guts,
 Together they pigg'd; nor did Drink so besot him,
 But he did what was done when his Daddy begot
 him.
 Now when, to recruit, he'd fain have been snoring,
 Joane's back-door was filthily puffing and roaring:
 So for spight he bepiss'd her, and quickly did find,
 That a very small Rain lays a very high Wind.*

We are also plagu'd yearly with a very
 great Calamity, cry'd the Mayor; for a Giant
 call'd *Widenostriels*, who lives in the Island
 of *Tobu*, comes hither every spring, to purge
 by the advice of his Physicians, and swallows
 us, like so many Pills, a great number of
 Windmills and of Bellows also, at which his
 Mouth waters exceedingly.

Now this is a sad Mortification to us here,
 who are fain to fast over three or four whole
 Lents every year for this, besides certain petty
 Lents, Ember-Weeks, and other Orison and
 Starving-tides. And have you no Remedy
 for this, ask'd *Pantagruel*? By the advice of
 our *Mezarims*, reply'd the Mayor, about the
 time that he uses to give us a Visit, we Gar-
 rison our Windmills with good store of Cocks
 and Hens. So the first time that the greedy
 Thie

Thief swallow'd them, they had like to have done his business at once, for they crow'd and cackl'd in his Maw, and flutter'd up and down athwart and along in his Stomach, which threw the Glutton into an Lipothymy, Cardiac Passion, and dreadful and dangerous Convulsions, as if some Serpent creeping in at his Mouth, had been frisking in his Stomach.

Here is a comparative *as* altogether incongruous and impertinent, cry'd Fryar *Jhon*, interrupting them, for I have formerly heard, that if a Serpent chance to get into a Man's Stomach, it will not do him the least hurt, but will immediately get out, if you do but hang the Patient by the Heels, and lay a pan full of warm Milk near his Mouth. You were told this, said *Pantagruel*, and so were those who gave you this account; but none ever saw or read of such a Cure. On the contrary, *Hippocrates*, in his fifth Book of *Epidem.* writes, *That such a case happening in his time, the Patient presently died of a Spasm and Convulsion.*

Besides the Cocks and Hens, said the Mayor continuing his Story, all the Foxes in the Country whip'd into *Widenostril's* Mouth, posting after the Poultry, which made such a stir with *Reynard* at their Heels, that he grievously fell into Fits each minute of an hour.

At last by the advice of a *Baden* Enchanter, at the time of the Paroxysm, he us'd to
flea

flea a Fox, by way of Antidote : Since that he took better advice, and eases himself with taking a Clyster made with a Decoction of Wheat and Barly-Corns, and of Livers of Gossins; to the first of which the Poultry run, and the Foxes to the latter. Besides, he swallows some of your Badgers or Fox-Dogs by the way of Pills and Bolus's. This is our misfortune.

Cease to fear, good People, cry'd *Pantagruel*, This huge *Widenostrels*, this same Swallower of Windmills, is no more, I'll assure you; he dy'd, being stifled and choak'd with eating a lump of fresh Butter, at the Mouth of a hot Oven by the advice of his Physicians.

C H A P. XLV.

*How Pantagruel went ashoar in the
Island of Pope Figg-land.*

THe next morning, we arrived at the Island of *Popefiggs*, formerly a rich and free People call'd the *Gaillardets*, but now alas miserably poor, and under the Yoke of the *Papemen*. The occasion of it was this.

On a certain yearly high Holy-day, the Burger-Master, *Syndics* and topping Rabbies of the *Gaillardets* chanc'd to go into the Neighbouring

bouring Island of *Papimany* to see the Festival, and pass away the time. Now one of them having espy'd the Pope's Picture (with the sight of which, according to a laudable Custom, the People were blest on High-offering, Holy-days) made mouths at it and cry'd, a Fig for't, as a sign of manifest Contempt and Derision. To be reveng'd of this Affront, the *Papimen* some days after, without giving the others the least warning, took Arms, and surpriz'd, destroy'd, and ruin'd the whole Island of the *Gaillardets*, putting the Men to the Sword, and sparing none but the Women and Children, and those too only on Condition to do what the Inhabitants of *Milan* were condemn'd to, by the Emperor *Frederick Barbarossa*.

These had rebell'd against him in his absence, and ignominiously turn'd the Empress out of the City, mounting her a *Horse-back* on a Mule call'd *Thacor*, with her Breech foremost toward the Old jaded Mules head, and her Face turn'd towards the Crupper : Now, *Frederick* being return'd, master'd them, and caus'd so careful a Search to be made, that he found out, and got the famous Mule *Thacor*. Then the Hang-man by his order, clap'd a Fig into the Mules Jim-crack, in the Presence of the inflav'd Citts that were brought into the middle of the great Market-Place, and proclaim'd, in the Emperor's Name, with Trumpets, that whosoever of them would
save

save his own Life, should publicly pull the Fig out with his Teeth, and after that put it in again in the very individual Cranny whence he had draw'd it, without using his hands; and that whoever refus'd to do this, should presently swing for't, and die in his Shoes. Some sturdy Fools, standing upon their *Punctilio*, chose *Honourably* to be hang'd rather than submit to so shameful, and abominable a Disgrace; and others, less nice in Point of Ceremony, took heart of Grace, and ev'n resolv'd to have at the Fig, and a Fig for't, rather than make a worse Figure with a hempen Collar, and die in the Air, at so short Warning: accordingly when they had neatly pick'd out the Fig with their Teeth from old *Thacor's* Snatch-blatch, they plainly show'd it the Heads-man, saying, *Ecco lo fico*, (behold the Fig.)

By the same Ignominy the rest of these poor distress'd *Guallardets* sav'd their Bacon, becoming Tributaries and Slaves, and the Name of *Pope-Figs* was given them, because they had said, *A Fig for the Pope's Image*. Since this, the poor Wretches never prosper'd, but every year the Devil was at their Doors, and they were plagu'd with Hail, Storms, Famine and all manner of Woes, as an everlasting Punishment for the Sin of their Ancestors and Relations. Perceiving the Misery and Calamity of that Generation, we did not care to go further up into the Country, contenting

contenting our selves with going into a little Chappel near the Haven to take some Holy water. It was dilapidated and ruin'd, wanting also a Cover (like *St. Peter* at *Rome*) When we were in, as we dip'd our Fingers in the sanctifi'd Cistern, we spy'd in the middle of that Holy Pickle a Fellow muffled up with Stoles all under water, like a diving Duck, except the tip of his Snout to draw his Breath. About him, stood three Priests, true shavelings, clean shorn and poll'd, who were muttering strange words to the Devils out of a Conjuring Book.

Pantagruel was not a little amaz'd at this, and, inquiring what kind of sport these were at, was told, that, for Three years last past, the Plague had so dreadfully rag'd in the Island, that the better half of it had been utterly depopulated, and the Lands lay Fallow without Owners. Now the mortality being over, this same Fellow, who was crept into the Holy Tub, having a large piece of Ground; chanc'd to be Sowing it with White winter Wheat; at the very minute of an hour that a kind of a Silly sucking Devil, who could not yet Write or Read, or Hail and Thunder, unless it were on Parsly or Colworts, had got leave of his Master *Lucifer* to go into this Island of *Pope-figs*, where the Devils were very familiar with the Men and Women, and often went to take their Pastime.

This

This same Devil being got thither, directed his Discourse to the Husband-man, and ask'd him what he was doing. The poor Man told him, that he was Sowing this ground with Corn to help him to subsist the next year. Ay, but the Ground is none of thine!, Mr. *Plough-jobber*, cry'd the Devil, but mine: For, since the time that you mock'd the *Pope*, all this Land has been proscrib'd, adjudg'd, and abandon'd to us. However, to sow Corn is not my Province; therefore I will give thee leave to sow the Field; that is to say, provided we share the Profit. I will, reply'd the Farmer. I mean, said the Devil, that, of what the Land shall bear, two Lots shall be made, one of what shall grow above Ground, the other of what shall be cover'd with Earth; the right of chusing belongs to me, for I am a Devil of noble and ancient Race; thou art a base Clown. I therefore chuse what shall lye under ground, take thou what shall be above. When dost thou reckon to reap, hah? About the middle of *July*, quoth the Farmer. Well, said the Devil, I'll not fail thee then: In the mean time, slave as thou oughtest. Work, Clown, work: I am going to tempt to the pleasing Sin of whoring, the Nuns of *Dryart*, the Sham-saints of the *Cowle*, and the Gluttonish Crew; I am more than sure of these. There needs but meer, and the Job's done; true Fire and Tinder, touch and take; down falls Nun, and up gets Fryar.

CHAP. XLVI.

*How a Junior Devil was fool'd by a
Husband-man of Pope-Figland.*

ON the middle of *July*, the Devil came to the place aforetold, with all his Crew at his Heels, a whole Quire of the younger Fry of Hell, and having met the Farmer, said to him ; Well, Clod-pate, how hast thou done, since I went ? Thou and I must now share the Concern. Ay Master Devil, quoth the Clown, 'tis but reason we should. Then he and his Men began to cut and reap the Corn : And on the other side the Devil's Imps fell to work, grubbing up, and pulling out the stubble by the Root.

The Country-man had his Corn thrash'd, Winnow'd it, put it into Sacks, and went with it to Market. The same did the Devil's Servants, and sate them down there by the Man, to sell their Straw. The Country-man sold off his Corn at a good rate, and with the Money fill'd an old kind of a Demy-Buskin, which was fasten'd to his Girdle ; but the Devil a Sous the Devils took ; far from raking Hansel, they were flouted, and jeer'd by the Country Louts.

Market being over, quoth the Devil to the Farmer, well Clown thou hast chous'd me once, 'tis thy Fault ; chouse me twice, 'twill

be mine. Nay, good Sir Devil, reply'd the Farmer, how can I be said to have chous'd you since 'twas your worship that chose first. The truth is that by this trick you thought to cheat me, hoping that nothing would spring out of the Earth for my share, and that you should find whole under ground the Corn which I had sow'd, and with it tempt the poor and needy, the close Hypocrite, or the Covetous Gripe, thus making them fall into your snares. But troth, you must e'n go to School yet, you are no Conjuror, for ought I see: For, the Corn that was sow'd is dead and rotten, its Corruption having caus'd the generation of that which you saw me sell: so you chose the worst, and therefore are curs'd in the Gospel. Well, talk no more on't, quoth the Devil: what can'st thou sow our Field with for next Year? If a Man would make the best on't, answer'd the Ploughman, 'twere fit he sow it with Radish. Now cry'd the Devil, thou talkst like an honest Fellow, Bumpkin, well, sow me good store of Radish, I'll see and keep them safe from storms, and will not hail a bit on them; but harke'e me, this time I bespeak for my share what shall be above ground, what's under shall be thine: Drudge on, Looby, drudge on. I am going to tempt hereticks, their Souls are dainty victuals when broil'd in Rashees and well powder'd. My Lord *Lucifer* has the
gripping

griping in the guts, they'l make a dainty warm dish for his Honour's Maw.

When the season of Radishes was come, our Devil fail'd not to meet in the Field with a train of rascally underlings, all waiting Devils, and finding there the Farmer and his Men, he began to cut and gather the Leaves of the Radishes. After him the Farmer with his Spade digg'd up the Radishes, and clapt them up into pouches. This done, the Devil, the Farmer, and their gangs hy'd them to Market, and there the Farmer presently made good Mony of his Radishes; but the poor Devil took nothing, nay what was worse he was made a common laughing stock by the gaping hoydons. I see thou hast play'd me a scurvy trick, thou villainous Fellow, (cry'd the angry Devil,) at last I am fully resolv'd e'en to make an end of the business between thee and my self about the Ground, and these shall be the Terms; we'll chapperclaw each other, and whoever of us two shall first cry *hold*, shall quit his share of the Field, which shall wholly belong to the Conqueror. I fix the Time for this Tryal of Skill on this day's evening: Assure thy self that I'll claw thee off like a Devil. I was going to tempt your Fornicators, Bayliffs, Perplexers of Causes, Scriveners, forgers of Deeds, two-handed Counciellors, prevaricating Solicitors, and other such vermine; but they were so civil

as to send me word by an Interpreter, that they are all mine already: Besides, our Master *Lucifer* is so cloy'd with their Souls, that he often sends them back to the smutty Scullions and slovenly Devils, of his Kitchen, and they scarce go down with him, unless now and then, when they are high-season'd.

Some say there is no Breakfast like a Student's, no dinner like a Lawyer's, no afternoon's nunchion like a Vintner's, no supper like a Tradesman's, no second supper like a serving Wench's, and none of these Meals together like a frockish'd Hobgoblin's. All this is true enough; accordingly at my Lord *Lucifer's* first Course Hobgoblins, alias Imps in Cowles, are a standing Dish. He willingly us'd to breakfast on Students; but alas, I do not know by what Ill Luck, they have of late years joyn'd the holy Bible to their Studies; so the Devil a one we can get down among us, and I verily believe that unless the Hypocrites of the Tribe of *Levi* help us in it; taking from the inlightned Book-mongers their St. *Paul*, either by Threats, Revilings, Force, Violence, Fire and Faggot, we shall not be able to hook-in any more of them, to nibble at below. He dines commonly on Counsellors, Mischief-mongers, Multipliers of Law-suits, such as wrest and pervert Right and Law, and Grind and Fleece the Poor:
He

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He never fears to want any of these. But who can endure to be wedded to a Dish?

He said t'other Day at a full Chapter, that he had a great mind to eat the Soul of one of the Fraternity of the Cowle that had forgot to speak for himself, in his Sermon, and he promis'd double Pay, and a large Pension, to any one that should bring him such a Tit-bit piping-hot. We all went a hunting after such a Rarity, but came home without the Prey; for they all admonish the good Women to remember their Convent. As for afternoon Nunchions, he has left them off, since he was so wofully grip'd with the Colic, his Fosterers, Sutlers, Char-Coalmen, and boyling Cooks having been sadly mawl'd and pepper'd off in the Northern Countries.

His high Devil-ship sups very well on Tradesmen, Usurers, Apothecaries, Cheats, Coyners, and Adulterers of Wares. Now and then when he is on the merry pin, his second supper is of serving Wenches who, after they have by stealth soak'd their Faces with their Masters good Liquor, fill up the Vessel with it at second hand, or with other stinking Water.

Well, drudge on, Boor, drudge on; I am going to tempt the Students of *Trebisonde*, to leave Father and Mother, forgo for ever the establish'd and common rule of living; disclaim and free themselves from
K 3
obeying.

obeying their lawfull Sovereign's Edicts, live in absolute Liberty, proudly despise every one, laugh at all Mankind, and taking the fine jovial little *Cap of Poetic License*, become so many pretty Hobgoblins.

CHAP. XLVII.

How the Devil was deceiv'd by an Old Woman of Popefig-land.

THE Country Lob trudg'd home very much concern'd and thoughtfull, you may swear; in so much that his good Woman, seeing him thus look moping, ween'd that something had been stolen from him at market; but when she had heard the cause of his affliction, and seen his Budget well lin'd with Coyn, she bad him be of good Cheer, assuring him that he'd be never the worse for the scratching Bout in question, wishing him only to leave her to manage that business and not trouble his head about it: for she had already contriv'd how to bring him off cleverly. Let the worst, come to the worst, said the Husbandman, it will be but a scratch, for I'll yield at the first stroke, and quit the Field. Quit a Fast reply'd the Wife, he shall have none of the Field,

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Field, rely upon me and be quiet, let me alone to deal with him. You say he's a pimping little Devil, that's enough; I'll soon make him give up the Field, I'll warrant you: Indeed had he been a great Devil, it had been somewhat.

The day that we landed in the Island happen'd to be that which the Devil had fix'd for the Combat. Now the Countryman, having like a good Catholic very fairly *confessed himself* and *received*, betimes in the morning, by the advice of his Vicar had hid himself, all but the snout, in the holy Water-stock in the Posture in which we found him: And just as they were telling us this story, News came that the old Woman had fool'd the Devil, and gain'd the Field: You may not be sorry perhaps to hear how this happen'd.

The Devil, you must know, came to the poor Man's Door and rapping there, cry'd so hoe, ho the House, hoe Clod-pate, where art thou? Come out with a vengeance, come out with a wannion, come out and be damn'd; now for clawing; then briskly and resolutely entring the House, and not finding the Country Man there, he spy'd his Wife lying on the ground pitiously weeping and howling: What's the matter? ask'd the Devil, where is he? What does he? Oh! that I knew where he is, reply'd Threescore and five, the wicked Rogue, the Butcherly Dog, the

Murtherer? He has spoyl'd me, I am undone, I dye of what he has done me. How, cry'd the Devil, what is it? I'll tickle him off for you by and by. Alas cry'd the old Dissembler, he told me, the Butcher, the Tyrant, the Tearer of Devils, that he had made a match to scratch with you this Day, and to try his Clawes, he did but just touch me with his little Finger, here betwixt the Legs, and has spoyl'd me for ever. Oh! I am a dead Woman, I shall never be my self again: do but see! nay and besides he talk'd of going to the Smiths to have his Pounces sharpen'd and pointed. Alas you are undone, Mr. Devil; good Sir, scamper quickly, I am sure he won't stay; save your self, I beseech you: While she said this, she uncover'd her self up to the Chin, after the manner in which the *Persian* Women met their Children, who fled from the sight, and plainly shew'd her What de'e call them. The frighted Devil, seeing the enormous Solution of the Continuity in all its dimensions, blest himself, cry'd out, *Mabon, Demiourgon, Megera, Aleto, Persephone*: s'Life, catch me here when he comes! I am gon, s'Death what a gash! I resign him the Field.

Having heard the Catastrophe of the Story, we retired a ship-board not being willing to stay there any longer. *Pantagruel* gave to the Poors-Box of the Fabrick of the Church, eighteen

eighteen thousand gold Royals in commiseration of the Poverty of the People, and the Calamity of the place.

CHAP. XLVIII.

How Pantagruel went ashore at the Island of Papimany.

HAVING left the desolate Island of the *Popefigs*, we sailed for the space of a day very fairly and merrily, and made the blessed Island of *Papimany*. As soon as we had dropt Anchor in the Road, before we had well-moor'd our Ship with ground Tackle, four Persons in different Garbs row'd towards us in a Skiff. One of them was dress'd like a Monk in his Frock, draggle-tail'd and Boogied: The other like a Falkoner with a Lure and a long-wing'd Hawk on his Fist: the third like a Sollicitor, with a large Bag, full of Informations, Subpoena's, Breviates, Bills, Writs, Cases, and other Implements of Pettifogging. The fourth look'd like one of your Vine Barbers about *Orleans*, with a *jantee* pair of Canvass Trowzers, a Doffler and a Pruning Knife at his Girdle.

As soon as the Boat had clap'd them on Board, they all with one Voice ask'd, Have you seen him, good Passengers, have you seen him? Who, ask'd *Pantagruel*? You

know who, answer'd they. Who is it, ask'd Fryar *Jhon*, 'sblood and oonds, I'll thrash him thick and threefold? This he said, thinking that they enquir'd after some Robber, Murderer, or Church-breaker. Oh wonderful, cry'd the four, do not you foreign People know the *One*? Sirs, reply'd *Epistemon*, we do not understand those Terms; but if you will be pleas'd to let us know who you mean, we'll tell you the truth of the matter without any more ado. We mean, said they, *he that is*; did you ever see him? *He that is*, return'd *Pantagruel*, according to our Theological Doctrine, is God, who said to *Moses*, *I am that I am*: We never saw him, nor can he be beheld by Mortal Eyes. We meant nothing less than that supream God who rules in Heaven, reply'd they, we spoke of the God on Earth, did you ever see him? Upon my Honour, cry'd *Carpalim*, they mean the *Pope*. Ay, ay, answer'd *Panurge*, yea verily, Gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much better'd me. How! cry'd they, our Sacred *Decretals* inform us, that there never is more than one living. I mean successively, one after the other, return'd *Panurge*; otherwise I never saw more than one at a time.

O thrice and four times happy People, cry'd they, you are welcom and more than double-welcom! They then kneel'd down before us and would have kiss'd our Feet, but we

we would not suffer it, telling them, that, should the Pope come thither in his own Person, 'tis all they could do to him. No, certainly, answer'd they, for we have already resolv'd upon the matter. We would kiss his bare Arse, without boggling at it, and eke his two Pounders; for he has a pair of them, the Holy Father, that he has; we find it so by our fine *Decretals*, otherwise he could not be Pope. So that according to our subtile *Decretalin* Philosophy, this is a necessary Consequence; he is Pope, therefore he has Genitories; and, should Genitories no more be found in the World, the World could no more have a Pope.

While they were talking thus, *Pantagruel* enquir'd of one of their Coxswain's Crew, who those Persons were? he answer'd, that they were the four Estates of the Island, and added that we should be made as welcom as Princes, since we had seen the Pope. *Panurge* having been acquainted with this by *Pantagruel*, said to him in his Ear, I swear and vow, Sir, 'tis even so, he that has patience may compass any thing. Seeing the Pope had done us no good, now in the Devil's name, 'twill do us a great deal. We then went ashoar, and the whole Country, Men, Women and Children came to meet us as in a solemn Procession. Our four Estates cry'd out to them with a loud voice; they have seen him, they have seen him, they have seen him.

him. That Proclamation being made, all the Mob kneeled down before us, lifting up their Hands towards Heaven, and crying ; O happy Men ! O most happy. And this Acclamation lasted above a quarter of an hour.

Then came the *Buby* of the place with all his Pedagogues, Ushers, and School boys, whom he Magisterially flogg'd, as they us'd to whip Children in our Country, formerly when some Criminal was hang'd, that they might remember it. This displeas'd *Pantagrue*, who said to them ; Gentlemen, if you do not leave off whipping these poor Children, I'm gone. The People were amaz'd hearing his Stentorean voice ; and I saw a little Hump with long Fingers, say to the *Hypodidascal* ; what ! In the name of Wonder, do all those that see the Pope grow as tall as yon huge Fellow that threatens us ? Ah ! How I shall think time long, till I have seen him too, that I may grow and look as big. In short, the Acclamations were so great, that *Homenas* (so they call their Bishop) hasten'd thither on an unbridled Mule, with green Trappings, attended by his *Aposits* (as they said) and his *Supposts* or Officers, bearing Crosses, Banners, Standards, Canopies, Torches, Holy-water pots, &c. He too wanted to kiss our Feet (as the good *Christian Valsinier* did to Pope *Clement*) saying, that one of their *Hypothetes*, that's one of the Scavengers, Scowrers

Scowrers and Commentators of their Holy Decretals, had written, that, in the same manner as the Messiah, so long and so much expected by the *Jews*, at last appear'd among them; so on some happy day of God the Pope would come into that Island; and that, while they waited for that blessed time, if any who had seen him at *Rome*, or elsewhere, chanc'd to come among them, they should be sure to make much of them, feast them plentifully, and Treat them with a great deal of Reverence. However we civilly desir'd to be excus'd.

C H A P. XLIX.

How Homenas Bishop of Papimany shew'd us the Uranopet Decretals.

Homenas then said to us: 'Tis enjoyn'd us by our Holy Decretals to visit Churches first, and Taverns after. Therefore not to decline that fine Institution, let us go to Church; we shall afterwards go to Feast our selves. Man of God, quoth Fryar *Jhon*, do you go before, we'll follow you, you spoke in the matter properly and like a good Christian, 'tis long since we saw any such. For my part, this rejoyces my mind very much, and I verily believe that I shall have the better Stomach after it; well, 'tis a happy thing

to meet with good Men! Being come near the Gate of the Church, we spy'd a huge thick Book, gilt and covered all over with precious Stones, as Rubies, Emeralds, and Pearls, more, or at least as valuable as those which *Augustus* consecrated to *Jupiter Capitolinus*. This Book hang'd in the Air, being fasten'd with two thick Chains of Gold to the *Zoophore* of the Porch. We look'd on it, and admir'd it. As for *Pansagruel* he handled it, and dandled it, and turn'd it as he pleas'd, for he could reach it without straining; and he protested, that whenever he touch'd it, he was seiz'd with a pleasant tickling at his Fingers end, new Life and Activity in his Arms, and a violent temptation in his Mind to beat one or two Sergeants or such Officers, provided they were not of the Shaveling-kind. *Homenas* then said to us, The Law was formerly given to the *Jews* by *Moses*, written by God himself; at *Delphos* before the Portal of *Apollo's* Temple, this Sentence, *ΙΝΘΘΙ ΖΕΑΥΤΟΝ*, was found written with a Divine Hand, and sometime after it was also seen, and as Divinely written and transmitted from Heaven. *Cybele's* Shrine was brought out of Heaven into a Field call'd *Penisunt* in *Phrygia*; so was that of *Diana* to *Tauris*, if you will believe *Euripides*; the *Oriflambe*, or Holy Standard was transmitted out of Heaven to the Noble and most Christian Kings of *France* to fight against the Unbelievers.

lievers. In the Reign of *Numa Pompilius*, second King of the *Romans*, the famous Copper Buckler call'd *Ancile* was seen to descend from Heaven. At *Acropolis* near *Athens*, *Minerva's* Statue formerly fell from the *Empyrean* Heaven. In like manner the sacred *Decretals*, which you see, were written with the hand of an Angel of the Cherubin-kind; you Outlandish People will hardly believe this, I fear? Little enough of Conscience; said *Panurge*.— And then, continued *Homenot*, they were miraculously transmitted to us here from the very Heaven of Heavens in the same manner as the River *Nile* is call'd *Disipetes* by *Homer* the Father of all Philosophy (the holy *Decretals* always excepted.) Now because you have seen the Pope, their Evangelist and everlasting Protector, we will give you leave to see and kiss them on the Inside, if you think it meet. But then you must fast Three days before, and Canonically confess, nicely and strictly mustering up, and inventorising your Sins great and small, so thick that one single Circumstance of them may not scape you, as our holy *Decretals*, which you see, direct. This will take up some time. Man of God, answer'd *Panurge*, we have seen and descry'd Decrees and eke *Decretals* enough o' Conscience, some on Paper other on Parchment fine and gay like any painted Paper Lantern, some on Vellom, some in Manuscript, and others in Print; so you need not take half this Pains to shew us these.

We'll

We'll take the Good-will for the Deed, and thank you as much as if we had. Ay Marry, said *Homenas*, but you never saw these that are Angelically written. Those in your Country, are only Transcripts from ours, as we find it written by one of our old Decretaline Scoliafts. For me; Do not spare me, I do not value the Labour, so I may serve you; do but tell me whether you will be confest, and fast only three short little days of God? As for shrivving, answer'd *Panurge*, there can be no great harm in't, but this same Fasting, Master of mine, will hardly down with us at this time; for we have so very much over-fasted our selves at Sea, that the Spiders have spun their Cobwebs over our Grinders. Do but look on this good Fryar *Ibon des Entorneures* (*Homenas* then courteously Demy-clipp'd him about the Neck) some Moss is growing in his Throat for want of bestirring and exercising his Chaps. He speaks the Truth, vouch'd Fryar *Ibon*, I have so much fasted, that I'm almost grown hump-shoulder'd. Come then, let's go into the Church, said *Homenas*, and pray forgive us if for the Present we do not sing you a fine high Mass: The hour of Mid-day is past, and after it our sacred Decretals forbid us to sing Mass, I mean your high and lawful Mass. But I'll say a low and dry one for you. I had rather have one moistened with some good *Anjou* Wine, cry'd *Panurge*; fall to, fall to

to your low Mass, and dispatch. Od's Boddikins, quoth Fryar Ibon, it frets me to the Guts that I must have an empty Stomach at this time of day. For, had I eaten a good Breakfast, and fed like a Monk, if he should chance to sing us the *Requiem aeternam dona eis, domine*, I had then brought thither Bread and Wine for the *Traits* passes, (those that are gone before.) Well, Patience; Pull away, and save a Tide, short and sweet, I pray you, and this for a Cause.

CH A P. L.

How Homenas show'd us the Arch-Type, or Representation of a Pope.

MAs being mumbled over, *Homenas* took a huge bundle of Keys out of a Trunk near the Head Altar, and put Thirty two of them into so many Key-holes, put back so many Springs, then with Fourteen more master'd so many Padlocks, and at last open'd an Iron-Window strongly barr'd above the said Altar. This being done, in token of great Mystery, he cover'd himself with wet Sackcloth, and drawing a Curtain of Crimson Sattin, show'd us an Image daub'd over coursfly enough, to my thinking; then he touch'd it with a pretty long stick, and made us all kiss the part of the Stick that had

had touch'd the Image. After this he said to us, What think you of this Image? It is the Likeness of a Pope, answer'd *Pantagruel*; I know it by the Tripple Crown, his Furr'd *Aumusse*, his Rochet, and his Slipper. You are in the right, said *Homenas*; it is the Idea of that same good God on Earth, whose coming we devoutly await, and whom we hope one day to see in this Country. O happy, wish'd for, and much expected day; and happy, most happy, you whose propitious Stars have so far favour'd you as to let you see the living and real Face of this good God on Earth, by the single sight of whose Picture we obtain full Remission of all the Sins which we remember, that we have committed, as also a Third part, and Eighteen *Quarantaines* of the Sins which we have forgot: And indeed we only see it on high annual Holy days.

This caus'd *Pantagruel* to say that it was a Work like those which *Dadalus* us'd to make; since tho' it were deform'd and ill drawn, nevertheless some divine Energy in Point of Pardons lay hid and conceal'd in it. Thus, said Fryar *Ihon*, at *Seville*, the raskally Beggars being one Evening on a Solemn Holy-day at Supper in the Spittle, one bragg'd of having got Six *Blancs*, or Two pence Half-penny, another Eight *Liards* or Two pence, a Third Seven *Carolus's* or Six pence; but an old Mumper made his Vaunts of having

got three Testons, or five Shillings : Ah, but (cry'd his Comrades) thou hast a Leg of god ; as if continu'd Fryar *Ibon*, some divine Vertue could lye hid in a stenching ulcerated rotten Shanck. Pray, said *Pantagruel*, when you are for telling us some such nauseous Tale, be so kind as not to forget to provide a *Bason*, Fryar *Ibon*; I'll assure you, I had much ado to forbear bringing up my Breakfast: Fy, I wonder a Man of your Coat is not asham'd to use thus the Sacred name of God in speaking of things so filthy and abominable ; Fy, I say : If among your monking Tribes such an abuse of Words is allow'd, I beseech you leave it there, and do not let it come out of the Cloysters. Physicians, said *Epistemon*, thus attribute a kind of Divinity to some Diseases ; *Nero* also extoll'd Mushrooms, and in a Greek Proverb term'd them divine Food, because with them he had Poyson'd *Claudius* his Predecessor. But methinks, Gentlemen, this same Picture is not over-like our late Popes. For I have seen them, not with their *Pallium*, *Aumusse* or *Rocket* on, but with Helmets on their Heads, more like the Top of a Persian Turbant ; and while the Christian Commonwealth was in Peace, they alone were most furiously and cruelly making War. This must have been then, return'd *Homerus*, against the Rebellious, Heretical Protestants; Reprobates, who are disobedient to the Holiness of this good God on Earth. 'Tis not
only

only lawful for him to do so, but it is enjoin'd him by the Sacred Decretals, and if any dare transgress one single *Iota* against their Commands, whether they be Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Princes, or Commonwealths, he is immediately to pursue them with Fire and Sword, strip them of all their Goods, take their Kingdoms from them, proscribe them, Anathematize them, and destroy not only their Bodies, those of their Children, Relations and others, but Damn also their Souls to the very bottom of the most hot and burning *Caldron* in Hell. Here, in the Devil's name, said *Panurge*, the People are no Hereticks, such as was our *Raminagrobis*, and as they are in *Germany* and *England*. You are *Christians* of the best Edition, all pick'd and cull'd, for ought I see. Ay, marry are we, return'd *Homenas*, and for that reason we shall all be sav'd. Now let us go and bless our selves with Holy-water, and then to Dinner.

C H A P. LI.

Table-Talk in Praise of the Decretals.

NOW Topers, pray observe that while *Homenas* was saying his dry Mass, three Collectors, or Licens'd Beggars of the Church, each of them with a large Basin went round among the People, saying with a loud Voice;

Pray

Pray remember the blessed Men who have seen his Face. As we came out of the Temple they brought their Basins brim full of *Papimany* Chink to *Homenas*, who told us that it was plentifully to Feast with; and that, of this Contribution and voluntary Tax, one part should be laid out in good Drinking, another in good Eating, and the remainder in both; according to an admirable Exposition hidden in a Corner of their Holy Decretals; which was perform'd to a T, and that at a noted Tavern not much unlike that of *Will's* at *Amiens*. Believe me we tickled it off there with copious Cramming, and numerous Swilling.

I made two notable Observations at that Dinner; the one that there was not one Dish serv'd up 'whether of Cabrittas, Capons, Hogs (of which latter there's great Plenty in *Papimany*) Pigeons, Coneys, Leverets, Turkeys or others, without abundance of Magistral *Stuff*; the other, that every Course and the Fruit also were serv'd up by unmarried Females of the Place, tight Lasses, I'll assure you, Waggish, Fair, Good condition'd, and Comely, Spruce, and fit for Business. They were clad all in fine long white *Albes* with two Girts, their Hair interwoven with narrow Tape, and purple Ribbond, stuck with Roses, Gilly-flowers, Marjoram, Daffidown-Dillies, Thyme and other sweet Flowers.

At every Cadence, they invited us to drink and bang it about, dropping us neat and gentile Court'lies : nor was the sight of them unwelcome to all the Company ; and as for Fryar *Ihon*, he leer'd on them sideways, like a Cur that steals a Capon. When the first course was taken off, the Females melodiously Sung us an Epode in Praise of the *Sacrosanct* Decretals; and then the second Course being serv'd up *Homenas* joyful and cheery, said to one of the she Butlers, Light here, *Claricia*. Immediately one of the Girls brought him a Tall-boy brim-full of *Extravagant* VVine. He took fast hold of it and fetching a deep sigh said to *Pantagruel* : My Lord, and you my good Friends, Here's t'ye, with all my Heart : You are all very wellcome. When he had tipp'd that off, and given the Tall-boy to the pretty Creature, he lifted up his Voice and said ; O most holy *Decretals*, how good is good Wine found through your Means. This is the best Jest we have had yet, observ'd *Panurge* : But twould still be a better, if they could turn bad Wine into Good.

O *Seraphic Sextum* ! (continu'd *Homenas*) how necessary are you not to the Salvation of poor Mortals. O *Cherubic Clementine* ! How perfectly the perfect institution of a true Christian is contain'd and describ'd in you ! O *Angelical Extravagants* ! How many poor Souls that wander up and down in mortal Bodies.

Bodies, throw this vale of Misery, would perish, were it not for you! VVhen ha! VVhen shall this special gift of grace be bestow'd on Man kind, as to lay aside all other Studies and Concerns, to use you, to peruse you, to understand you, to know you by heart, to practise you, to incorporate you, to turn you into blood, and incenter you into the deepest Ventracles of their Brains, the inmost Marrow of their Bones, and most intricate Labyrinth of their Arteries? Then, ha then, and no sooner than then, nor otherwise than thus shall the World be happy! VVhile the old Man was thus running on, *Epistemon* arose and softly said to *Panurge*; For want of a close stool, I must e'en leave you for a moment or two; this *Stuff* has unbung'd the Orifice of my Mustard-Barrel, but I'll not tarry long.

Then, ah then, continu'd *Homenas*, no Hail, Frost, Ice, Snow, Overflowing, or *Vis-major*: Then plenty of all earthly goods here below. Then uninterrupted and eternal Peace throw the universe, an End of all Wars, plunderings, drudgeries, robbing, assassines, unless it be to destroy these cursed Rebels the Heretics. Oh then, Rejoycing, Cheerfulness, Jollity, Solace, Sports and delicious Pleasures, over the Face of the Earth. Oh! What great Learning, inestimable Erudition, and Godlike Precepts, are knit, link'd
rivetted

rivetted and mortais'd in the Divine Chapters of these eternal Decretals?

Oh! How wonderfully, if you read but one demy Canon, short Paragraph, or single Observation of these *Sacrofanct* Decretals, how wonderfully, I say, do you not perceive to kindle in your Hearts, a furnace of divine Love, Charity towards your Neighbour (provided he be no Heretic,) bold Contempt of all casual and sublunary Things, firm Content in all your affections, and extatic Elevation of Soul even to the third Heaven!

CHAP. LII.

*A Continuation of the Miracles caus'd
by the Decretals.*

Wisely, Brother Timothy, quoth *Parurge*, did am, did am; he says blew; But for my part I believe as little of it as I can. For, one Day by chance I happen'd to read a Chapter of them at *Poitiers* at the most Decretalipotent *Scotch* Doctor's, and old Nick turn me into Bumfodder, if this did not make me so Hide-bound and costly that, for four or five Days I hardly scumber'd one poor butt of Sir-reverence; and that

that too was full as dry and hard, I protest, as *Catullus* tells us were those of his Neighbour *Furius*.

*Nec toto decies cacas in anno,
Atq; id durius est fabâ, & lapillis:
Quod tu si manibus teras, fricesq;
Non unquam digitum inquinare posses.*

Oh, ho, cry'd *Homenas*, by'r Lady, it may be you were then in the State of Mortal sin, my Friend. Well turn'd, cry'd *Pamurge*, this was of a new strain'd gad.

One day, said Fryar *John*, at *Seville* I had apply'd to my posteriors by the way of hind-Towel a leaf of an old *Clementine*, which our Rent-gatherer *John Guimard* had thrown out into the green of our Cloyster: now the Devil broyl me like a Black-pudding if I was n't so abominably plagu'd with chaps, chawns and piles at the Fundament, that the Orifice of my poor Nockandroe was in a most wofull Pickle for I don't know how long. By 'r Lady cry'd *Homenas*, 'twas a plain Punishment of God, for the sin that you had committed in beraying that sacred Book, which you ought rather to have kiss'd and ador'd, I say with an adoration of *Latria*, or of *Hyperdulia* at least: The *Panormitan* never told a Lye in the matter.

Saith *Ponocrates*, at *Montpelier*, *John Chouart* having bought of the Monks of *St. Olary* a
L delicate

delicate set of Decretals written on fine large Parchment of *Lamballe*, to beat Gold between the leaves, not so much as a piece that was beaten in them came to good, but all were dilacerated and spoil'd. Mark this, cry'd *Homenas*, 'twas a Divine punishment and vengeance.

At *Mans*, said *Eudemou*, *Francis Cornu*, Apothecary, had turn'd an old set of *Extravagantes* into waste Paper; may I never stir, if whatever was lapt up in them was not immediately corrupted, rotten and spoil'd; incense, Pepper, Cloves, Cinnamon, Saffron, Wax, Cassia, Rhubarb, Tamarinds, all, Drugs and Spices, were lost without exception. Mark, mark, quoth *Homenas*, an effect of Divine Justice! This comes of putting the Sacred Scriptures to such prophane uses.

At *Paris*, said *Carpalim*, *Snip Groignet* the Taylor had turn'd an old *Clementine* into Patterns and Measures, and all the Clothes that were cut on them were utterly spoil'd and lost; Gowns, Hoods, Cloaks, Cassocks, Jerkins, Jackets, Waistcoats, Capes, Doublets, Petticoats, *Corps de Robes*, Vardingals, and soforth. *Snip* thinking to cut a Hood would cut you out a Codpiece; instead of a Cassock he'd make you a high Crown'd Hat; for a Waistcoat he'd shape you out a Rochet; on the Pattern of a Doublet he'd make you a thing like a Frying-pan; then his Journey-men, having

having stich'd it up, did jagg it and pink it at the bottom, and so it look'd like a pan to fry Chesnuts ; instead of a Cape he made a Buskin ; for a Vardingale he shap'd a Montero-Cap ; and thinking to make a Cloak he'd cut out a pair of your big outstroutting *Switzers* Breeches with panes like the outside of a Tabor. In so much that *Snip* was condemn'd to make good the Stuffs to all his Customers ; and to this day poor Cabbage's hair grows through his Hood, and his Arse through his Pocket-holes. Mark, an effect of Heavenly wrath and vengeance, cry'd *Homenas*.

At *Cabusac*, said *Gymnast*, a match being made by the Lords of *Estissac* and Vicount *Laufin* to shoot at a Mark, *Peretou* had taken to pieces a set of Decretals, and set one of the Leaves for the White to shoot at ; now I sell, nay I give and bequeath for ever and aye the Mould of my Doublet to fifteen hundred Hampers full of black Devils, if ever any Archer in the Country (tho they are singular Marksmen in *Gujenne*) could hit the White. Not the least bit of the Holy Scrible was contaminated or touch'd ; nay, and *Sanferin* the Elder who held Stakes, swore to us, *Figues dicures*, hard Figs (his greatest Oath) that he had openly, visibly and manifestly seen the Belt of *Carquelin* moving right to the round Circle in the middle of the White, and that just on the point when it was going to hit and enter, it had gon aside above seven foot

and four inches wide of it towards the Bake-house.

Miracle! (cry'd *Homenas*) Miracle, Miracle! *Clerica*, come Wench, light, light here, Here's to you all Gentlemen; I vow you seem to me very sound Christians: While he said this, the Maidens began to snicker at his Elbow, grinning, giggling and twittering among themselves. Fryar *Jhon* began to paw, neigh and whinny at the Snout's end, as one ready to leap, or at least to play the Ass, and get up and ride tantivy to the Devil like a Beggar on Horseback.

Methinks, said *Pantagruel*, a Man might have been more out of danger near the White of which *Gymnast* spoke, than was formerly *Diogenes* near another. How's that ask'd *Homenas*, what was it? Was he one of our Decretalists? Rarely fallen in again e'gad, said *Epistemon* returning from Stool, I see he will hook his Decretals in, tho' by the Head and Shoulders.

Diogenes, said *Pantagruel*, one day for Pastime, went to see some Archers that shot at Butts, one of whom was so unskilful, that, when it was his turn to shoot, all the bystanders went aside, lest he should mistake them for the Mark. *Diogenes* had seen him shoot extremely wide off it, so when the other was taking aim a second time, and the People remov'd at a great distance to the right and left of the White, he placed himself close by

by the Mark, holding that place to be the safest, and that so bad an Archer would certainly rather hit any other.

One of the Lord *d'Estissac's* Pages at last found out the Charm, pursued *Gymnast*, and by his advice *Perotou* put in another White made up of some Papers of *Pouillac's* Law Suit, and then every one shot cleverly.

At *Landerouffe*, said *Rhizotome*, at *John Delaf's* Wedding were very great doings, as 'twas then the Custom of the Country. After Supper, several Farces, Interludes, and Comical Scenes were acted: they had also several Morrice-dances with Bells and Tabors; and divers sorts of Masques, and Mummers were set in. My School-fellows and I, to grace the Festival to the best of our Power (for, fine white and purple Liveries had been given to all of us in the Morning) contriv'd a merry Mask with store of Cockle-shells, shells of Snails, Periwinkles and such other. Then for want of Cuckoe-pint or Priest-pintle, Lousebur, Clote, and Paper, we made our selves false Faces with the Leaves of an old *Sextum*, that had been thrown by and lay there for any one that would take it up, cutting out holes for the Eyes, Nose and Mouth. Now did you ever hear the like since you were born, when we had play'd our little Boyish Antick Tricks, and came to take off our sham-faces, we appear'd more hideous and ugly than the little Devils that acted the *Passion* at *Donay*:

For our Faces were utterly spoyl'd at the places which had been touch'd by those leaves; one had there the Small Pox, another God's Token, or the Plague spot, a third the Crinckums, a fourth the Measles, a fifth Bitches Pusshes and Carbuncles; in short, he came off the least hurt who only lost his Teeth by the bargain. Miracle, bawl'd out *Homenas*, Miracle!

Hold, hold, cry'd *Rhizotome*, 'tis n't yet time to clap; my Sister *Kate*, and my Sister *Ren* had put the Crepines of their Hoods, their Ruffles, Snuffekins, and Neck-Ruffs now wash'd starch'd and iron'd, into that very Book of Decretals; for, you must know, it was cover'd with thick Boards and had strong Clasps; now, by the virtue of God—— Hold, interrupted *Homenas*, what God do you mean? There is but one, answer'd *Rhizotome*. In Heaven, I grant, reply'd *Homenas*, but we have another here on Earth, d'yessce. Ay marry, have we, said *Rhizotome*, but on my Soul I protest I had quite forgot it— well then, by the virtue of God the Pope, their Pinners, Neck-ruffs, Bibs, Coifs, and other Linnen turn'd as black as a Char-coal-maan's Sack. Miracle, cry'd *Homenas*! Here, *Clerica*, light me here, and pr'ythee, Girl, observe these rare Stories. How comes it to pass then, ask'd Fryar *Fbon*, that People say,

Ever since *Decrees* had *Tails*,
 And *Gens-d'Arms* lugg'd heavy *Mails*,
 Since each Monk would have a *Horse*,
 All went here from bad to worse.

Depuis que Decrets eurent Ales,
Et Gens-d'Armes portèrent Males,
Moines allerent à Cheval,
En ce monde abonda à tout mal.

I understand you, answer'd *Homenas*; this
 is one of the quirks and little satires of the
 new fangl'd Hereticks.

CHAP. LIII.

How, by the Virtue of the Decretals,
Gold is subtilly drawn out of France
to Rome.

I would, said *Epistemon*, it had cost me a
 pint of the best *Tripe* that ever can
 enter into *Gut*, so we had but compar'd with
 the Original, the dreadful Chapters, *Execra-*
bilis. De multa. Si plures. De Annatis per
totum. Nisi essent. Cum ad Monasterium.
Quod dilectio. Mandatum; and certain others
 that draw every year out of *France to Rome*,
 four hundred thousand *Ducats* and more.

Do you make nothing of this, ask'd *Homenas*? Tho' methinks, after all, 'tis but little if we consider that *France* the *most Christian*, is the only Nurse, the See of *Rome* has. However find me in the whole World a Book whether of Philosophy, Physic, Law, Mathematicks, or other humane Learning, nay, even, by my God, of the Holy Scripture it self, that will draw as much Money thence? None, none, pshaw, tush, blurr, pish, none can: You may look till your Eyes drop out of your Head; nay, till Dooms-day in the afternoon, before you can find another of that Energy; I'll pass my word for that.

Yet these Devillish Heretics refuse to learn and know it. Burn 'em, tear 'em, nip 'em with hot Pincers, drown 'em, hang 'em, spit 'em at the Bung-hole, pelt 'em, paut 'em, bruise 'em, beat 'em, cripple 'em, dismember 'em, cut 'em gut 'em, bowell 'em, patch 'em, thrash 'em, flash 'em, gash 'em, chop 'em, slice 'em, slit 'em, carve 'em, saw 'em, bethwack 'em, pare 'em, hack 'em, hew 'em, mince 'em, flea 'em, boyl 'em, broyl 'em, roast 'em, toast 'em, bake 'em, fry 'em, crucifie 'em, crush 'em, squeeze 'em, grind 'em, batter 'em, burst 'em, quarter 'em, unlimb 'em, bebump 'em, bethump 'em, belam me 'em, belabour 'em, pepper 'em, spitchcock 'em, and carbonade 'em on Grind irons, these wicked Heretics; Decretalifuges, Decretalicides, worse

worse than Homicides, worse than Patricides,
Decretalictones of the Devil of Hell.

As for you other good People, I most earnestly pray and beseech you to believe no other thing, think on, say, undertake, or do no other thing than what's contain'd in our Sacred Decretals, and their Corollaries, this fine *Sextum*, these fine *Clementine*, these fine *Extravagantes*. O Deific Books! So shall you enjoy Glory, Honour, Exaltation, Wealth, Dignities, and Preferments in this World; be rever'd, and dreaded by all, preferr'd, Elect'd, and Chosen above all Men.

For, there is not under the Cope of Heaven, a condition of Men out of which you'll find Persons fitter to do and handle all things, than those who by Divine Prescience, Eternal Predestination, have applied themselves to the Study of the Holy Decretals.

Would you chuse a worthy Emperor, a good Captain, a fit General in time of War, one that can well foresee all inconveniencies, avoid all dangers, briskly and bravely bring his Men on to a Breach or Attack, still be on sure grounds, always overcome without loss of his Men, and know how to make a good use of his Victory? Take me a Decretist.—
No, no, I mean a Decretalist. Ho, the foul Blunder, whisper'd *Epistemon*.

Would you in time of Peace, find a Man capable of wisely governing the State of a Commonwealth, of a Kingdom, of a Em-

pire, of a Monarchy, sufficient to maintain the Clergy, Nobility, Senate and Commons in Wealth, Friendship, Unity, Obedience, Virtue and Honesty? Take a Decretalist.

Would you find a Man who, by his exemplary Life, Eloquence, and pious Admonitions, may in a short time without effusion of humane blood Conquer the Holy Land, and bring over to the Holy Church the misbelieving *Turks, Jews, Tartars, Muscovites, Mamelus, and Sarrabonites?* Take me a Decretalist.

What makes in many Countries, the People Rebellious and deprav'd, Pages sawcy and mischievous, Students sottish and duncical? Nothing but that their Governours, Esquires, and Tutors were not Decretalists.

But what, on your Conscience, was it d'ye think that establish'd, confirm'd and authoris'd these fine Religious Orders with whom you see the Christian World every where adorn'd, grac'd and illustrated as the Firmament is with its glorious Stars? The Holy Decretals.

What was it that founded, underpropt, and fix'd, and now maintains, nourishes and feeds the devout Monks and Fryars in Convents, Monasteries and Abbeys, so that did they not daily and mightily pray without ceasing, the World would be in evident danger of returning to its Primitive Chaos? The Sacred Decretals.

What makes, and daily encrease the sa-

mous and celebrated Patrimony of St. *Peter* in plenty of all Temporal, Corporeal and Spiritual Blessings? The Holy Decretals.

What made the Holy Apostolick See and Pope of *Rome* in all times, and at this present so dreadful in the Universe, that all Kings, Emperors, Potentates, and Lords willing nilling must depend on him, hold of him, be Crown'd, confirm'd, and Authoris'd by him, come thither to strike sail, buckle, and fall down before his Holy Slipper, whose Picture you have seen? The mighty Decretals of God.

I will discover you a great secret; The Universities of your World have commonly a Book either open or shut in their Arms and Devises; what Book do you think it is? Truly, I do not know, answer'd *Pantagruel*, I never read it. It is the Decretals, said *Homenas*, without which the Priviledges of all Universities would soon be lost. You must own I have taught you this, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Here *Homenas* began to belch, to fart, to funk, to laugh, to flaver, and to sweat; and then he gave his huge greasy four-corner'd Cap to one of the Laisles, who clapt it on her pretty head with a deal of joy after she had lovingly buss'd it, as a sure token that she should be first married. *Vivat*, cry'd *Epistemon*, *sifat*, *bibat*, *pipat*.

O Apocalyptic secret, continued *Homenas*! light, light, *Clerica*, light here with double
Lantern,

Lanterns. Now for the Fruit, Virgins.

I was saying then, that giving your selves thus wholly to the Study of the Holy Decretals, you'll gain Wealth and Honour in this World; I add, that in the next you'll infallibly be saved in the blessed Kingdom of Heaven, whose Keys are given to *Our* good God and Decretaliarch. O My good God, whom I adore and never saw, by thy special Grace open unto us, at the Point of Death at least, this most Sacred Treasure of our Holy Mother Church, whose Protector, Preserver, Buttler, Chief Larder, Administrator, and Disposer thou art; and take care, I beseech thee, O Lord, that the precious works of Supererogation, the goodly Pardons do not fail us in time of need; so that the Devils may not find an opportunity to gripe our precious Souls, and the dreadful Jaws of Hell may not swallow us. If we must pass thro' Purgatory, *Thy* will be done. It is in thy Power to draw us out of it when thou pleasest. Here *Homenas* began to shed huge hot briny Tears, to beat his Brest, and kiss his Thumbs in the shape of a Cross.

C H A P. LIV.

How Homenas give Pantagruel some Bon-Christian Pears.

E*Pistemon, Fryar Ibon, and Panurge* seeing this doleful Catastrophe began under the

the cover of their Napkins to cry, Meeow, Meeow, Meeow, feigning to wipe their Eyes all the while as if they had wept. The Wenches were doubly diligent and brought Brimmers of *Clementine* Wine to every one, besides store of Sweet-meats, and thus the Feasting was reviv'd.

Before we arose from Table, *Homenas* gave us a great quantity of fair large Pears; saying, Here, my good Friends, these are singular good Pears, you'll find none such any where else I dare warrant. Every Soyl bears not every thing you know; *India* alone boasts black *Ebony*, the best Incense is produc'd in *Sabea*, the Sphragitid Earth at *Lemnos*; So this Island is the only Place where such fine Pears grow. You may, if you please, make Seminaries with their Pippins, in your Country.

I like their Taste extremely, said *Pantagruel*; if they were slic'd and put into a Pan on the Fire with Wine and Sugar, I fancy they would be very wholesome Meat for the Sick as well as for the Healthy; Pray what do you call 'em? No, otherwise than you've heard, reply'd *Homenas*; we are a plain down-right sort of People, as God would have it, and call Figs, Figs; Plumbs, Plumbs; and Pears, Pears. Truly, said *Pantagruel*, If I live to go home, (which I hope will be speedily, God willing) I'll set and graff some in my Garden in *Touraine* by the Banks

Banks of the Loire, and will them call *Bon-Christian* or *Good-Christian* Pears; for I never saw better Christians than are these good *Papimans*. I'd like him two to one better yet, said Fryar *Ibon*, would he but give us two or three Cart-loads of yon buxsome Lasses. Why, what would you do with them, cry'd *Homenas*? Quoth Fryar *Ibon*, no harm, Only bleed the Kind-hearted Souls straight between the two great Toes with certain clever Lancets of the right stamp; By which Operation *Good-Christian* Children would be inoculated upon them, and the Breed be multiply'd in our Country, in which there are not many over good, the more's the Pity.

Nay, verily reply'd *Homenas*, We cannot do this, for you would make them tread their Shoes awry, crack their Pipkins, and spoil their Shapes; you love Mutton I see, you'll run at Sheep, I know you by that same Nose, and Hair of yours, tho' I never saw your Face before. Alas, alas, how kind you are! And would you indeed Damn your precious Soul? Our Decretals forbid this; Ah, I wish you had them at your Fingers-end. Patience, said Fryar *Ibon*: But, *Si tu non vis dare, presta quasumus*; matter of Breviary; as for that I defie all the world, and I fear no Man that wears a Head and a Hood, tho' he were a *Chrystallin*, I mean a *Decretalin* Doctor.

Dinner being over, we took our leave of the Right Reverend *Homenas*, and of all the
good

good People, humbly giving thanks, and, to make them amends for their kind Entertain-ment, Promised them that at our coming to *Rome* we would make our Applications so effectually to the Pope, that he would speedily be iure to come to Visit them in Person. After this we went o' Board.

Pantagrue by an Act of Generosity, and as an Acknowledgment for the sight of the Pope's Picture, gave *Homenas* Nine pieces of double friz'd Cloth of Gold, to be set before the Grates of the Window. He also caus'd the Church-Box for it's Repairs and Fabrick to be quite fill'd with double-Crowns of Gold, & order'd Nine hundred & Fourteen Angels to be deliver'd to each of the Ladies, who had waited at Table, to buy them Husbands when they could get them.

C H A P. LV.

How, Pantagrue being at Sea heard various unfrozen words.

WHen we were at Sea Junketting, Tippling Discourling, and telling Stories, *Pantagrue* rose and stood up to look out; then ask'd us, Do you hear nothing, Gentlemen? Methinks I hear some People talking in the Air; yet I can see no Body, Hark! According to his Command we listen'd; and with

full

full Ears suck'd in the Air, as some of you suck Oysters, to find if we could hear some sound scatter'd thro' the Sky ; and to lose none of it, like the Emperor *Antoninus*, some of us laid their hands hollow next to their Ears : But all this would not do, nor could we hear any Voice. Yet *Pantagruel* continued to assure us he heard various Voices in the Air, some of Men, and some of Women.

At last we began to Fancy that we also heard something, or at least that our Ears tingled, and the more we listen'd, the plainer we discern'd the Voices, so as to distinguish Articulate Sounds. This mightily frightened us, and not without cause, since we could see nothing, yet heard such various Sounds and Voices of Men, Women, Children, Horses, &c. insomuch that *Panurge* cry'd out, Gods Belly, there's no fooling with the Devil, we are all beshit, let's fly. There is some Ambuscado hereabouts. Fryar *Ihon* art thou here, my Love ? I pr'y thee, stay by me old Boy, hast thou got thy swindging Tool ? See that it do not stick in the Scabbard, thou never scour'st it half as it should be. We are undone. Hark ! They are Guns, Gad judge me ; Let's fly, I do not say with hands and feet, as *Brutus* said at the Battel of *Pharsalia*, I say with Sails and Oars ; Let's whip it away, I never find my self to have a bit of Courage at Sea ; In Cellars and elsewhere I have
more

more than enough. Let's fly, and save our Bacon. I do not say this for any fear that I have ; for I dread nothing but Danger ; that I don't : I always say it that should n't. The Free-Archer of *Baignolet* said as much. Let's hazard nothing therefore, I say , lest we come off blewly. Tack about, Helm a Lee, thou Son of a Batchelor. Would I were now well in *Quinquenois*, tho' I were never to Marry. Hast away, let's make all the Sail we can, they'l be too hard for us, we are not able to cope with them, they are ten to our one, I'll warrant you ; Nay, and they are on their Dunghil, while we do not know the Country. They'l be the Death of us. We'll lose no Honour by flying ; *Demosthenes* saith, That the Man that runs away may fight another time. At least, let us retreat to the Lee-ward. Helm a Lee ; bring the main Tack aboard, Haul the Bow-lins, Hoist the Top-Gallants, we are all dead Men ; get off in the Devils name, get off.

Pantagruel hearing the sad Outcry which *Panurge* made, said , who Talks of flying ? Let's first see who they are , perhaps they may be Friends ; I can discover no Body yet, tho' I can see a hundred Miles round me : But let's consider a little, I have read that a Philosopher nam'd *Perron* was of Opinion, that there were several Worlds that touch'd each other in an Equilateral Triangle ; in whose Centre, he said, was the dwelling of Truth, and

and that the words, Ideas, Copies and Images of all things past, and to come resided there ; round which was the Age, and that with Success of Time part of them us'd to fall on mankind like Rhumes and Mi'dews, just as the Dew fell on *Gideon's Fleece*, till the Age was fulfilled.

I also remember, continued he, that *Aristotle* affirms *Homer's* words to be flying, moving, and consequently animated. Besides, *Antiphanes* said, that *Plato's* Philosophy was like words which being spoken in some Country during a hard Winter are immediately congeal'd, frozen up and not heard ; for, what *Plato* taught young Lads could hardly be understood by them, when they were grown Old. Now, continued he, we should Philosophise and Search whether this be not the place where those words are thaw'd.

You'd wonder very much, should this be the Head and Lyre of *Orpheus*. When the *Thracian* Women had torn him to Pieces, they threw his Head and Lyre into the River *Hebrus* ; down which they floated to the *Euxine* Sea, as far as the Island of *Lesbos*, the Head continually uttering a doleful Song, as it were, lamenting the Death of *Orpheus*, and the Lyre with the Wind's impulse moving its strings, and Harmoniously Accompanying the Voice. Let's see if we cannot discover them hereabouts.

CHAP.

C H A P. XLVI.

How among the Frozen Words Pantagruel found some odd ones.

THE Skipper made answer ; Be not afraid, my Lord, we are on the Confines of the Frozen Sea, on which about the beginning of last Winter happen'd a great and bloody Fight between the *Arimaspians* and the *Nepheleabates*. Then the words and crys of Men and Women, the hacking, flashing, and hewing of Battle-axes, the shocking, knocking, and joulting of Armours, and Harnesses, the neighing of Horses, and all other Martial din and noise, froze in the Air ; and now the rigour of the Winter being over by the succeeding serenity and warmth of the Weather, they melt and are heard.

By jingo, quoth *Panurge*, the Man talks somewhat like, I believe him ; but could n't we see some of 'em ? Methinks I have read that on the edge of the Mountain on which *Moses* receiv'd the the *Judaic* Law, the People saw the Voices sensibly. — Here, here, said *Pantagruel*, here are some that are not yet thaw'd. He then throw'd us on the Deck whole handfulls of frozen Words, which seem'd to us like your rough Sugar-Plumbs, of many colours, like those us'd in
Heraldry,

Heraldry, some words *Gules*, [This means also Jest and merry sayings] some *Vert*, some *Azur*, some *Black*, some *Or*, [This means also fair words:] and when we had somewhat warm'd them between our Hands, they melted like Snow, and we really heard them, but could not understand them, for it was a Barbarous Gibberish; one of them only that was pretty big, having been warm'd between Fryar *Jbon*'s Hands, gave a sound much like that of Chestnuts when they are thrown into the fire without being first cut, which made us all start. This was the report of a Field-picce in its time, cry'd Fryar *Jbon*.

Panurge pray'd *Pantagruel* to give him some more; but *Pantagruel* told him, that to give words was the part of a Lover. Sell me some then, I pray you, cry'd *Panurge*. That's the part of a Lawyer, return'd *Pantagruel*. I would sooner sell you Silence, tho' at a dearer Rate, as *Demosthenes* formerly sold it by the means of his *Argentangina* or Silver Squinsey.

However he threw three or four Handfuls of them on the Deck, among which I perceiv'd some very sharp words, and some bloody words, which the Pilot said, us'd sometimes to go back and recoil to the place whence they came, but 'twas with a slit weefand; we also saw some terrible words, and some others not very pleasant to the Eye.

When they had been all melted together, we heard a strange noise, hin, hin, hin, bin,
his

his, tick, rock, taack, brededin, brededack, frr, frr, frr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, track, track, trr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrrr, on, on, on, on, on, on, ououou-ouon, gog, magog, and I do not know what other barbarous words, which the Pilot said, were the noise made by the Charging Squadrons, the shock and neighing of Horses.

Then we heard some large ones go off like Drums and Fifes, and others like Clarions and Trumpets. Believe me, we had very good sport with them. I would fain have sav'd some merry odd words, and have preserv'd them in Oyl, as Ice and Snow are kept, and between clean Straw. But *Pantagruel* would not let me, saying, that 'tis a folly to hoard up what we are never like to want, or have always at hand, odd quaint, merry and fat words of *Gules* never being scarce among all good and jovial *Pantagruelists*.

Panurge somewhat vex'd Fryar *Jhon*, and put him in the pouts; for he took him at his word, while he dreamt of nothing less. This caus'd the Fryar to threaten him with such a piece of Revenge as was put upon *G. Fousse-aume*, who having taken the merry *Patelin* at his word, when he had overbid himself in some Cloth, was afterwards fairly taken by the Horns like a Bullock, by his jovial Chapman, whom he took at his word like a Man. *Panurge* well knowing that threat'ned folks live long, bobb'd, and made mouths at him,

in token of Derision, then cry'd, would I had here the *Word* of the *Holy Bottle*, without being thus oblig'd to go further in Pilgrimage to her.

CHAP. LVII.

How Pantagruel went ashoar at the Dwelling of Gaster the first Master of Arts in World.

THat day *Pantagruel* went ashoar in an Island which for Situation and Governor may be said not to have its fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, barren, unpleasant to the Eye, painful to the Feet, and almost as inaccessible as the Mountain of *Dauphiné*, which is somewhat like a Toad-stool, and was never climb'd, as any can remember, by any but *Doyac*, who had the charge of King *Charles* the Eighth's Train of Artillery,

This same *Doyac* with strange Tools and Engines, gain'd that Mountain's top, and there he found an old Ram. It puzzl'd many a wise Head to guess how it got thither. Some said that some Eagle, or great Horn-Coot having carry'd it thither, while 'twas yet a Lambkin, it had got away and sav'd it self among the Bushes.

As

As for us, having with much toyl and sweat overcome the difficult ways at the entrance, we found the top of the Mountain so fertile, healthful, and pleasant, that I thought I was then in the true Garden of *Eden* or Earthly Paradise, about whose Situation our good Theologues are in such a quandary, and keep such a pother.

As for *Pantagruel*, he said, That here was the Seat of *Arete* (that's as much as to say, Virtue) describ'd by *Hesiod*; this however, with submission to better Judgments. The Ruler of the place was one Master *Gaster* the first Master of Arts in this World; for if you believe that Fire is the great Master of Arts, as *Tully* writes, you very much wrong him and your self; alas, *Tully* never believ'd this. On the other side, if you fancy *Mercury* to be the first Inventaer of Arts, as our ancient *Deuids* believ'd of old, you are mightily beside the Mark. The Satirist's Sentence, that affirms Master *Gaster* to be Master of all Arts is true. With him peacefully resided old Goody *Penia* alias *Poverty*, the Mother of the Ninty Nine Muses, on whom *Perus* the Lord of *Plenty* formerly begot *Love* that Noble Child, the Mediator of Heaven and Earth, as *Plato* affirms in *Symposio*.

We were all oblig'd to pay our homage and swear Allegiance to that mighty Sovereign; for he is Imperious, Severe, Blunt, Hard, Uneasie, Inflexible; you cannot make him

him believe, represent to him, or persuade him any thing.

He do's not hear ; and as the *Egyptians* said, That *Harpocrates* the God of Silence nam'd *Sigalion* in Greek was *Astomé*, that is, without a Mouth ; so *Gaster* was created without Ears , even like the Image of *Jupiter* in *Candia*.

He only speaks by Signs, but those Signs are more readily obey'd by every one, than the Statutes of Senates, or Commands of Monarchs ; neither will he admit the least Lett, or delay in his Summons. You say, that when a Lyon roars all the Beasts at a considerable distance round about, as far as his Roar can be heard, are seiz'd with a shivering. This is written, 'Tis true, I have seen it. I assure you, that at Master *Gaster*'s Command, the very Heavens tremble, and all the Earth shakes, his Command is call'd, *Do this or dye* : Needs must whom the Devil drives, there's no gain-saying of it.

The Pilot was telling us how on a certain Time, after the manner of the Members that mutin'd against the Belly, as *Æsop* describes it, the whole Kingdom of the *Somates* went off into a direct Faction against *Gaster*, resolving to throw off his Yoke, but they soon found their mistake and most humbly submitted, for otherwise they had all been Famish'd.

What Companies soever he is in, none dispute with him for Precedence or Superiority, he still goes first, tho Kings, Emperors, or even the Pope were there. So he held the first Place at the Council of *Basle*, tho some will tell you that the Council was tumultuous by the Contentions and Ambition of many for Priority.

Every one is busied, and labours to serve him ; And indeed, to make amends for this, he do's this good to Mankind, as to invent for them All Arts, Machines, Trades, Engines, and Crafts : he even instructs Brutes in Arts which are against their Nature, making Poets of Ravens, Jack-Daws, chattering Jays, Parrots and Starlings, and Poetresses of Magpies, teaching them to utter human Languages, Speak and Sing ; and All for the Gut. He reclaims and tames Eagles, Gerfaulcons, Faulcons gentle, Sakers, Lanners, Goffe-hawks, Spar-hawks, Merlins, Hagards, Passengers, Wild rapacious Birds ; so that setting them free in the Air, whenever he thinks fit, as high and as long as he pleases, he keeps them suspended, straying, flying, hovering and courting him above the Clouds : then on a sudden he makes them stoop and come down amain from Heaven next to the Ground ; and all for the Gut.

Elephants, Lions, Rhinocerotes, Bears, Horses, Mares, and Dogs, he teaches to Dance, Prance, Vault, Fight, Swim, hide themselves, fetch and carry what he pleases; and all for the Gut.

Salt and fresh-water Fish, Whales, and the Monsters of the Main, he brings up from the bottom of the Deep; Wolves he forces out of the Woods, Bears out of the Rocks, Foxes out of their Holes, and Serpents out of the Ground; and all for the Gut.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his Rage he devours all Men and Beasts; as was seen among the *Vascons*, when *Q. Metellus* besieg'd them in the *Sertorian Wars*; among the *Saguntines* besieg'd by *Hannibal*; among the *Jews* besieg'd by the *Romans*, and Six hundred more; and all for the Gut. When his Regent *Penia* takes a Progress, where-ever she moves, all Senates are shut up, all Statutes repeal'd, all Orders and Proclamations vain; she knows, obeys, and has no Law. All shun her, in every Place chusing rather to expose themselves to Shipwracks at Sea, and venture through Fire, Rocks, Caves and Precipices, than be seiz'd by that most dreadful Tormentor.

C H A P. LVIII.

How at the Court of the Master of Ingenuity, Pantagruel detested the Engastrimythes and the Gastrolaters.

AT the Court of that great Master of Ingenuity, *Pantagruel* observ'd two sorts of troublesome and too officious Apparitors, whom he very much detested. The first, were call'd *Engastrimythes*; the others, *Gastrolaters*.

The first pretended to be descended of the Ancient Race of *Euricles*; and for this brought the Authority of *Aristophanes*, in his Comedy call'd, *The Wasps*; whence of old they were call'd *Euriclians*, as *Plato* writes, and *Plutarch* in his Book of the *Cessation of Oracles*. In the Holy Decrees 26 Qu. 3. they are stil'd *Ventri-loqui*; and the same Name is given them in *Ionian* by *Hippocrates*, in his Fifth Book of *Epid.* as Men who speak from the Belly. *Sophocles* calls them *Sternomantei*. These were Southsayers, Enchanters, Cheats, who gull'd the Mob, and seem'd not to speak and give Answers from the Mouth; but from the Belly.

Such a one, about the Year of our Lord 1513. was *Jacoba Rodogina*, an Italian Woman of mean Extract; From whose Belly, we, as well as an infinite Number of others at *Ferrara*, and elsewhere, have often heard the Voice of the Evil Spirit speak, low, feeble and small indeed; but yet very distinct, articulate and intelligible, when she was sent for, out of Curiosity, by the Lords and Princes of the *Cisalpine* Gaul. To remove all Manner of Doubt, and be assur'd that this was not a Trick, they us'd to have her Stripp'd stark naked, and caus'd her Mouth and Nose to be stopp'd. This Evil Spirit would be call'd *Curl'd-Pate*, or *Cincinnatiu'o*, seeming pleas'd when any call'd him by that Name; at which, he was always ready to Answer. If any Spoke to him of things past or present, he gave pertinent Answers, sometimes to the Amazement of the Hearers; but if of things to come, then the Devil was gravell'd, and us'd to Lye as fast as a Dog can Trot. Nay, sometimes he seem'd to own his Ignorance, instead of an Answer, letting out a rousing Fart, or muttering some words with barbarous and uncouth Inflections, and not to be understood.

As for the *Gastrolaters*, they stuck close to one another in Knots and Gangs. Some

Some of them Merry, Wanton, and Soft as so many Milkops; others lowering, grim, dogged, demure and crabbed, all idle, mortal foes to business, spending half their Time in sleeping, and the rest in doing nothing, a Rent-charge and dead unnecessary Weight on the Earth, as *Hesiod* saith; afraid (as we judg'd) of offending or lessening their Paunch. Others were mask'd, disguis'd, and so oddly dress'd, that 'twould have done you good to have seen them.

There's a Saying, and several Ancient Sages write, That the Skill of Nature appears wonderful in the Pleasure which she seems to have taken in the Configuration of Sea-shells, so great is their Variety in figures, colours, streaks, and inimitable shapes, I protest, the Variety we perceiv'd in the Dresses of the *Gastrolatrous Coquillons* was not less. They all own'd *Gaster* for their Supreme God, ador'd him as a God, offer'd him Sacrifices as to their Omnipotent Deity, own'd no other God, serv'd, lov'd, and honour'd him above all things.

You would have thought that the Holy Apostle spoke of those, when he said, *Phil. Chap. 3. Many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you*

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*even weeping, that they are Enemies of
the Cross of Christ: whose End is Destruction,
whose God is their Belly.* Pantagruel
compair'd them to the Cyclops *Polyphemus*,
whom *Euripides* brings in speaking
thus, I only Sacrifice to my self (not to
the Gods) and to this Belly of Mine,
the greatest of all the Gods.

C H A P. LIX.

*Of the ridiculous Statue Manduce;
and how, and what the Gastrolaters
Sacrifice to their Ventripotent
God.*

WHILE we fed our Eyes with the
sight of the Phyzzes and Actions
of these lozelly Gulligutt'd *Gastrolaters*, we
on a sudden heard the Sound of a Mu-
sical Instrument call'd a Bell, at which all
of them plac'd themselves in Rank and
File as for some mighty Battel, every
one according to his Office, Degree and
Seniority.

In this Order, they mov'd towards
Master *Gaster*, after a plump, young, lusty
gorbellied Fellow, who on a long Staff
fairly gilt, carried a wooden Statue grossly
carv'd and as scurvily daub'd o'r with
Paint,

Paint, such a one as *Plautus*, *Juvenal* and *Pomp. Festus* describe it. At *Lions* during the Carnaval 'tis call'd *Masche-crouste*, or *Gnam crust*; they call'd this *Manduce*.

It was a monstrous, ridiculous, hideous Figure, fit to fright little Children: Its Eyes were bigger than its Belly, and its Head larger than all the rest of its Body, well Mouth-cloven however, having a goodly Pair of wide, broad Jaws, lin'd with two Rows of Teeth, upper Teer and under Teer, which, by the Magic of a small Twine hid in the hollow part of the Golden Staff, were made to clash, clatter and rattle dreadfully one against another, as they do at *Metz* with *St. Clement's Dragon*.

Coming near the *Gastrolaters*, I saw they were follow'd by a great Number of fat Waiters and Tenders laden with Baskets, Dossers, Hampers, Dishes, Wallets, Pots and Kettles: Then under the Conduct of *Manduce*, and singing I don't know what *Dithyrambics*, *Crepalocomes*, and *Epenoms*, opening their Baskets and Pots, they offer'd their God,

White Hippocras
with dry Toasts.
White-Bread.

Brown Bread.
Carbonadoes, six sorts.
Brawn.

<i>Sweet-breads.</i>	<i>Cold Loins of Veal</i>
<i>Fricassees nine sorts.</i>	<i>with Spice.</i>
<i>Monastical Browess.</i>	<i>Zinziberine.</i>
<i>Gravy-soupe.</i>	<i>Beatille Pyes.</i>
<i>Hotch-pots.</i>	<i>Brewess.</i>
<i>Soft-Bread.</i>	<i>Marrow Bones, Toast</i>
<i>Household Bread.</i>	<i>and Cabbage.</i>
<i>Caprotadoes.</i>	<i>Hafhes.</i>

Eternal Drink intermix'd. Brisk delicate White-wine led the Van, Claret and Champaign follow'd, cool, nay, as cold as the very Ice, I say, fill'd and offer'd in large Silver Cups. Then they offer'd,

<i>Chitterlins garnish'd</i>	<i>Puddings.</i>
<i>with Mustard.</i>	<i>Cervelats.</i>
<i>Saucidges.</i>	<i>Bolonia Sawcidges.</i>
<i>Neats Tongues.</i>	<i>Hams.</i>
<i>Hung Beef.</i>	<i>Brawn-Heads.</i>
<i>Chines and Pease.</i>	<i>Powder'd Venison,</i>
<i>Hogs-baslets.</i>	<i>with Turnips.</i>
<i>Scotch Collops.</i>	<i>Pickled Olives.</i>

All this associated with Sempiternal Liquor. Then they hous'd within his Muzzle,

<i>Legs of Mutton with</i>	<i>Lumber-Pyes, with</i>
<i>Shallots.</i>	<i>hot Sauce.</i>
<i>Ollas.</i>	

Ribs

Ribs of Pork, with Onion Sauce.	Turkey-Cocks, Hen- Turkeys and Tur- key-poots.
Roast Capons basted with their own Dripping.	Stock doves, and Wood-culvers.
Caponets.	Pigs with Wine sauce.
Caziar and Toast.	Blackbirds, Owls, and Rayles.
Fawns, Deer.	Moor-hens.
Hares, Leverets.	Bustards and Bu- stard poots.
Partridges, & young Partridges.	Fig peckers.
Plumbers.	Young Guiny hens.
Dmarfe herons.	Flemmings.
Teals.	Cignets.
Duckers.	A Reinforcement of Pingar intermint.
Bittons.	Venison Pasties.
Shoxelers.	Lark Pyes.
Curlers.	Dormise Pyes.
Wood-hens.	Cabretto Pasties.
Coots with Leeks.	Roe-back Pasties.
Fat Kids.	Pigeon Pyes.
Shoulders of Mutton with Capers.	Kid Pasties.
Sir-Loins of Beef.	Capon Pyes.
Breasts of Veal.	Bacon Pyes.
Pheasants and Phe- sant poots.	Sonc'd Hogt feet.
Peacocks.	Fry'd Pasty crust.
Storks.	Forc'd Capons.
Woodcocks.	Parmesan Cheese.
Snipes.	Red and Pale Pasty- poots.
Hortolants.	

Gold-peaches.	Turtles.
Artichokes.	Doe-Connyes.
Dry and wet Sweet-meats 78 sorts.	Hedge hogs.
Boyl'd Hens and fat Capons marinated.	Snytes.
Pullets with Eggs.	Then large Puffs.
Chickens.	Thistle-Finches.
Rabbets and sucking Rabbets.	Whore's-Farts.
Quails and young Quails.	Fritters.
Pigeons Squobbs and Squeakers.	Cakes, sixteen sorts.
Hérons and young Herons.	Crisp Wafers.
Feldivers.	Quince Tarts.
Olaves.	Curds and Cream.
Thrushes.	Whipp'd Cream.
Young Sea-Ratens.	Preserv'd Myrabolans.
Geese, Goslings.	Gellies.
Queests.	Welch Barrapyclids.
Widgeons.	Macaroons.
Matijes.	Tarts, twenty sorts.
Grouses.	Lemon Cream, Raspberry Cream, &c.
	Comfits, 100 Colours.
	Cream Wafers.
	Cream Cheese.

Vinegar brought up the Reer to wash the Mouth, and for fear of the Squinly : Also Toasts to scower the Grinders.

C H A P. LX.

*What the Gastrolaters Sacrific'd to
their God on interlarded Fish-Days.*

PAntagruel did not like this Pack of
Rascally Scoundrels with their ma-
nifold Kitchen Sacrifices, and would have
been gone, had not *Epistemon* prevail'd
with him to stay and see the End of the
Farce; he then ask'd the Skipper, what the
idle Lobcocks us'd to sacrifice to their
gorbellied God on interlarded Fish-days?
For his first Course, said the Skipper, they
give him

<i>Caviar.</i>	<i>rooms that sprout</i>
<i>Botargoes.</i>	<i>out of old Elders)</i>
<i>Fresh Butter.</i>	<i>Sparagus, Wood-</i>
<i>Pease soupe.</i>	<i>bind, and a World</i>
<i>Spinage.</i>	<i>of others.</i>
<i>Fresh Herrings full-</i>	<i>Red-herrings.</i>
<i>roed.</i>	<i>Pilchards.</i>
<i>Salats, a hundred Va-</i>	<i>Anchovies.</i>
<i>rieties, of Creeses,</i>	<i>Fry of Tunny.</i>
<i>sodden Hop-tops,</i>	<i>Colly flowers.</i>
<i>Bishops-Cods, Sel-</i>	<i>Beans.</i>
<i>lery, Sives, Ram-</i>	<i>Salt Salmon.</i>
<i>pions, Jew's-Ears,</i>	<i>Pickled Griggs.</i>
<i>(a sort of Mush-</i>	<i>Oysters in the Shell.</i>

Then

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Then he must drink or the Devil would gripe him at the Throat; This therefore they take care to prevent, and nothing's wanting. Which being done, they give him *Lampreys* with *Hippocras* lawce.

<i>Gurnards.</i>	<i>Burbates.</i>
<i>Salmon-Trouts.</i>	<i>Salmons.</i>
<i>Barbels great and small.</i>	<i>Salmon-perls.</i>
<i>Roaches.</i>	<i>Dolphins.</i>
<i>Cockrells.</i>	<i>Barn Trouts.</i>
<i>Menems.</i>	<i>Miller's-Thumbs.</i>
<i>Thornbacks.</i>	<i>Preeks.</i>
<i>Sleeves.</i>	<i>Bret-fish.</i>
<i>Sturgeons.</i>	<i>Flounders.</i>
<i>Sheath fish.</i>	<i>Sea nettles.</i>
<i>Mackerels.</i>	<i>Mullets.</i>
<i>Maids.</i>	<i>Gudgeons.</i>
<i>Plaice.</i>	<i>Dabs and Sandings.</i>
<i>Fry'd Oysters.</i>	<i>Haddocks.</i>
<i>Cockles.</i>	<i>Carpes.</i>
<i>Prawnes.</i>	<i>Pykes.</i>
<i>Smelts.</i>	<i>Botitoes.</i>
<i>Rock fish.</i>	<i>Rochets.</i>
<i>Gracious Lords.</i>	<i>Sea-Bears.</i>
<i>Sword fish.</i>	<i>Sharplings.</i>
<i>Skate-fish.</i>	<i>Tunnies.</i>
<i>Lamprills.</i>	<i>Silver Eels.</i>
<i>Jegs.</i>	<i>Chevins.</i>
<i>Pickerells.</i>	<i>Cray-fish.</i>
<i>Golden Carps.</i>	<i>Pallours.</i>
	<i>Shrimps.</i>

Congers.	Great Prawnes.
Porpoises.	Dace.
Bases.	Bleaks.
Shads.	Tench.
Murenes, a sort of	Ombers.
Lampreys.	Fresh Cods.
Graylings.	Dried Melwells.
Smys.	Darefish.
Turbots.	Fausens, and Griggs.
Trouts not above a	Eel-pouts.
foot long.	Tortoises.
Salmons.	Serpents, i. e. Wood-
Meagers.	Eeles.
Sea-Breams.	Dorces.
Halibuts.	Moor-game.
Soles.	Pearches.
Dog's tongue or Kind-	Loaches.
fool.	Crab fish.
Mushles.	Snails and Whelks.
Lobsters.	Froggs.

If, when he had cramm'd all this down his Guttural Trap-door, he did not immediately make the Fish swim again in his Paunch, Death would pack him off in a trice; Special care is taken to Antidote his Godship with Vine-tree-Syrup. Then is Sacrific'd to him, *Haberdines, Poor-Jack, minglemangled mishmash'd, &c.*

Eggs fry'd, beaten,	Stock fish.
butter'd, poach'd,	Green fish.
hardened, boyl'd,	Sea-Batts.
broyl'd, stew'd,	Cod's-Ounds.
slic'd, roasted in	Sea-Pikes.
the Embers, toß'd	
in the Chimney, &c.	

Which to concoct and digest the more easily, Vinegar is Multiply'd. For the latter part of their Sacrifices they offer,

Rice Milk and hasty	Figgs.
Pudding.	Almond-Butter.
Butter'd Wheat and	Skirret-Root.
Flummery.	White-Pot.
Watergruel, and	Raisins.
Milk-Porridge.	Dates.
Fruменты and Bony-	Chestnuts and Wall-
claber.	nuts.
Stew'd Prunes, and	Filberds.
bak'd Bullies.	Parsenips.
Pistachoes or Fislick-	Artichokes.
Nuts.	

Perpetuity of Soaking with the whole.

'Twas none of their Fault I'll assure you, if this same God of theirs was not publicly, preciously and plentifully serv'd in his Sacrifices, better yet than *Heliogabalus's* Idol; nay more than *Bell* and

and the *Dragon* in *Babylon* under King *Balthazar*. Yet *Gaster* had the Manners to own that he was no God, but a poor, vile, wretched Creature. And as King *Antigonus*, first of the Name, when one *Hermodotus*, (as Poets will flatter, especially Princes) in some of his Fustian dubb'd him a God, and made the Sun adopt him for his Son, said to him, My *Lasanophore*, (or in plain English, my Groom of the Close stool) can give thee the Lye; so Master *Gaster* very civilly us'd to send back his Bigotted Worshipers to his Close-stool, to see, smell, taste, philosophise and examin what kind of Divinity they could pick out of his Sir-reverence.

CHAP. LXI.

How Gaster invented Means to get and preserve Corn.

THose Gastrolatrous Hobgoblins being withdrawn, *Pantagruel* carefully minded the Famous Master of Arts, *Gaster*. You know that by the Institution of Nature, Bread has been assign'd him for Provision and Food, and that as an addition

addition to this Blessing, he should never want the means to get Bread.

Accordingly, from the beginning he invented the Smith's Art and Husbandry to manure the ground that it might yield him Corn; he invented Arms, and the Art of War to defend Corn; Physick and Astronomy, with other parts of Mathematicks, which might be useful to keep Corn a great number of years in safety from the injuries of the Air, Beasts, Robbers and Purloiners; he invented Water, Wind and Hand-Mills, and a thousand other Engines to grind Corn, and turn it into Meal, Leaven to make the Dough ferment, and the use of Salt to give it a savour, for he knew that nothing bred more Diseases than heavy, unleaven'd, unsavoury Bread.

He found a way to get Fire to Bake it; Hour-glasses, Dials and Clocks to mark the time of its Baking; and as some Countries wanted Corn, he contriv'd means to convey some out of one Country into another.

He had the Wit to Pimp for Asses and Mares, Animals of different *species*, that they might Copulate for the Generation of a third, which we call Mules, more strong and fit for hard service than the other two. He invented Carts and Wag-gons to draw him along with greater ease;

ease ; and as Seas and Rivers hindred his Progress, he devis'd Boats, Gallies and Ships (to the astonishment of the Elements) to waft him over to barbarous, unknown, and far distant Nations, thence to bring, or thither to carry Corn.

Besides, seeing that, when he had tilled the ground, some years the Corn perish'd in it for want of Rain in due season, in others rotted, or was drown'd by its excess, sometimes spoil'd by Hail, eat by Worms in the Ear, or beaten down by Storms, and so his Stock was destroy'd on the ground ; we were told that ever since the days of *Jove*, he has found out a way to Conjure the Rain down from Heaven only with cutting certain Grass, common enough in the Field, yet known to very few, some of which was then shown us: I took it to be the same as the Plant, one of whose Boughs being dipp'd by *Jove's* Priest into the *Agrian* Fountain, on the *Lycian* Mountain in *Arcadia* in time of Drought, rais'd Vapours which gather'd into Clouds, and then dissolv'd into Rain, that kindly moisten'd the whole Country.

Our Master of Arts was also said to have found a way to keep the Rain up in the Air, and make it fall into the Sea ; also to annihilate the Hail, suppress the Winds, and remove Storms as the *Metanensians*

thanensians of *Traxene* us'd to do. And as in the Fields Thieves and Plunderers sometimes stole and took by force the Corn and Bread which others had toyl'd to get, he invented the Art of Building Towns, Forts, and Castles, to hoard and secure that staff of Life; on the other hand, finding none in the Fields, and hearing that it was hoarded up and secur'd in Towns, Forts, and Castles, and watch'd with more care than ever were the Golden Pippins of the *Hesperides*, he turn'd Ingenier, and found ways to beat, storm, and demolish Forts and Castles, with Machines, and Warlike Thunderbolts, battering Rams, Balists, and Catapults, whose shapes were shown us, not over-well understood by our Ingeniers, Architects, and other Disciples of *Vitruvius*, as Master *Philebert de l'Orme*, King *Megistus's* principal Architect has own'd to us.

And seeing that sometimes all these Tools of Destruction were baffled by the cunning subtilty, or the subtle, cunning (which you please) of Fortifiers, he lately Invented Cannons, Field-pieces, Culverins, Bombards, Basilisks, Murthering Instruments that dart Iron, Leaden, and Brazen Balls, some of them outweighing huge Anvils; this by the means of a most dreadful Powder, whose Helliish Com-
pound

ound and Effect has even amaz'd Nature, and made her own her self out-done by Art ; the *Oxydracan* Thunders, Hails and Storms, by which the people of that Name immediately destroy'd their Enemies in the Field, being but meer Pot-guns to these. For, one of our great Guns when us'd, is more dreadful, more terrible, more diabolical, and maims, tears, breaks, slays, mows down, sweeps away more Men, and causes a greater Consternation and Destruction than a hundred Thunderbolts.

CHAP. LXII.

How Gaster invented an Art to avoid being hurt or touch'd by Cannon Balls.

GAfter having secur'd himself with his Corn within strong Holds, has sometimes been attack'd by Enemies, his Fortresses, by that thrice threefold curst Instrument, levell'd and destroy'd, his dearly beloved Corn and Bread snatch'd out of his Mouth, and sack'd by a Titannick Force, therefore he then sought means to preserve his Walls, Bastions, Rampiers, and Sconces from Cannon-shot,

shot, and to hinder the Bullers from hitting him, stopping them in their flight, or at least from doing him, or the Besiegers and Walls any damage; he shew'd us a tryal of this, which has been since us'd by *Fronton*, and is now common among the Pastimes and harmless Recreations of the *Thelemites*. I'll tell you how he went to work, and pray for the future be a little more ready to believe what *Plutarch* affirms to have try'd; Suppose a Herd of Goats were all scampering as if the Devil drove 'em, do but put a bit of *Eringo* into the Mouth of the hindmost Nanny, and they will all stop stock-still, in the time you can tell three.

Thus *Gaster*, having caus'd a Brass Faulkon to be charg'd, with a sufficient quantity of Gunpowder, well purg'd from its Sulphur, and curiously made up with fine Camphir, he then had a suitable Ball put into the Piece, with twenty four little pellers like Hail-shot, some round, some pearl fashion, then taking his aim, and levelling it at a Page of his, as if he would have hit him on the Breast, about sixty strides off the Piece, half way between it and the Page in a right Line, he hang'd on a Gibbet by a Rope a very large Side-rite or iron-like Stone, otherwise call'd *Herculean*, formerly found on *Ida* in *Phrygia* by one *Magnes* as *Nicander* writes,
and

and commonly call'd Load stone: Then he gave Fire to the Prime on the Piece's Touch-hole, which in an instant consuming the Powder, the Ball and Hail-shot were with incredible violence and swiftness hurried out of the Gun at its Muzzle, that the Air might penetrate to its Chamber, where otherwise would have been a *Vacuum*; which Nature abhors so much that this Universal Machine, Heaven, Air; Land, and Sea would sooner return to the Primitive *Chaos* than admit the least void any where. Now the Ball and small shot which threaten'd the Page with no less than quick Destruction, lost their impetuosity, and remain'd suspended and hovering round the Stone, nor did any one of them, notwithstanding the fury with which they rush'd, reach the Page.

Master *Gaster* could do more than all this yet, if you'll believe me, for he invented a way how to cause Bullets to fly backwards, and recoil on those that sent 'em, with as great a force, and in the very numerical parallel for which the Guns were planted. And indeed, why should he have thought this difficult, seeing the Herb *Ethiopia* opens all Locks whatsoever, and an *Echineis* or *Remora*, a silly weakly Fish, in spite of all the Winds that blow from the 32 Points of the Compass, will

will in the midst of a Hurricane make you the biggest First Rate remain stock still as if she were becalm'd, or the Blustering Tribe had blown their last ; nay, and with the Flesh of that Fish preserv'd with Salt, you may fish Gold out of the deepest Well that was ever sounded with a Plummer, for it will certainly draw up the precious Metal, since *Democritus* affirm'd it.

Theophrastus believ'd and experienc'd that there was an Herb at whose single touch an Iron Wedge tho never so far driven into a huge log of the hardest Wood that is, would presently come out, and 'tis this same Herb your *Hickways*, alias *Woodpeckers* use, when with some mighty Ax any one stops up the hole of their Nests, which they industriously dig and make in the Trunk of some sturdy Tree. Since Stags and Hinds when deeply wounded with Darts, Arrows, and Bolts, if they do but meet the Herb call'd *Dittany*, which is common in *Candia*, and eat a little of it, presently the shafts come out, and all's well again ; even as kind *Venus* cur'd her Beloved By-blow *Aeneas*, when he was wounded on the right Thigh with an Arrow by *Futurna Turnus's* Sister. Since the very Wind of Laurels, Fig-trees, or Sea-calves, makes the Thunder sheer off, insomuch that it never strikes them. Since

at the sight of a Ram, mad Elephants recover their former Sences; since mad Bulls coming near wild Fig-trees call'd *Caprifici* grow tame, and will not budge a foot, as if they had the Cramp. Since the Venemous rage of Vipers is asswag'd, if you but touch them with a Beechen Bough. Since also *Euphorion* writes, that in the Isle of *Samos*, before *Juno's* Temple was Built there, he has seen some Beasts call'd *Neades*, whose voice made the neighbouring places gape and sink into a Chasm and Abyss. In short, since Elders grow of a more pleasing sound, and fitter to make Flutes in such places where the crowing of Cocks is not heard, as the Ancient Sages have writ, and *Theophrastus* relates; as if the crowing of a Cock dull'd, flatten'd and perverted the Wood of the Elder, as it is said to astonish and stupify with fear that strong and resolute Animal, a Lion.

I know that some have understood this of wild Elder, that grows so far from Towns or Villages that the crowing of Cocks cannot reach near it; and doubtless that sort ought to be preferr'd to the stenching common Elder that grows about decay'd and ruin'd places; but others have understood this in a higher sence, not literal, but allegorical, according to the method of the *Pythagoreans*. As when it was said that *Mercury's* Statue could

could not be made of every sort of Wood, to which Sentence they give this sence; *That God is not to be worship'd in a vulgar form, but in a chosen and religious manner.*

In the same manner by this Elder, which grows far from places where Cocks are heard, the Ancients meant, that the wise and studious ought not to give their minds to trivial or vulgar Musick, but to that which is Celestial, Divine, Angelical, more abstracted and brought from remoter parts, that is from a Region where the crowing of Cocks is not heard; for, to denote a solitary and unfrequented place, we say, Cocks are never heard to crow there.

CHAP. LXIII.

How Pantagruel fell asleep near the Island of Chaneph, and of the Problems propos'd to be solv'd when he wak'd.

THE next day merrily pursuing our Voyage we came in sight of the Island of *Chaneph*, where *Pantagruel's* Ship could not arrive, the Wind chopping about, and then failing us so that we
were

were becalm'd, and could hardly get o' head, tacking about from Starboard to Larboard, and from Larboard to Starboard, tho to our Sails we had added Drablers.

With this accident we were all out of sorts, moping, drooping, metagrabolized as dull as *Dun* in the Mire, in *Csol fa ut* flat out of Tune, off the hinges, and I don't know howish, without caring to speak one single syllable to each other.

Pantagruel was taking a Nap, slumbering and nodding on the Quarter-deck, by the Cuddy, with an *Heliodorus* in his hand, for still 'twas his custom to sleep better by Book than by Heart.

Epistemon was Conjuring with his Astro-labe to know what Latitude we were in.

Fryar *Ihon* was got into the Cook-room examining by the Ascendant of the Spits, and the Horoscope of Ragousts and Fricassees what time o' day it might then be.

Panurge (sweet Baby!) held a stalk of *Pantagruelion*, alias *Hemp*; next his Tongue, and with it made pretty Bubbles and Bladders.

Gymnast was making Tooth-pickers with Lentisk.

Ponocrates, dozing, doz'd, and dreaming dream'd, tickled himself to make himself laugh, and with one Finger scratch'd his Noddle where it did not itch.

N

Carpalim

Carpalim with a Nut-shell, and a Trencher of *Verne*, [that's a Card in *Gascony*] was making a pretty little merry Wind-mill, cutting the Card long-ways into four slips, and fastning them with a Pin to the Convex of the Nut, and its Concave to the tarr'd side of the Gunnel of the Ship.

Eusthenes bestriding one of the Guns, was playing on it with his Fingers, as if it had been a Trump-marine.

Rhizotome with the soft Coat of a Field-Tortoise, alias eclip'd a Mole, was making himself a Velvet Purse.

Xenomanes was patching up an old weather-beaten Lantern with a Hawk's Jesses.

Our Pilot (good Man !) was pulling Maggots out of the Seamen's Noses.

At last Fryar *Ihon* returning from the Fore-castle, perceiv'd that *Pantagruel* was awake. Then breaking this obstinate silence, he briskly and cheerfully ask'd him, how a Man should kill Time, and raise good Weather, during a Calm at Sea ?

Panurge, whose Belly thought his Throat cut, back'd the Motion presently, and ask'd for a Pill to purge Melancholy ?

Epistemon also came on, and ask'd how a Man might be ready to bepiss himself with Laughing, when he has no heart to be merry ?

Gymnast arising, demanded a Remedy for a dimness of Eyes ?

Рокко-

Ponocrates, after he had a while rub'd his Noddle, and shak'd his Ears, ask'd, How one might avoid Dog-sleep? Hold, cry'd *Pantagruel*, the Peripateticks have wisely made a Rule, that all Problems, Questions and Doubts which are offer'd to be solv'd, ought to be certain, clear, and intelligible; what do you mean by Dog-sleep? I mean, answer'd *Ponocrates*, to sleep fasting in the Sun at Noon-day, as the Dogs do.

Rhizotome, who lay slooping on the Pump, rais'd his drowsy Head, and lazily yawning, by natural sympathy, set almost every one in the Ship a yawning too; then ask'd for a Remedy against Oscitations and Gapings?

Xenomanes, half puzzled, and tir'd out with new vamping his antiquated Lantern, ask'd, How the Hold of the Stomach might be so well ballasted and freighted from the Keel to the Main-hatch with stores well stowed, that our humane Vessels might not heeld, or be walt, but well trimm'd, and stiff?

Carpalim twirling his diminutive Windmill, ask'd how many Motions are to be felt in Nature before a Gentleman may be said to be hungry?

Eusthenes hearing them talk, came from between Decks, and from the Capstern call'd out to know why a Man that's

fasting, bit by a Serpent also fasting, is a greater danger of death, than when Man and Serpent have eat their Breakfasts? Why a Man's fasting-spittle is poysonous to Serpents and venomous Creatures?

One single solution may serve for all your Problems, Gentlemen, answer'd *Pantagruel*, and one single Medicine for all such symptoms and accidents. My answer shall be short, not to tire you with a long needless train of pedantick Cant: The Belly has no Ears, nor is it to be fill'd with fair words; you shall be answer'd to content by signs and gestures. As formerly at *Rome Tarquin* the Proud, its last King, sent an answer by signs to his Son *Sextus*, who was among the *Gabii*, (saying this, he pull'd the string of a little Bell, and Fryar *Ihon* hurried away to the Cook-room). The Son having sent his Father a Messenger to know how he might bring the *Gabii* under a close subjection; the King mistrusting the Messenger, made him no answer, and only took him into his Privy-garden, and in his presence with his Sword lopt off the Heads of the tall Poppies that were there. The Express return'd without any other dispatch, yet having related to the Prince what he had seen his Father do, he easily understood that by those signs he advis'd him to cut off the Heads of the chief Men

Men in the Town, the better to keep under the rest of the people.

C H A P. LXIV.

How Pantagruel gave no answer to the Problems.

P*antagruel* then ask'd, what sorts of people dwell'd in that Damo'd Island? They are, answer'd *Xenomanes*, all Hypocrites, holy Mountebanks, Tumblers of Beads, Mumblers of *Ave Marias*, spiritual Comedians, sham Saints, Hermits, all of them poor Rogues, who like the Hermit of *Lormont* between *Blaye* and *Bordeaux*, live wholly on Alms given them by Passengers. Catch me there if you can, cry'd *Panurge*, may the Devil's Head-cook conjure my Bum-gut into a pair of Bellows, if ever you find me among them. Hermits, sham Saints, living Forms of Mortification, holy Mountebanks, avaunt, in the Name of your Father Sathan get out of my sight; when the Devil's a Hog you shall eat Bacon. I shall not forget yet a while our fat *Concilipetes* of *Chefil*; O that *Beelzebub* and *Astaroth* had counsell'd them to hang themselves out of the way, and they had

done't, we had not then suffer'd so much by devilish Storms as we did for having seen 'em. Harkee me, dear Rogue, *Xenomanes*, my Friend, I pry thee are these Hermits, Hypocrites, and Eves-droppers, Maids or Married? Is there any thing of the Feminine Gender among them? Could a Body Hypocritically take there a small hypocritical Touch? Will they lye backwards, and let out their fore-rooms? There's a fine question to be ask'd, cry'd *Pantagruel*! Yes, yes, answer'd *Xenomanes*, you may find there many goodly Hypocritesses, jolly spiritual Actresses, kind Hermitesses, Women that have a plaguy deal of Religion; then there's the Copies of 'em, little Hypocritillons, Sham-sanctitos, and Hermitillons; Foh, away with them, cry'd Fryar *Ihon*, a young Saint an old Devil, (mark this, an old saying, and as true a one, as a young Whore an old Saint. Were there not such, continu'd *Xenomanes*, the Isle of *Caneph* for want of a multiplication of Progeny, had long ere this been desert and desolate.

Pantagruel sent them by *Gymnast* in the Pinnacle seventy eight thousand fine pretty little Gold Half-Crowns, of those that are mark'd with a Lantern. After this he ask'd, What's o' Clock? Past nine, answer'd *Epistemon*. 'Tis then the best

best time to go to Dinner, said *Pantagruel*, for the sacred Line so celebrated by *Aristophanes* in his Play call'd *Concionatores* is at hand, never failing when the shadow is decempedal.

Formerly among the *Persians* Dinner time was at a set hour only for Kings; as for all others, their Appetite and their Belly was their Clock; when that chim'd, they thought it time to go to Dinner. So we find in *Plautus* a certain Parasite making a heavy do, and sadly railing at the Inventors of Hour-glasses and Dials, as being unnecessary things, there being no Clock more regular than the Belly.

Diogenes being ask'd at what times a Man ought to eat, answer'd, The Rich when he is hungry, the Poor when he has any thing to eat. Physicians more properly say, that the Canonical Hours are,

*To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to sleep at nine.*

The famous King *Petorsiris's* Magick was different— here the Officers for the Gut came in, and got ready the Tables and Cupboards, laid the Cloth, whose sight and pleasant smell were very comfortable; and brought Plates, Napkins, Salts, Tankards, Flaggons, Tall-boys,

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Ewers, Tumblers, Cups, Goblets, Bas-
sons, and Cisterns.

Friar *Ihon* at the head of the Steward's, Sewers, Yeomen of the Pantry, and of the Mouth, Tasters, Carvers, Cup-bearers, and Cupboard-keepers, brought four stately Pasties, so huge that they put me in mind of the four Bastions at *Turin*; Ods fish, how manfully did they storm them! What havock did they make with the long train of Dishes that came after them, how bravely did they stand to their Pan puddings, and pay'd off their Dust? How merrily did they soak their Noses!

The Fruit was not yet brought in, when a fresh gale at West and by North began to fill the Main-course, Mizen-sail, Fore-sail, Tops, and Top-gallants; for which Blessing they all sung divers Hymns of Thanks and Praise.

When the Fruit was on the Table, *Pantagruel* ask'd. Now tell me, Gentlemen, are your Doubts fully resolv'd or no? I gape and yawn no more, answer'd *Rhizotome*; I sleep no longer like a Dog, said *Ponocrates*; I have clear'd my Eyesight, said *Gymnast*; I have broke my Fast, said *Enthoenes*; so that for this whole Day shall be secure from the danger of my Spittle

<i>Aspes.</i>	<i>Cafezates.</i>
<i>Amphisbenes.</i>	<i>Cauhares.</i>
<i>Anerudues.</i>	<i>Snakes.</i>
<i>Abedissimons.</i>	<i>Cubersks, two Tongu'd</i>
<i>Alhatrafs.</i>	<i>Adders.</i>
<i>Ammobates.</i>	<i>Amphibious Serpents.</i>
<i>Apimaos.</i>	<i>Cenchres.</i>
<i>Alhatabans.</i>	<i>Cockatrices.</i>
<i>Aaetes.</i>	<i>Dipsades.</i>
<i>Asterions.</i>	<i>Domeses.</i>
<i>Alcharates.</i>	<i>Dryinades.</i>
<i>Arges.</i>	<i>Dragons.</i>
<i>Spiders.</i>	<i>Elopes.</i>
<i>Starry Lizards.</i>	<i>Enhydrides.</i>
<i>Attelabes.</i>	<i>Falvises.</i>
<i>Ascalabotes.</i>	<i>Galeotes.</i>
<i>Hæmorrhoids.</i>	<i>Harmenes.</i>
<i>Basilisks.</i>	<i>Handons.</i>
<i>Fitches.</i>	<i>Icles.</i>
<i>Sucking Water-snakes</i>	<i>Jarraries.</i>
<i>Black Wag leg-flies.</i>	<i>Ilicines.</i>
<i>Spanish flies.</i>	<i>Pharao's Mice.</i>
<i>Catoblepes.</i>	<i>Kedusudures.</i>
<i>Horn'd Snakes.</i>	<i>Sea-hares.</i>
<i>Caterpillars.</i>	<i>Chalcidic Nests.</i>
<i>Crocodiles.</i>	<i>Footed Serpents.</i>
<i>Toads.</i>	<i>Manticores.</i>
<i>Night-mares.</i>	<i>Mulures.</i>
<i>Mad Dogs.</i>	<i>Moose-serpents.</i>
<i>Colotes.</i>	<i>Shrew mice.</i>
<i>Cychriodes.</i>	<i>Miliaves.</i>

Megalaunes.
Spitting Asps.
Porphyri.
Parçades.
Phalangs.
Pemphredons.
Pine-tree-worms.
Rutela.
Worms.
Rhagia.
Rhaganes.
Salamanders.
Sloe-worms.
Stellions.
Scorpiones.
Scorpions.
Horn worms.

Scalazotins.
Solofruidars.
Deaf-Asps.
Horse-Leeches.
Salt haters.
Rot Serpents.
Stink fish.
Stuphes.
Sabrin.
Blood-sucking-flies.
Hornfretters.
Scolopendres.
Tarantolas.
Blind-worms.
Tetragnathias.
Teristals.
Vipers, &c.

CHAP. LXV.

*How Pantagruel past the Time with
his Servants.*

IN what Hierarchy of such Venemous
 Creatures do you place *Panurge's* fu-
 ture Spouse, ask'd *Friar John*? Art thou
 speaking ill of Women, cry'd *Panurge*,
 thou mangy Scoundrel, thou sorry, nod-
 dy-peak'd, shaveling Meak? By the Ce-
 nomanic

nomanic Paunch and *Gixie*, said *Epistemon*, *Euripides* has written, and makes *Andromache* say it, that by Industry, and the help of the Gods, Men had found Remedies against all poisonous Creatures; but none was yet found against a bad Wife.

This flaunting *Euripides*, cry'd *Panurge*, was gabbling against Women every foot, and therefore was devour'd by Dogs, as a Judgment from Above; as *Aristophanes* observes—Let's go on, let him speak that's next. I can leak now like any Stone-horse, said then *Epistemon*. I am, said *Xenomanes*, full as an Egg and round as a Hoop; my Ship's Hold can hold no more, and will now make shift to bear a fleddy Sail. Said *Carpalin*, A Truce with Thirst, a Truce with Hunger; They're strong, but Wine and Meat are stronger. I'm no more in the Dump, cry'd *Panurge*, my Heart's a Pound lighter. I'm in the right Cue now, as brisk as a Body-Louse, and as merry as a Beggar. For my part, I know what I do when I drink; and 'tis a true thing (though 'tis in your *Euripides*) that is said by that jolly Toper *Silenus* of blessed Memory, that

*The Man's emphatically Mad,
Who drinks the Best, yet can be sad.*

We

We must not fail to return our humble and hearty Thanks to the Being, who, with this good Bread, this cool delicious Wine, these good Meats and rare Dainties, removes from our Bodies and Minds these Pains and Perturbations, and at the same Time, fills us with Pleasure and with Food.

But methinks, Sir, you did not give an Answer to Friar *Jhon's* Question; which, as I take it, was, how to raise good Weather? Since you ask no more than this easie Question, answer'd *Panagruel*, I'll strive to give you satisfaction, and some other time we'll talk of the rest of the Problems, if you will.

Well then, Friar *Jhon* ask'd how good Weather might be rais'd: have we not rais'd it? Look up, and see our full Top-sails; Hark! how the Wind whistles through the Shrouds, what a stiff Gale it blows; observe the Rattling of the Tacklings, and see the Sheets, that fasten the Main sail behind; the force of the Wind puts them upon the stretch. While we pass'd our time merrily, the dull Weather also pass'd away, and while we rais'd the Glasses to our Mouths, we also rais'd the Wind by a secret sympathy in Nature.

Thus *Atlas* and *Hercules* Clubb'd to raise and underprop the falling Sky, if

You'll believe the wise Mythologists ; but they rais'd it some half an inch too high ; *Atlas* to entertain his Guest *Hercules* more pleasantly, and *Hercules* to make himself amends for the thirst which sometime before had tormented him in the Deserts of *Africa*.—— Your good Father, said Fryar *Jben*, interrupting him, takes care to free many People from such an inconveniency ; for I have been told by many venerable Doctors, that his chief Butler *Turelupin* saves above eighteen hundred Pipes of Wine yearly, to make Servants and all comers and goers drink before they are a dry.—— As the Camels and Dromedaries of a Caravan, continued *Pantagruel*, use to drink for the thirst that's past, for the present, and for that to come, so did *Hercules* ; and being thus excessively rais'd, this gave a new motion to the Sky, which is that of Titubation and Trepidation, about which our crack-brain'd Astrologers make such a pother.—— This, said *Panurge*, makes the saying good.

*While jolly Companions carouse it together,
A sig for the Storm ; it gives way to good Weather.*

Nay, continued *Pantagruel*, some will tell you, that we have not only shortned the time of the Calm, but also much disburthen'd the Ship, not like *Æsop's* Basket, by easing it of the Provision, but by breaking our
Falls,

Fasts, and that a Man is more Terrestrial and heavy when fasting, than when he has eaten and drank, even as they pretend that he weighs more dead than living. However 'tis, you'll grant they are in the right, who take their Mornings draught, and Breakfast before a long Journey, then say that the Horses will perform the better, and that a Spur in the Head, is worth two in the Flank; or in the same Horse Dialect,

*That a Cup in the Pate
Is a Mile in the Gate.*

Don't you know that formerly the *Amycleans* worshiped the Noble Father *Bacchus* above all other Gods, and gave him the Name of *Pfila*, which in the *Dorick* Dialect signifies *Wings*; for as the Birds raise themselves by a towering flight with their Wings above the Clouds; so with the help of Soaring *Bacchus*, the powerful juice of the Grape, our Spirits are exalted to a pitch above themselves, our Bodies are more sprightly, and their Earthy parts become soft and pliant.

C H A P. LXVI.

*How by Pantagruel's Order the Muses
were saluted near the Isle of Gana-
bim.*

THIS fair wind and as fine talk brought us in sight of a high Land, which *Pantagruel* discovering afar off, shew'd it *Xenomanes*, and ask'd him, do you see yonder to the Leeward a high Rock with two tops much like Mount *Parnassus* in *Phocis*? I do plainly, answer'd *Xenomanes*, 'tis the Isle of *Ganabim*; have you a mind to go ashoar there? No, return'd *Pantagruel*. You do well indeed, said *Xenomanes*, for there is nothing worth seeing in the place. The People are all Thieves; yet there is the finest Fountain in the World, and a very large Forest towards the right top of the Mountain. Your Fleet may take in Wood and Water there.

He that spoke last spoke well, quoth *Panturge*, let us not by any means be so mad as to go among a parcel of Thieves and Sharpers. You may take my word for't, this place is just such another, as, to my knowledge, formerly were the Islands of *Sark* and *Herm* between the smaller and the greater Britain; such as were the *Peneropolis* of *Philip* in *Thrace*; Islands of Thieves, Banditti, Picaroons, Robbers, Ruffians, and Murtherers,
worfe

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worse than *Raw head* and *Bloody-bones*, and full as honest as the Senior Fellows of the College of *Iniquity*, the very out-casts of the County-Goal's Common-side. As you love your self, do not go among 'em; if you go, you'll come off but bluely, if you come off at all. If you will not believe me, at least believe what the good and wise *Xenomanes* tells you: For may I never stir if they are not worse than the very *Canibals*, they would certainly eat us alive. Do not go among 'em, I pray you, 'twere safer to take a Journey to Hell. Hark, by Cod's Body, I hear 'em ringing the Alarm-Bell most dreadfully, as the *Gascons* about *Bordeaux* us'd formerly to do against the Commissaries and Officers for the Tax on Salt, or my ears tingle. Let's shear off.

Believe me, Sir, said Fryar *Jhon*, let's rather land, we'll rid the World of that Vermin, and inn there for nothing. Old Nick go with thee for me, quoth *Panurge*. This rash hair-brain'd Devil of a Fryar fears nothing, but ventures and runs on like a mad Devil as he is, and cares not a Rush what becomes of others; as if every one was a Monk like his Fryarship; a pox on grinning Honour, say I. Go to, return'd the Fryar, thou mangy Noddy-peak! thou forlorn druggle-headed Sneaksby! and may a million of black Devils Anatomise thy Cockle Brain. The Hen-hearted Rascal is so cowardly, that he berays himself for fear every day. If thou

art

art so afraid, Dunghill, don't go, stay here and be hang'd, or go and hide thy Logger-head under Madam *Proserpine's* Petticoat.

Panurge hearing this, his Breech began to make Buttons, so he slunk in in an instant, and went to hide his Head down in the Bread-room among the musty Biscuits, and the Orts, *cuits* and scraps of broken Bread.

Pantagruel in the mean time said to the rest, I feel a pressing retraction in my Soul, which like a Voice admonishes me not to land there. Whenever I have felt such a motion within me, I have found my self happy in avoiding what it directed me to shun, or in undertaking what it prompted me to do, and I never had occasion to repent following its Dictates.

As much, said *Epistemon*, is related of the Dæmon of *Socrates*, so celebrated among the *Academics*. Well then, Sir, said Fryar *Jhon*, while the Ship's Crew water, have you a mind to have good sport? *Panurge* is got down somewhere in the Hold, where he is crept into some corner and lurks like a Mouse in a Cranny; let 'em give the word for the Gunner to fire yon Gun over the Round-house on the Poop; this will serve to salute the *Muses* of this *Antiparnassus*; besides, the Powder does but decay in it. You are i'th' right, said *Pantagruel*; here, give the word for the Gunner.

The Gunner immediately came, and was order'd by *Pantagruel* to fire that Gun, and then charge

charge it with fresh Powder, which was soon done ; the Gunners of the other Ships, Frigats, Gallions, and Gallies of the Fleet hearing us fire, gave every one a Gun to the Island ; which made such a horrid noise, that you'd have sworn Heav'n had been tumbling about our Ears.

C H A P. LXVII.

*How Panurge beray'd himself for fear,
and of the huge Cat Rodilardus,
which he took for a puny Devil.*

PAnurge like a wild addle-pated giddy Goat, sallies out of the Bread Room in his Shirt, with nothing else about him but one of his Stockins, half on half off, about his Heel, like a rough-footed Pigeon, his Hair and Beard all bepowdered with Crums of Bread, in which he had been over Head and Ears, and a huge and mighty Puffe partly wrapt up in his other Stockin. In this Equipage, his Chops moving like a Monkey's who's a Louse-hunting, his Eyes staring like a dead Pig's, his Teeth chattering, and his Bum quivering, the poor Dog fled to Fryar *Fhon*, who was then sitting by the Chair-Wales of the Starboard-side of the Ship, and pray'd him heartily to take pity on him, and keep him

him in the safeguard of his trusty Bilbo, swearing by his share of Papimany, that he had seen all Hell broke loose.

Woe's me, my *Jackee* (cry'd he) my dear *Johnny*, my old Crony, my Brother, my Ghostly Father, all the Devils keep Holy-day, all the Devils keep their Feast to day, Man; Pork and Pease choak me, if ever thou sawest such preparations in thy life for an Infernal Feast. Dost thou see the smoke of Hell's Kitchens? (This he said shewing him the smoak of the Gun-powder above the Ships) thou never sawest so many damn'd Souls since thou wast born; and so fair, so bewitching they seem, that one would swear they are *Stygian Ambrosia*. I thought at first, (God forgive me) they had been *English* Souls, and I don't know but that this morning, the Isle of *Horses* near *Scotland* was sack'd with all the *English* who had surpris'd it, by the Lords of *Termes* and *Essay*.

Fryar *Thow*, at the approach of *Panurge*, was entertain'd with a kind of smell that was not like that of Gun-powder, nor altogether so sweet as Musk; which made him turn *Panurge* about, and then he saw that his Shirt was dismally bepah'd, and beray'd with fresh Sir-reverence. The retentive faculty of the Nerve which restrains the Muscle call'd *Sphincter* ('tis the Arse-hole an't please you) was relaxed by the violence of the fear which he had been in during his fantastic Visions.

Add

Add to this the thundering noise of the shooting, which seems more dreadful between Decks than above. Nor ought you to wonder at such a mishap, for one of the Symptoms and Accidents of fear is, that it often opens the wicket of the Cupboard wherein second-head-meat is kept for a time. Let's illustrate this noble Theme with some Examples.

Messer Pantolfe de la Cassina of Siena, riding Post from Rome, came to Chamberry, and alighting at honest Vinet's, took one of the Pitch-forks in the Stable, then turning to the Inn-keeper, said to him, Da Roma in qua io non son andato del Corpo. Di gratia piglia in mano questa forcha, E fa mi paura. I have not had a Stool since I left Rome, I pray thee take this Pitch fork and fright me. *Vinet* took it, and made several offers, as if he would in good earnest have hit the Signor; but all in vain, so the *Sieneſe* said to him, *Si tu non fai altramente, tu non fai nulla: Pero sforzati di ad operarli piu guagliardamente*; If thou dost not go another way to work, thou hadst as good do nothing; therefore try to bestir thy self more briskly. With this, *Vinet* lent him such a swinging floater with the Pitch-fork sowce between the Neck and the Collar of his Jerkin, that down fell *Signore* on the ground Arsy-verſy with his spindle shanks wide straggling over his Pole. Then mine Host sputtering, with a full-mouth'd laugh, said to his Guest,

by

by *Belzebub's* Bum-gut, much good may do you, *Signore Italiano* take notice this is *Datum Camberiaci*, given at *Chamberry*. 'Twas well the *Sieneſe* had untruſs'd his Points and let down his Drawers; for this Phyſick work'd with him as ſoon as he took it, and as copious was the evacuation, as that of nine Buffeloes and fourteen miſſificating Arch-lubbers. Which Operation being over, the mannerly *Sieneſe* courteouſly gave mine Hoſt a whole buſhel of thanks, ſaying to him, *Io ti ringratio, bel meſſere; coſi facendo tu m'ai eſparagnata la ſpeza d'un Servittale*. I thank thee good Landlord, by this thou haſt 'een ſav'd me the expence of a Clyſter.

I'll give you another Example of *Edward* the Fifth King of *England*. Maſter *Francis Villon* being baniſh'd *France*, fled to him, and got ſo far into his Favour as to be Privy to all his Houſhold Affairs. One day the King being on his Cloſe ſtool, ſhow'd *Villon* the Arms of *France*, and ſaid to him, doſt thou ſee what reſpect I have for thy French Kings? I have none of their Arms any where but in this Back-ſide near my Cloſe-ſtool. OJ's Life, ſaid the *Buffoon*, how Wiſe, Prudent and careful of your Health, your Highneſs is! How carefully your Learned Doctor *Thomas Linacer* looks after you! He ſaw that, now you grow old, you are inclin'd to be ſomewhat Coſtive, and every day were ſain to have an Apothecary, I mean a Suppoſitory or Clyſter

Clyster thrust into Royal Nockandro, so he has, much to the purpose, induc'd you to place here the Arms of *France*; for the very sight of them puts you into such a dreadful Fright, that you immediately let fly, as much as would come from Eighteen squattering *Bonafsi* of *Peonia*: and if they were painted in other Parts of your house, by *Fingo*, you would presently conskite your self wherever you saw them: Nay, had you but here a Picture of the great *Orislamb* of *France*, Ods-bodikins, your Tripes and Bowels would be in no small Danger of dropping out at the Orifice of your Posteriors. — But henh, henh, *atque iterum* henh.

*A silly Cockney am I not?
As ever did from Paris come;
And with a Rope and sliding knot
My Neck shall know what weighs my Bum.*

A Cockney of short reach, I say, shallow of Judgment, and judging shallowly to wonder, that you should cause your Points to be untrussed in your Chamber before you came into this Closet; by'r Lady at first I thought your Close-stool had stood behind the Hangings, or your Bed, otherwise it seem'd very odd to me you should untruss so far from the place of Evacuation. But now I find I was a Gull, a Wittal, a Woodcock, a meer Ninny, a Jolt-head, a Noddy, a Changeling, a Calf-lolly, a Doddipole. You do wisely, by the
Mafs

he has, to place fight Fright, such as Bonad in c- would ou saw ure of dikins, o small ice of atque

Mass, you do wisely; for had not you been ready to clap your hind Face on the Mustard-Pot as soon as you came within sight of these Arms, mark ye me, Cop's Body, the bottom of your Breeches had supply'd the Office of a Close-stool.

Fryar *Ihon* stopping the handle of his Face with his Left hand, did, with the Fore-finger of the Right, point out *Panurge's* shirt to *Pantagruel*; who, seeing him in this Pickle, scar'd, appall'd, shivering, raving, staring, betray'd, and torn with the Claws of the famous Cat *Rodilardus*, could not chuse but Laugh, and said to him, Pry' thee what wouldst thou do with this Cat? With this Cat, quoth *Panurge*, the Devil scratch me, if I did not think it had been a young Soft-chin'd Devil, which, with this same Stockin instead of Mittain, I had snatch'd up in the great Hutch of Hell, as Thievishly as any Sizar of *Montague* Colledge could ha' done. The Devil take *Tybert*, I feel it has all bepink'd my poor hide, and drawn on it to the Life I don't know how many Lobster's Whiskers: with this he threw his Boar-Cat down.

Go, go, said *Pantagruel*, be bath'd and clean'd, calm your Fears, put on a clean Shirt, and then your Cloaths? What! do you think I am afraid, cry'd *Panurge*? Not I, I protest; by the Testicles of *Hercules*, I am more hearty and stout, tho' I say it that should not, than if I had swallowed as many Flyes as are
pu:

put into plumb Cakes, and other Paste
Paris, from *Midsummer* to *Christmas*. — E
 what's this? hah! oh, ho, how the De
 came I by this? Do you call this what the
 left in the Malt, Filth, Durt, Dung, Dejection
 foecal Matter, Excrement, Stercoration, S
 reverence, Ordure, Second-hand-meat, Fe
 mets, Stronts, Scybal or Symparthe? 'T
Hybernian Saffron, I protest, Hah, hah, ha
 'tis *Irish* Saffron by *Sbaint Patrick*, And
 much for this time. *Selab*, Let's drink.

F I N I S.

ok IV:
Pafte at
— But
he Devil
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hah, hah,
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